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Doan's Kidney Pills for sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box. Doan's Ointment is a specific for all itching skin diseases, piles, eczema, chilblains, chafing, any irritation and all itches of the skin. Gives instant relief. We mail a free sample box on application. Address, Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

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64 Clinton St., Fort Wayne, Ind.

BUTCHERED BY SAVAGES.

San Francisco, Aug. 25.—An outbreak of intent savagery in two aboriginal Blacks, who had lived for years in close association with whites, is reported from Sydney, N. S. W., by the steamer Mariposa. The outbreak resulted in the slaughter of eleven persons. At Breelong, in New South Wales, the Mawby family offended two natives known as Governor and Underwood, who in revenge broke in to the Mawby house, armed with tomahawks and war clubs. In the house were Mrs. Mawby, her two daughters, Grace and Hilda; her niece, Elsie Clark; Miss Kerse, a school teacher, and three boys, Percy, aged 13; George, 12, and Albert, 9. Of these only the two youngest boys escaped by hiding. After butchering these defenseless people the Blacks fled across the country to the Queensland mountains. At Gulong they killed Alex Mackay and his wife, Mrs. Obrien and her young child at Marawa, and Kerin Fitzpatrick, an old man, at Mudge. The mounted police were unable to affect their capture.

Deputy Recorder Gillette, Theodore Schulte, Edith Nyroth, of St. Louis, and Lydia Butler, of New Haven, will spend Sunday in Detroit.

Misses Mollie Laughlin and Nellie Rose Nolan, of the South Side, returned from a visit to Detroit in Cleveland.

THEN HE DANCED

FITZ LEFT THE PRIZE RING FOR THE BALLROOM.

SHARKEY'S SCALP WAS HIS

THE HAILOR BOY KNOCKED OUT IN SECOND ROUND.

THE FIGHT SHORT BUT HOT

FITZSIMMONS FARED BADLY IN FIRST ROUND.

New York, Aug. 25.—Fifteen minutes after the Fitzsimmons-Sharkey fight last night Fitzsimmons, the winner, returned to his home at Bergen Beach and went to a dance with his wife.

This morning he went for a stroll along the board walk near his home, followed by a large crowd. He showed no sign whatever of having been engaged in a glove contest.

Sharkey went to his home in Sheepshead Bay after the fight, retired and was out at 8 o'clock this morning. He had little to say.

Fitzsimmons' comparatively easy victories within two weeks over Ruhlman and Sharkey, both strong, heavy men, has put the former Australian in a position where he has a right to expect another contest with Jeffries, but it is not certain yet that he will challenge the boiler-maker at present. Both men have theatrical engagements to fill and are desirous of making what money they can in that way. The law permitting glove contests in this state has been repealed to take effect September 1 and it is hardly likely that Fitzsimmons would be willing to enter the ring before that date. Notwithstanding his sensational performance in disposing of two men heavier than himself in two weeks, it is not believed that he would try to put out a third, and that one the champion and heaviest of all, within the month.

The gate money for a Fitzsimmons-Jeffries contest in Madison Square garden, this city, probably would break all records, and the fighters knowing this, may decide to wait until after the meeting of the next legislature in the hope that a law legalizing boxing may be passed by it. However, both men are in good condition, and the managers of several boxing clubs will try and arrange a match between them for an early date.

There was much comment among the followers of the ring today over the fact that Fitzsimmons knocked out Ruhlman in six rounds and Sharkey in two, while Jeffries some time ago boxed a twenty-round draw with Ruhlman and more recently failed to stop Sharkey in twenty-five, although he was given the decision over the sailor.

STORY OF THE FIGHT.

New York, Aug. 25.—Bearing the brunt of a bruising battle like the seasoned veteran that he is, Bob Fitzsimmons last night met and whipped Tom Sharkey in less than two rounds. Brief as the battle was, there was fighting enough in it to suit the most critical connoisseurs in ring contests and to stir all the animal passions of those who were not experts in pugilism.

The finish came two minutes and six seconds after the opening of the second round, and it was a finish so complete and decisive as to leave no room for doubt as to which was the better man. Fitz met Sharkey at his own game and not only outperformed him, but outfought him. It was his clean, hard punching that landed his share of the \$25,000 purse for him. When the battle had been won and lost and the cheers of the crowd still remained in the ears of the victor, he walked over to Jim Jeffries, who was sitting at the ring side, and clasping his hand heartily, said: "Now, I want you."

SHARKEY RUSHES AS OF OLD.

There was some delay in getting the men into the ring, but once in it no time was lost in settling down to business. Sharkey started off in his old rushing style and in the first round did amazingly well. In fact, just before the gong sounded the close of this period he felled Fitzsimmons with a terrific blow and the latter just regained his feet at the close of the round.

Fitz went to his corner in anything but good condition, but he came up strong and cool for the next round, while Sharkey seemed to be nervous and overanxious to finish the job. Sharkey started right off with right and left swings, but Fitz was content to evade the blows and let the sailor wear himself out. Then a minute after the opening of the round Fitz began to meet the sailor's rushes with straight right and left punches and soon he had him groggy.

LEFT TO THE JAW WINE.

Sharkey ran into a right punch and

he went down in a heap. When he got up he was groggy and Fitz, with set jaws and flashing eyes, sailed in for the finishing. The sailor sprawled blindly with left and right. Fitz bided his time, which came all too quickly for Sharkey. Two minutes and six seconds of the second round had passed when Fitz drove his right to the body and, bringing his left over with a sort of half hook, landed on the sailor's jaw. That left hook settled the fight. Sharkey went down as though he had been felled with a hammer and he still was sprawling on the ground when Referee White finished his count of ten.

Thus was wiped out for good and all that fracas which happened in San Francisco on the night of December 2, 1898, when Wyatt Earp decided that Fitz had lost to Sharkey on a foul. In that mill Fitz claimed and still claims that he was robbed; that he was the victim of a job. Sharkey insisted and still insists that Fitz struck him low and that the referee acted properly in deciding in his favor. The result of last night's contest proves beyond a shadow of doubt, foul or no foul, Fitzsimmons is far and away the better fighter.

SAILOR APPEARED AS TYRO.

In last night's fight Fitzsimmons simply waited for Sharkey. He allowed him to set the pace from start to finish, but he always was there with his deadly left and right, and better than that, all his blows almost invariably went true to the mark. Sharkey, on the other hand, fought wildly and loosely. It was a case of a master of the art against a tyro at it. By the side of Fitzsimmons, Sharkey, with his terrible strength and bull-like rushes, was made to seem like a raw beginner. Had he fought more carefully or had he been capable of fighting more carefully the result might have been different, but as the men now are and as they probably will continue to be, Fitzsimmons must be the master of Sharkey.

THE OUTWITTED MOB MAY BE AGAIN INCENSED.

Cleveland, Ohio, Aug. 25.—Governor Nash fears there may be further rioting at Akron. For that reason troops will be held there until Monday at least. This decision was reached today at a conference here between the governor and Assistant Adjutant General Adams.

Governor Nash said he should keep the troops on duty until he was absolutely satisfied that the lawless element would make no further trouble.

"The ill-feeling among the Akron citizens who participated in the riots seems to be directed especially against the city officials," said the governor. "I am afraid that when the lawless element fully realizes that the negro was taken into the city and sentenced and then taken away again without their knowing the slightest thing about the matter the trouble may rise up again."

"The state will protect life and property at Akron as long as necessary."

Speaking concerning the punishment of the rioters the governor said the state officials will take no hand in the prosecution.

"From what I learn," said the governor, "the civil authorities there are capable of taking care of the law breakers and unless they should express to me their inability the state will take no part in the matter. The local authorities are gathering evidence against those persons who were guilty of the rioting which culminated in the deaths of innocent persons and the destruction of thousands of dollars worth of property."

QUIET AT AKRON.

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Colonel Adams, the assistant adjutant general, has not returned from Cleveland, where he consulted with Governor Nash, and until he does nothing will be decided about the retention of the military.

QUICK JUSTICE FOR PECK.

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The machinery of the law worked too quickly for the mob, even if there had been any intention to renew the trouble when the prisoner should be brought back here. In sentencing Peck Judge Nye ordered that the first thirty days of his term should be spent in solitary confinement, and indicated that he regretted that the law would not allow him to fix a more severe penalty for the crime.

On the way here from Cleveland Peck showed signs of the greatest fright, begging Prison-keeper Washburn to shoot him instantly if another attempt should be made at Akron to

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at 3:30 from Emanuel's Lutheran church. Rev. Gross will officiate.

LOCAL LINES.

Miss Theresa Bott has returned from a visit at Dayton and Cincinnati.

Mr. and Mrs. George Crosby leave tomorrow for Duluth, Minn., to visit friends.

Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Mason have returned from a visit with friends in Warsaw.

The Misses Margaret and Katherine Stetzer left today for a visit at Detroit.

Albert G. Schoch and Frank Jenney leave tomorrow for a few days' visit in Chicago.

Josephine and Martha Whittles, of this city, will spend Sunday with friends in Hongland.

Miss Katie Hiteaman, of the Home Telephone office, is spending a two weeks' vacation at Potosky.

Mrs. Peter Stetzer and daughter, Emma, have returned from a visit of four weeks at Pittsburgh.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Wyatt leave tomorrow for Chicago to attend the national G. A. B. encampment.

The Misses Mattie Lochner and Bertha Fry have returned from a visit Buffalo, Niagara Falls and Toronto.

Mrs. Henry Leikauf has gone to Chicago for a visit with relatives and friends. She will be absent several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Foster, of Lavina street, went to Chicago today to be the guests of Mrs. Foster's brother, Al Dent.

A BUSY MOUNTAIN.

Captain J. T. Ellard of the Brazilian Pacific railroad survey reports the results of his exploration in the volcanic region of Ecuador, and men-

tions that the crater of Mount Sargay averages 60 cinder eruptions an hour, and that the explosions and smoke-whirls are almost continuous. The liveliest volcano of the Old World, "ever-smoking Stromboli," can hardly equal that record, and has to pump up its lava to an elevation of only 2,800 feet, while Mount Sargay rises 17,300 feet above the level of the Pacific.—Indianapolis Press.

Mrs. Will Morene and son, of Michigan avenue, left today for Chicago to visit her husband, who is in the employ of G. F. Swift & Co.

The state of Colorado and the cattle barons, working together, are offering \$37.50 for every coyote scalp presented.

The most curious newspaper is the Stereo Revue, published at Paris. This newspaper gives the news of the week, not in type, but in instantaneous photographs on a film, like that of cinematograph. A bobbin of the film is the journal, and the subscriber put it through a portable stereoscope, like a field glass, and looks at the pictures, thereby reading the news.

E. H. Brown

This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets, the remedy that cures a cold in one day.

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SPRING CHICKEN DINNER.

The best family dining room in the city. Metropolitan Cafe, 32 E. Wayne St.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

OUR MATERIAL POSSESSIONS HAVE SMALL VALUE WHEN
WEIGHED AGAINST THE SOUL.

Washington, Aug. 19.—From Berlin, where he preached in the American church to a great congregation, comprising many of his countrymen who are traveling through Europe, Dr. Talmage sends this discourse, in which, by original methods, he calculates spiritual values and urges higher appreciation of things religious. The text is Mark viii., 30: "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Men of all occupations are to be found in the assemblies of the house of God, but in these days of extensive business operations a large proportion are engaged from Monday morning to Saturday night in bargain making. In many of the families, across the breakfast table and at the tea table, are discussed questions of loss and gain. You are every day asking yourself: "What is the value of this?" You would not think of giving something of greater value for that which is of lesser value.

MAKING BARGAINS.
You would not think of selling that which cost you ten dollars for five dollars. If you had a property that was worth fifteen thousand dollars you would not sell it for four thousand dollars. You are intelligent in all matters of bargain making. Are you as wise in things that pertain to matters of the soul? Christ adapted his instructions to the circumstances of those to whom he spoke. When he talked to fishermen, he spoke of the gospel net. When he talked to farmers he said: "A sower went forth to sow." When he talked to shepherds he told the parable of the lost sheep. And am I not right when speaking to an audience made up of bargain makers that I address them in the words of my text, asking: "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

I propose, so far as possible, to estimate and compare the value of the two properties.

First, I have to say that the world is a very grand property. Its flowers are God's thoughts in bloom. Its rocks are God's thoughts in stone. Its dew drops are God's thoughts in pearl. This world is God's child—a wayward child. Indeed, it has wandered off through the heavens. But about nineteen hundred years ago, one Christmas night, God sent out a sister world to call the wanderer back, and it hung over Bethlehem only long enough to get the promise of the wanderer's return, and now that lost world, with the soft feet of light, comes trampling through the heavens.

THE BIRD ORCHESTRA.

The hills, how beautiful they billow up, the edge of the wave white with the foam of crouches! How beautiful the rainbow, the arched bridge on which heaven and earth come and talk to each other in tears after the storm is over! How nimble the feet of the lamplighters that in a few minutes set all the dome of the night ablaze with brackets of fire! How bright the orb of the saffron cloud that rows across the deep sea of heaven! How beautiful the spring with the bridal blossoms in her hair! I wonder who it is that beats time on a June morning for the bird orchestra. How gently the harebell tolls its fragrance on the air! There may be grander worlds, swarther worlds than this, but I think that this is a most exquisite world—a mignonette on the bosom of immensity! "Oh," you say, "take my soul! Give me the world! I am willing to take it in exchange. I am ready now for the bargain. It is so beautiful a world, so sweet a world, so grand a world."

But let us look more minutely into the value of this world. You will not buy property unless you can get a good title to it. After you have looked at the property and found that it suits you, you send an attorney to the public office, and he examines the book of deeds and the book of mortgages and the book of judgments and the book of liens, and he decides whether the title is good before you will have anything to do with it. There might be a splendid property and in every way suitable to what you want; but if you cannot get a good title you will not take it.

SECURING GOOD TITLES.

Now, I am here to say that it is impossible to get a good title to this world. If I settle down upon it, in the very year I so settle down upon it as a permanent possession, I may be driven away from it. Ay, in five minutes after I give up my soul for the world I may have to part with the world; and what kind of a title do you call that? There is only one way in which I can hold an earthly possession, and that is through the senses. All beautiful sights through the eye, but the eye may be blotted out; all captivating sounds through the ear, but the ear may be deafened; all lusciousness of fruits and viands through my taste, but my taste may be destroyed; all appreciation of culture and of art through my mind, but

I may lose my mind. What a frail hold, then, I have upon any earthly possession!

In courts of law, if you want to get a man off a property, you must serve on him a writ of ejectment, giving him a certain time to vacate the premises; but when Death comes to us and serves a writ of ejectment, he does not give us one second of forewarning. He says, "Of this place! You have no right any longer to the possession." We might cry out, "I gave you a hundred thousand dollars for that property!" the plea would be of no avail. We might say, "We have a warrant deed for that property!" the plea would be of no avail. We might say, "We have a lien on that storehouse!" that would do us no good. Death is blind, and he cannot see a seal and cannot read an indenture. So that, first and last, I want to tell you that when you propose that I give up my soul for the world, you cannot give me the first item of title.

PLACING INSURANCE.

Having examined the title of a property, your next question is about insurance. You would not be silly enough to buy a large warehouse that could not possibly be insured. You would not have anything to do with such a property. Now, I ask you what assurance can you give me that this world is not going to be burned up? Absolutely none. Geologists tell us that it is already on fire; that the heart of the world is one great living coal; that it is just like a ship on fire at sea, the flames not bursting out because the hatches are kept down. And yet you propose to palm off on me, in return for my soul, a world for which, in the first place, you give no title, and in the second place, for which you cannot give no insurance. "Oh," you say, "the water of the oceans will wash all over the land and put out the fire." Oh, no. There are inflammable elements in the water, hydrogen and oxygen. Call off the hydrogen, and then the Atlantic and Pacific oceans would blaze like heaps of shavings. You want me to take this world, for which you can give no possible insurance.

Astronomers have swept their telescopes through the sky, and have found out that there have been fifteen worlds in the last two centuries that have disappeared. At first, they looked just like other worlds. Then they got deeply red—they were on fire. Then they got ashen, showing they were burned down. Then they disappeared, showing that even the ashes were scattered.

And if the geologist be right in his prophecy, then our world is to go in the same way. And yet you want me to exchange my soul for it. Ah, no, it is a world that is burning now.

ALL HAVE HAD TROUBLE.

Suppose you brought an insurance agent to look at your property for the purpose of giving you a policy upon it, and while he stood in front of the house, he should say: "That house is on fire now in the basement." You could not get any insurance upon it. Yet you talk about this world as though it were a safe investment, as though you could get some insurance upon it, when down in the basement it is on fire.

I remark, also, that this world is a property, with which everybody who has taken it as a possession has had trouble. Now, between my house and my church in Brooklyn, there was a reach of land which was not built on. I asked what was the matter, and they replied that everybody who had anything to do with that property got into trouble about it. It is just so with this world; everybody that has had anything to do with it, as a possession, has been in perplexity. How was it with Lord Byron? Did he not sell his immortal soul for the purpose of getting the world? Was he satisfied with the possession? Alas! alas! the poem graphically describes his case when it says: "Drank every cup of joy, Heard every trump of fame; Drank early, deeply drank; Drank draughts which common millions might have quenched, Then died of thirst, because there was no more to drink."

WHAT THACKERAY SAW.

Thackeray, one of the most genial and lovable souls, after he had won the applause of all intelligent lands through his wonderful genius, sits down in a restaurant in Paris, looks to the other end of the room, and wonders whose is that forlorn and wretched face; rising up after a while he finds that it is Thackeray in the mirror. Oh, yes, this world is a

cheat. Talk about a man gaining the world! Who ever gained half of the world? Who ever owned a hemisphere? Who ever gained a continent? Who ever owned Asia? Who ever gained a city? Talk about gaining the world! No man ever gained it, or the thousandth part of it. You are demanding that I sell my soul, not for the world, but for a fragment of it.

There is a man who has had a large estate for 40 or 50 years. He lies down to die. You say: "That man is worth millions and millions of dollars." Is he? You call up a surveyor, with his compass and chain, and you say: "There is a property extending three miles in one direction, and three miles in another direction." Is that the way to measure that man's property? No! You do not want any surveyor with compass and chain. That is not the way to measure that man's property now. It is an undertaker you need, who will come and put his finger in his vest pocket, and take out a tape-line, and he will measure five feet nine inches one way and two feet and a half the other way. That is the man's property. Oh, no; I forgot; not so much as that, for he does not own even the place in which he lies in the cemetery. The deed to that belongs to the executors and heirs. Oh, what a property you propose to give me for my soul!

VALUE OF THE WORLD.

If you sell a bill of goods you go into the counting room and say to your partner: "Do you think that man is good for this bill? Can he give proper security? Will he meet this payment?" Now, when you are offered this world as a possession, I want you to test the matter. I do not want you to go into this bargain blindly. I want you to ask about the title, about the insurance, about whether men have ever had any trouble with it, about whether you can keep it, about whether you can get all, or the ten thousandth, or one hundred thousandth part of it.

There is the world now. I shall say no more about it. Make up your mind for yourself, as I shall, before God, have to make up my mind for myself, about the value of this world. I cannot afford to make a mistake for my soul, and you cannot afford to make a mistake for your soul.

Now, let us look at the other property—the soul. We cannot make a bargain without seeing the comparative value. The soul! How shall I estimate the value of it? Well, by its exquisite organization. It is the most wonderful piece of mechanism ever put together. Machinery is of value in proportion as it is mighty and silent at the same time. You look at the engine and the machinery in the Philadelphia mint, and, as you see it performing its wonderful work, you will be surprised to find how silently it goes. Machinery that roars and tears soon destroys itself; but silent machinery is often most effective. Now, so it is with the soul of man. With all its tremendous faculties—it moves in silence. Judgment, without any racket, lifting its scales; memory, without any noise, bringing down all its treasures; conscience, taking its judgment-seat without any excitement; the understanding and the will all doing their work. Velocity, majesty, might, but silence—silence.

DOOR OF YOUR HEART.

You listen at the door of your heart. You can hear no sound. The soul is all quiet. It is so delicate an instrument that no human hand can touch it. You break a bone, and with splinters and bandages the surgeon sets it; the eye becomes inflamed, the apothecary's wash cools it; but a soul off the track, unbalanced, no human power can readjust it. With one sweep of its wing it circles the universe, and over-vaults the throne of God. Why, in the hour of death the soul is so mighty, it throws aside the body as though it were a toy. It breaks through the circle of loved ones who stand around the dying couch. With one leap it springs beyond star and moon and sun and chasms of immensity. It is superior to all material things! No fire can consume it; no floods can drown it; no rooks can crush it; no walls can impede it; no time can exhaust it. It wants no bridge on which to cross a chasm. It wants no plummet with which to sound a depth. A soul so mighty, so swift, so silent, must be a priceless soul.

I calculate the value of the soul, also, by its capacity for happiness. How much joy it can get in this world, out of friendships, out of books, out of clouds, out of the sea, out of the flowers, out of ten thousand things; and yet all the joy it has here does not test its capacity. You are in a concert before the curtain, and you hear the instruments preparing—the sharp snap of the broken string, the scraping of the bow across the viol. "There is no music in that," you say. It is only getting ready for the music, and all the enjoyments of the soul in this world, the enjoyment we think is real enjoyment, is only preparative; it is only anticipative; it is only the first stages of the thing; it is only the entrance, the beginning of that which

shall be the orchestral harmonies and splendors of the redeemed.

POWER OF THE SOUL.

You cannot test the full power of the soul for happiness in this world. How much power the soul has here to find enjoyment in friendships! but oh, the grander friendships of the soul in the skies! How sweet the flowers here! but how much sweeter they will be there! I do not think that when flowers die on earth they die forever. In the sunny valleys of heaven shall not the marigold creep? On the hills of heaven will not the amaranth bloom? On the amethystine walls of heaven will not the jasmine climb. "My beloved is come down into his garden to gather lilies." No flowers in heaven? Where, then, do they get their garlands for the brows of the righteous? Christ is glorious to our souls now, but how much grander our appreciation after a while! A conqueror comes back after the battle. He has been fighting for us. He comes upon the platform. He has one arm in a sling and the other arm holds a crutch. As he mounts the platform, oh, the enthusiasm of the audience! They say, "That man fought for us, and imperiled his life for us;" and how wild the huzza that follows huzza! When the Lord Jesus Christ shall at last stand out before the multitudes of the redeemed of heaven and we meet him face to face and feel that he was wounded in the head and wounded in the feet and wounded in the side for us, we think we will be overwhelmed. We will sit some time gazing in silence, until some leader amidst the white-robed choir shall lift the baton of light and give the signal that it is time to wake the song of jubilee; and all heaven then will break forth into "Hosanna! Hosanna! Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!"

WHAT IT COST.

I calculate further the value of the soul by the price that has been paid for it. In St. Petersburg there is a diamond that the government paid \$200,000 for. "Well," you say, "it must have been very valuable, or the government would not have paid \$200,000 for it." I want to see what my soul is worth, and what your soul is worth, by seeing what has been paid for it. For that immortal soul, the richest blood that was ever shed, the deepest groan that was ever uttered, all the griefs of earth compressed into one tear, all the sufferings of earth gathered into one rapier of pain and struck through his holy heart. Does it not imply tremendous value?

I argue, also, the value of the soul from the home that has been fitted up for it in the future. One would have thought that a street of adamant would have done. No; it is a street of gold. One would have thought that a wall of granite would have done. No; it is the flame of seraphim mingling with the green of emerald. One would have thought that an occasional dogology would have done. No; it is a perpetual song. If the ages of heaven marched in a straight line, some day the last regiment, perhaps, might pass out of sight, but no; the ages of heaven do not march in a straight line, but in a circle around about the throne of God; forever, forever, tramp, tramp! A soul so bright, so equipped, so provided for must be a priceless soul, a majestic soul, a tremendous soul.

Now, you have seen the two properties—the world, the soul. One perishable, the other immortal. One unsatisfying, the other capable of ever-increasing felicity. Will you trade? Will you trade even? Remember, it is the only investment you can make. If a man sell a bill of goods worth \$5,000, and he is cheated out of it, he may get \$5,000 somewhere else, but a man who invests his soul, invests all. Losing that, he loses all. Saving that, he saves all.

ON THE BLOCK.

In the light of my text it seems to me as if you were offering your soul to the highest bidder, and I hear you say, "What is bid for it, my breathless spirit? What is bid for it?" Satan says, "I will bid the world." You say, "Begone! that is no equivalent. Sell my soul for the world? No! Begone!" But there is some one else in the audience not so wise as that. He says, "What is bid for my immortal soul?" Satan says, "I will bid the world." "The world? Going at that, going! Gone! Gone forever! What is the thing of greatest price. The whole creation round? That which was lost in Paradise. That which in Christ is found. Then let us gather round the cross, that knowledge to obtain; Not by the soul's eternal loss, But everlasting gain.

Well, there are a great many people who say, "I will not sell my soul for the world. I find the world is an unsatisfying portion." What, then, will you do with your soul? Some one whispers here, "I will give my soul to Christ." Will you? That is the wisest resolution you ever made. Will you give it to Christ? When? Tomorrow? No, now. I congratulate you if you have come to such a decision. Oh, if the eternal spirit of God would now come down upon you and show you the vanity of this world and the immense importance of Christ's religion and the infinite value of your own immortal soul,

what an hour this would be! What a moment this would be! Do you know that Christ has bought your soul? Do you know that He has paid an infinite price for it? Do you know that He is worthy of it? Will you give it to Him now?

A SAILOR'S EXPERIENCE.

I was reading lately of a sailor who had just got ashore, and was telling about his last experience at sea. He said: "The last time I crossed the ocean we had a terrific time. After we had been out three or four days the machinery got disarranged and the steam began to escape, and the captain, gathering the people and the crew on deck, said, 'Unless some one will go down and shut off that steam and arrange that machinery at the peril of his life we must all be destroyed.' He was not willing to go down himself. No one seemed willing to go. The passengers gathered at one end of the steamer waiting for their fate. The captain said, 'I give you a last warning. If there is no one here willing to imperil his life and go down and fix that machinery we must all be lost.' A plain sailor said, 'I'll go, sir,' and he wrapped himself in a coarse piece of canvas and went down, and was gone but a few moments when the escaping steam stopped and the machinery was adjusted. The captain cried out to the passengers, 'All saved! Let us go down below and see what has become of the poor fellow.' They went down. There he lay dead." Vicarious suffering! Died for all! Oh! do you suppose that those people on the ship ever forgot, ever can forget that poor fellow? "No," they say; "it was through his sacrifice that I got ashore." The time came when our whole race must die unless some one should endure torture and sorrow and shame. Who shall come to the rescue? Shall it be one of the seraphim? Not one. Shall it be an inhabitant of some pure and unfallen world? Not one.

DIED TO SAVE ALL.

Then Christ said, "Lo! I come to do thy will, O God," and He went down the dark stairs of our sin and wretchedness and misery and woe and He stopped the peril and He died, that you and I might be free. Oh, the love! Oh, the endurance! Oh, the horrors of the sacrifice! Shall not our souls go out toward him, saying, "Lord Jesus Christ, take my soul. Thou art worthy to have it. Thou hast died to save it."

God help you rightly to cipher out this sum in gospel arithmetic: "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

AS OTHERS SAW HER.

"My wife has had her curiosity appeased in a way that will satisfy her for some time," said the newly-married man, in the Detroit Free Press. "It was my idea to make our wedding trip as quiet as possible, and do away as much as we could with the annoyance which usually attends wedding couples. But the lady said she was proud of being a bride, and she wanted to hear the comments the people would make. With this end in view she hit upon the crazy notion of playing deaf and dumb, and going through a lot of monkey shins with our fingers to carry out the scheme. She reasoned that this would cause people to talk in our presence, and thus we would be able to hear what they said."

"I opposed the idiotic idea from the start, but what I said cut no figure, and I had to consent to the plan. Our first chance to try the scheme occurred in a railway station where we were waiting for a train. My wife commenced her pantomime, and I had to carry it out, feeling like a fool while I was doing it. She wobbled her fingers and I wobbled mine, and we soon had everyone staring at us. There were two women seated back of us, and the comments she desired so much to hear soon came."

"It's a newly-married couple," said one. "The poor things are deaf and dumb. Isn't it awful?" "What do you suppose he saw in her?" asked the other. "She is positively homely."

MEASURING LIGHTNING.

The width of a flash of lightning has been measured by Mr. George Runkner, of the Hamburg observatory. A photograph was secured last August as lightning struck a tower a third of a mile away, and from the distance of the tower and the focal distance of the camera objective it was possible to calculate the breadth of the discharge shown in the picture. It has been determined that the flash was one-fifth of an inch wide. Ramifications shown in the photograph on each side of the main discharge are attributed to the strong gale that was blowing, the phenomenon appearing like a silk ribbon with shreds floating in the wind.—Indianapolis Press.

Oxford has among its undergraduates a married Lancashire mill hand, twenty-three years of age, who worked his way into the university by studying after factory hours, with the help of free libraries and university extension lectures. He has won a scholarship worth £80 a year.

CHINESE POOR FOLKS

The Proportion Is a Thousand to One in the Flowery Kingdom.

A rich Chinaman wears silk, a poor one cotton. Since the proportion of rich to poor is about one in a thousand, it follows that the growth and manufacture of cotton are vital necessities.

It is thought cotton culture was begun in the thirteenth century, the plant coming in from India, where it has been known for 2,000 years. In spite of her unequalled agriculture, China does not raise cotton for export—nor, in fact, enough for her own needs. In the growth and manufacture of it, as in everything else, the aim is not, as in the United States, to save hand labor, but to use as much of it as possible. There are no power-gins for taking out the seeds. Instead, the Chinese use the little hand-gins very like those still to be found in the homespun regions of the Appalachian chain. The gin is nothing more than a couple of small wooden rollers, made fast in uprights affixed to a bench. They are turned by a wooden crank, revolve one against the other, and free the cotton of seed by drawing the lint through the narrow space between. The lint is fed to them by hand, and it takes a long and steady day's work to gin five pounds of lint—which means twenty pounds of cotton in the seed.

The cotton is carded simultaneously with the ginning. A second man stands at the end of the bench beating the clean cotton with the teekung, or carth bow, into big flaky "bats." These bats the women spin in various ways. Sometimes they use the old-fashioned spinning wheel. Much oftener it is something approximating the ancient distaff. The spinner twirls it steadily, walking around and around as she twirls, thus winding the lengthening thread into very long hanks. If it is spun and run into bobbins or quills, they are often reeled with a hand-reel. Chinese industry indeed is as inveterate as Chinese economy. Women usually work at such reeling while they stand and gossip in the alley ways between their houses. If there is no reel handy they will be stitching upon a shoe sole, always a salable article. Bare feet are unknown in China. Even a beggar wears shoes, though he may have no other clothing than the head-bowl, which serves both as a hat and to hold out when there is a chance of rains.

Nothing is wasted in China. Even grass and wheat roots are pulled up, washed, dried and used for fuel. Scraps of paper and cloth are pasted together to make the soles of shoes. Bits of wood are glued to build up either a board or a post. Women spinners and straw-plaiters earn 2c a day. The spinning, though, is most commonly like the weaving at the hand looms, only a part of unpaid household labor. Machine-made cloth and thread have of late come to bear heavily upon the cotton-workers, but that fact is in a degree offset by the growing import of raw cotton. Still some of the light yellow hand-made fabric, known the world over, as nankeen, from the city of export, Nankin, is shipped abroad. It is made from a peculiar yellow-staple cotton, hence not dyed. The same yellow-staple cotton is grown and manufactured by Arcadians in Louisiana, but the fabric is so coarse it does not compete with the Chinese one.

Five dollars a year will clothe a Chinese husband and wife something more than decently. Underwear is unknown—so is fitting a garment. The only measures taken are from the hip to the ground, and from the middle of the breast to the finger tips. Fashions do not change. Winter garments and bedding are wadded with cotton. Once a year they must be ripped apart and washed, padding and all.

How needful is economy may be judged from a few figures. Unskilled laborers are paid upon an average 7c a day. Masons, carpenters and stone cutters, here as elsewhere the aristocracy of labor, get from 25c to 30c a day. Work begins at sunrise and keeps up until dark. Notwithstanding all which strikes are virtually unknown, and the Chinese laborer is the happiest and most contented in the world.

LONDON'S NEW TRAMWAYS.

The cost of London's new tramways including all the necessary paving and other works in connection with them, is to be \$844,300. But in order to carry out this work street widenings and the acquisition of land are necessary; and the cost of this is estimated at £998,700—a subsidiary expense which is just \$150,000 greater than the expense of the work itself.—Indianapolis Press.

PRODUCTS OF THE CHINESE.

The Chinese taught us the use of fish glue and fish gelatin. From the gum of a sushan tree they made the beautiful Chinese lacquers for ornamental woodwork. They invented the color vermilion, made of one part quicksilver to two parts sulphur. Of precious stones, jade is a Chinese product. The Chinese cypress is one of our garden trees; the Chinese hemp one of the fibers used for our rope and cordage. Of precious timber they gave us the camphor wood, and of spices the cassia and cinnamon.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

After New Coal Areas.

Will the serious consideration which is now being given to the coal question lead to scientific research and the discovery of new coal areas in different parts of the United Kingdom? says the London Daily Mail. A coal expert to whom the question was put by a Daily Mail representative expressed an affirmative opinion.

"It will be found," he said, "that our coal reserves are far from being exhausted. The readily accessible seams of coal near the surface are the chief seams which have been worked in this country, and it is these which are showing signs of exhaustion."

"New sources of supply will be found at greater depths and will involve the initial outlay of much larger capital expenditure and the establishment of shafts with appliances of much larger capacity."

"The small coal owner," he continued, "may become extinct, and there may only be room for the great capitalist, but this fact will guarantee greater efficiency in mining and less waste. Science will be sure to unite with capital and prevent any very appreciable increase in the cost of mining."

"In various parts of the country borings are being put down to thoroughly test the geology of the district, and in several cases, where upper seams have been worked, tests are being and will be made at a lower depth."

"An old-fashioned notion was that coal did not exist under the chalk, but," he pointed out, "as far back as 1850, in a paper read before the Royal Geological society, Mr. Godwin Austen concluded that coal would be found under the secondary rocks in the southeast of England, and this opinion was supported by Prof. Sir J. Prestwich at the Royal coal commission in 1871."

"The experiments which were a few years ago made by Professor Boyd Dawkins and Mr. F. Brady in Kent also proved this thing correct. The boring was put down through the chalk, and the first coal seam of two feet three inches thick was struck at a depth of 1,130 feet. Between this and 2,000 feet eight workable seams were proved."

PROSPERITY IN PALESTINE.

From the report of Mr. Dickson, our consul at Jerusalem, it seems that the general condition of Palestine is now one of considerable prosperity. Trade is improving year by year, owing to the working of the Jaffa-Jerusalem railway, to the working of conventual and philanthropic establishments in and around the latter and to the great increase in the number of tourists and pilgrims. This last is due to the growing popularity of Egypt as a winter resort, and to the great facilities for reaching the Holy City. New orange gardens are spreading in every direction, inland from Jaffa, so that in the course of a few years the greater part of the plain around that town will be devoted to orange cultivation. Water-melons and naseems (the latter shipped almost wholly to Marseilles) are the chief exports.—London Mail.

ONE OF ENGLAND'S LANDMARKS.

The great estate of Memland Hall, in England, the seat of the late Lord Revelstoke, has changed hands again, and the lands, which formerly belonged to a banker peer, are now in the hands of William Creswell Gray, the great shipbuilder, who has laid out a large sum of money on the property. It is a magnificent estate, which cost Lord Revelstoke more than \$1,250,000. It has been visited by royalty many times, and its marine drive of some nine miles in length is of great beauty.—Detroit Free Press.

IT HELPED WIN BATTLES.

Twenty-nine officers and men wrote from the front to say that for Scorchers, Bruises, Cuts, Wounds, Sore Feet and Stiff Joints, Bucklen's Arnica Salve is the best in the world. Same for Burns, Skin Eruptions and Itches. 35 cts. a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by Dreier Bros., druggists.

G. A. R. CHICAGO EXCURSIONS VIA PENNSYLVANIA LINES.

Aug. 25th to 29th, inclusive, very low rate excursion tickets will be sold from Fort Wayne via Pennsylvania Lines to Chicago for G. A. R. Annual Encampment. Apply to John E. Ross, Ticket Agent, Fort Wayne, for complete particulars, extension of return limit, etc. 16-21-23-25

A servant-girl's union has been formed in Watertown, N. Y., on a basis of "hours from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m., and wages \$4 to \$5 a week."

TOTTEN'S DREAM OF WAR

Strange Book Written by an Army Officer in 1872 Applies to China Today.

As long ago as 1892 ex-Lieutenant Totten, of the United States army, foretold several wars which have since taken place. Concerning the Chinese situation he said the other day:

"Of course, it is impossible to forecast the outcome of this uprising. The present crisis is one of the most remarkable the modern world has ever been called upon to face. We have steadily encroached upon the celestial empire, demanding concessions to our commerce, and quite as steadily have we closed our ports to reciprocity. We have never followed the golden rule in our intercourse, for there has been nothing mutual in this communion."

"Now, it stands to reason that in a nation of 400,000,000 people, opened up against their will and traditions by the encroachment of a miscellaneous body of uninvited and competing merchants, while our home governments have discriminated against Chinese immigrants, a strong party should arise whose natural determination it is to drive back the wedge that threatens the integrity of the empire. It would be a surprising thing, indeed, if no patriotic home party stood forth to defend those ancient institutions, which must be quite as dear to that vast people as our own are to ourselves. Consequently this uprising is indeed a serious one in its own possibilities."

"China was centuries old before her walls were ever seen by occidentals. Had we western people never encroached thereon there might yet not have arisen any reason for the disintegration of the empire, and it would have gone on its own way as long again."

"But now all is different; we have entered the celestial precincts, and, of course, a strong reactionary home party have stood up to resist further invasions. Hence, the whole world is in a strange predicament—the entire west against the east. All the eagles are already gathered about the most ancient carcass of empire that the world contains. The military aspect is suggestive of an Armageddon upon a scale quite gigantic enough to promise us at least a tremendous type of the final conflict itself—promised to all nations."

LIKE CORTES AGAIN.

"In the little relief column launched at Peking seven great powers are represented, but they are advancing with but little real unanimity of purpose and with but a forlorn hope of assured success. Should China rise in invasion in a jiffy. Upon the other hand, the very boldness of the effort reminds one of the ancient Spanish invasion of Mexico and Peru, only China is far more than an Aztec remnant."

"Should even limited success attend our now fully undertaken armed invasion, I do not see how, upon mere human foundations and experience, the west can expect to effect more than a lodgment along the shore. We may secure the ring of coastland and obtain a basis of operation for the coming centuries to work from. I know of no better fulfillment of the Savior's prediction than this war in China: 'I come not to place peace upon earth, but a sword.' And that is exactly what this matter means. The mission of peace has unsheathed the inevitable sword."

What Mr. Totten fears as at least a remote possibility is the question of "Target Against Ammunition," as he puts it. He means that if China should arise in patriotic "devotion" to herself as against all comers then there are not enough bullets in the horizon of all creation to overcome her! Suppose, for instance, she fought "a Pouterance," as the Boers have done, who could penetrate her coast?

To illustrate all this he cited a strange dream that crystallized in "Strategos," the American war game some twenty years ago, which by a reverse application all the present situation, for why shouldn't Mr. Chinaman reverse the tactics in defense?

A PROPHETIC DREAM.

As far back as 1872 Mr. Totten dreamed his strangely prophetic dream, and Secretary of War Ramsey published it in 1880. This dream Mr. Totten used in a story—"Strategos." It was as follows:

"It seemed that a terrible struggle of races was in progress; it was a Pouterance. Myriads of Mongolians had landed upon our coast and an endless fleet of junk and rude barbarian crafts of every description continually reinforced the vast army of invaders. America, fully awakened to the magnitude of the invasion and to the desperate chances in volvement, had arisen as one man to meet the foe. The struggle was to be one of defense, for the Mongolians had offered by their intercourse with civilized neighbors and it was understood had, with true celestial attitude, copied all our arts in the interior of their closely guarded empire and were now sailing forth in the land that had at last be-

come 'too strait' for them, armed and equipped like Europeans and in herds as countless as the sands of the seas.

"A vast army was collected together and in the best array and commanded by the first military talent of the country had taken up its position in the interior. When the army of Mongolians at last came into view it was noticed that they had arranged themselves in a quincunx order, extending far to their rear and beyond the limits of sight. The mind instinctively carried this awful array back to the very shores of the Pacific, upon which their endless hordes were ever disembarking. Their onward movement was like that of a vast machine, a perfect horror of tactical precision and blind obedience. The vast army seemed to be actuated by the same impulse which sends an army of ants onward in spite of fire and water and smothered all opposition with the very bodies of 'forlorn hopes,' 'sacred bands' that lead the rest.

"Far back in the distance, dimly described by the best glasses in our army, one who seemed a military mandarin of highest rank at length made a signal which was quickly repeated by others throughout the mass, and from the nearest ranks a word of command was faintly distinguished by our foremost pickets. It seemed like 'Gobah' and was apparently some order similar to 'Forward' or 'Ready'."

"On they moved with dreadful, fascinating precision. They were as yet far beyond the range of any of the weapons of the main army and seemed to pay no attention to the fusillade that our skirmishers and outposts, located far in advance, sent among them. The smoke of their friendly arms could be seen readily, but their report could hardly be distinguished on account of the distance."

"At last the irresistible advance swept over these devoted lines of skirmishers, and with direful significance to our main army, still too far back to use or waste its ammunition, the smoke of their hopeless resistance died away only to show the continued onward and unchecked movement of the barbarians."

"And now another signal was made by the central chief, and duly repeated right and left as far as the eye could reach. At this signal each celestial, without in the least altering his peculiar swinging gait, that could now be almost individually distinguished by the motion of the whole mass, turned to his weapon and borne upon the air toward us we heard a faint murmur like the word 'ching,' repeated in unison by the myriads of the host before us. With every step they took this word was uttered—'Ching, Ching, Ching, Ching.'"

THEIR PECULIAR TACTICS.

"At the next signal from the mandarin the line of pigtails in his immediate vicinity open fire into the air. This peculiar tactics was astonishing, but soon explained itself. The 'firing line' was just far enough in the rear to sweep a zone commencing about 800 yards in front of the most advanced line of the defending army. This zone had, from the distinctly visible fall of the projectiles, a dangerous width of some 500 yards extended back."

"Again a signal was given, at which another line, the next in front, took up this fire and then the next, and next, and with each successive addition to the widening firing line the belt of dangerous space leaped, as it were, toward us almost by bounds, while the whole was swept by the spatter of that 'rain of death' kept constantly approaching with the onward motion of their advance."

"As the nearest ranks opened fire we could distinguish indistinctly the nature of their weapons, and excited imagination filled up the description. It flashed upon our lines almost at once. 'They all have Gatlings,' was the subdued remark muttered along the front. Then came the order, passed along our lines, to 'hold fire until the now rapidly approaching zone should get within 100 yards. Word was also passed along to encourage us that their ammunition would give out.' So with bated breath, mid awful strain, we held our fire and waited."

A PASSAGE OF LINES.

"But a new change in their tactics now appeared, and one of boding significance. The widening belt of their firing line had barely reached the front rank of their army when these ranks had halted, continuing, however, their fire unabated. Rearward on the distant hillsides we could see that the motion did not cease; but the low-lying smoke concealed the movements going on immediately behind the front and now stationary lines of Mongolians."

"At last someone in our ranks, catching the purport of their tactics and assisted by the wind, which for a moment carried the smoke from off a part of the field, exclaimed: 'They are effecting a passage of our lines!' And, surely enough, we soon saw, advancing between the stationary mouths of flame that marked each halted celestial, other mouths in motion. At length the new lines emerged from the intervals, continued the deadly advance as at first and those relieved fell back to re-

plenish their ammunition or to be in turn relieved by others further back, in the best process of unrolling should reach them."

"The zone of death now crept toward us; the air was disturbed as by a cyclone and the sword bank beneath the hail of lead as though before a scythe. Our lines could be restrained no longer; instinctively they opened fire. It was none too soon, for with a rush like that of a tornado the hostile fire reached our ranks. The observer stationed with a group of staff officers in the rear could see the front line wither at its guns. The gaps their feeble efforts made in the ranks of the enemy were quickly filled by those continually pressing to the front, and as the remnants of our first line at length fell back upon the second it, too, in useless effort, plied the advancing hosts with shot and shell, with musketry and mitraille, and yet, amid the havoc that it wrought, it suffered worse. The wild frenzy of the battle now reached the third line. Here the same scenes were enacted and the same relentless fate doomed all its efforts useless—there were no other lines left and no reserves!"

WILL THE DREAM BE REALIZED?

"Bleeding beneath a gun where he had fallen, the narrator lay in a semiconscious state and heard at length the onward tread around him of the foe; heard the monotonous 'Ching, Ching, Ching,' with which they still kept unison to march and fire, and consciousness left him."

In this dream the prophetic part is hardly to be put upon that which relates to a "Battle of Dorking" with the much-abused Mongolian, but who shall say it may not faintly grasp some of the tactical possibilities of that awful warfare of future, whose deadly arms, inexhaustible supplies and relentless control of electricity and the higher explosives, and whose utilization of all the infernal mechanism of human military ingenuity shall tend toward a battle like that of Armageddon?

The military world was in a most critical transition period in 1880; it how much worse it is in 1890! Mr. Totten continues:

"While heavy artillery is straining every power of nature to fabricate enormous guns, engineering is taxed at all her skill and genius upon the counter-questions of more permanent defense. Now explosives are harnessed to new machines and the most recent offspring of the terrible torpedo brood, shunning its appropriate element and essaying the very air itself, leaps forth upon its errand of destruction from the cannon's mouth! From the nightmare of experiment that these efforts are suggesting, the very air seeks the relief of vacuum, and the ocean, unable to escape, quivers with anticipation as monster after monster, each one more horrible in deformity and more instinct with infernal potency than its predecessor, launches with accelerating sequence into her troubled bosom."

A WORLD WAR.

"Field artillery has witnessed the successive abstraction of solid shot, canister and shell from her astonished limbers, as each in turn has been pronounced of hopeless efficiency, and now the very guns themselves, the 'single' muzzle and breech loading cannon of the best patterns, are threatened by machine guns, as but lately rifles and breech-loading small arms threatened and drove into the curiosity shop the good old 'Brown Bess' of our fathers, and as today the magazine arm threatens to displace them. Nor does the confusion end there, for infantry, still in doubt and excitement over this long-range controversy, and burdened down with an overshare far more desperate—but the pick and shovel, and to cling to them as to their rifles—as to their lives!—it almost seems as if where-with to dig, if not their graves, then, as least the very last trenches of human warfare! For where shall all this matter end short of universal demoralization? Is it not rapidly pushing us on toward the realization of the dream of the Society for the Promotion of Permanent Universal Peace toward general disarmament?"

"This was about my position way back in 1880, yet my quotation from 'Strategos' is, I guess, irregular in that by reading it over I have shaded somewhat yet after all changed not my notes one whit. It is my position still. This war with China is now a fact, and all the world is in it. Is it Armageddon? The other day the Louisville Courier-Journal deemed it might be. I do not say it is, but Chamberlain some days after I had this matter in hand got after the way things work and called the missionaries to order. Who is right?"

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.
LOUISA CURRY, Notary Public.
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the color partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, Ohio, and State of Ohio, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every copy of CHENEY'S CURE for Catarrh of the Bladder, which cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.
FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1900.
A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for descriptive circular to F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The Bull Fight.

There was a most attractive air of mystery about Samuel James Curtis, City of Mexico and New York, which was the way he signed his name at one of the big lake front hotels. Samuel wore a silk hat, a frock coat, a double-breasted white vest, grey trousers, a Roman striped four-in-hand tie, and a curious ring in the form of a coiled serpent in green gold with diamond eyes. Samuel's little mustache had a distinctively Spanish curl, and all the "boys" agreed that he had a "bad eye." That was meant to express the idea that his expression was particularly "devilish" and fascinating.

The "boys" were, of course, all thorough men of the world. To them the world was a squeezed orange. Their jaded palates had been stung so often by red pepper and other stimulants that it took something exceedingly novel to startle them into even a show of interest. Consequently the arrival of Samuel James Curtis with his curious double address and his air of mystery was a noteworthy event.

Within a week, though he brought no letters of introduction and professed a previous acquaintance with no one in Chicago, he was on fairly intimate terms with the whole coterie. He seemed to have plenty of money, which he spent freely. He made his first hit by introducing a new beverage, which he called the "hacienda bender-cooler," to the composition of which went a quart of the widow's extra dry, cracked ice and other condiments. Then it developed that Samuel, in his quiet and retiring way, was a wonderful teller of good stories. He painted a picture of himself sitting under a vine covered box in the great white bull ring outside of the City of Mexico, flirting with a black-eyed senorita and looking now and then at the matadors risking their lives before the foam-covered, sharp-horned, agile Mexican bulls. It seemed to the boys that things of that kind now and then would go far toward making existence endurable. Then "Ernie" Edwards, who has spent much money in a vain attempt to find a remedy for chronic ennu, made a remark which all the rest of the "boys" declare is responsible for everything which happened.

"By Jove," he said, "I wish we could have something of the kind here in Chicago."

"Yes," broke in "Alfie" Provost, "I'm dead tired of going out to see prize fights. A chap gets half crushed to death getting out, and there isn't a place within half a dozen blocks where you can buy a decent high ball. But, of course, it's impossible to have a bull fight in Chicago. The cops' wouldn't stand for it."

"I wonder sometimes," said Samuel James Curtis, in his softest voice and mildest manner, "if it would be quite impossible."

And with that began the spoiling of the Egyptians.

It developed that Samuel James Curtis had an idea that if all the arrangements were conducted with the greatest secrecy a genuine Mexican bull fight might be "pulled off" within a few miles of Chicago without the slightest danger of interruption on the part of the authorities. It would be a somewhat expensive undertaking, however, and he hardly thought it worth while to go to all the trouble. He assured the "boys" that a bull fight was not such a terrifically exciting thing after all, and he advised them to wait until a chance came for them to visit Mexico. Of course if, in spite of his advice, they insisted on arranging for the fight, he, Samuel James Curtis, could easily secure the services of half a dozen of the best Mexican matadors. He also happened to know of a man who had three magnificent dun fighting bulls in training. But really, in spite of the fact that there would be no danger at all of interruption if the arrangements were made in the right way and that the show might possibly be worth seeing, he would think it hardly worth while to undertake.

But the more cold water Samuel poured on his own idea the more enthusiastic the "boys" became. The idea of "pulling off" a genuine bull fight within half a dozen miles of Chicago, the attendance to be confined only to the elect, was too fascinating to be thrown aside.

"Of course," said "Ernie" Edwards, "you've seen so many that a bull fight has no particular interest for you. But it would be mighty hot stuff for our fellows."

At this point Samuel James Curtis interrupted to order another round of hacienda bender-coolers, after which the conference was renewed.

"If you are really serious about it," said Samuel, "I can easily show you how it can be arranged. I won't have time, of course, to do much about it myself, but I'll be glad to help you all I can. But don't you think it's a pretty big undertaking?"

"Ernie" and "Alfie" and all the rest of the boys were insistent.

"Well, I think the best place to hold the fight is down on the Indiana sand dunes. There's plenty of vacant room there, and it'll be easy enough

to pick out a place out of sight of a house. Now the first thing you want to do is to pick out somebody to act as manager."

But none of the boys had had any experience in managing bull fights, nor had any of their acquaintances. They urged Samuel to undertake the matter himself, as a special favor to them. But Samuel's business, the nature of which was a complete mystery, forbade him undertaking it. If they really insisted, however, he would send for a friend who was thoroughly posted in the bull-fighting line. The boys were delighted.

"Now, don't let's have any misunderstanding about this matter," said the rich and artless Samuel. "I don't want you men"—and at that they felt flattered—"to imagine I want to make any money out of this thing. I'll tell you what I'll do. If you carry the scheme out I'll send down and get a couple of matadors at my own expense. The money to pay for the bulls, for fixing up the ring and for giving a little purse to the matadors we can make up, I suppose, by selling tickets to the ring. Now, perhaps, you had better appoint a treasurer. I, of course, could not think of serving in that capacity."

But the "boys" felt that the generosity shown by Samuel James Curtis in bringing the matadors from Mexico at his own cost deserved some recognition, and his refusal to serve as treasurer only suggested that he should be chosen in spite of it. When it was settled that he should be appointed the crafty Samuel, well pleased, postponed immediate action, declaring that there was no necessity for a treasurer, after all, until their arrangements were nearer completion.

Late that night Samuel, in less fashionable garb, had a conference in South Clark street with a gentleman who had in his time played many parts, and who felt quite equal to appearing as a matador.

"We have money enough to last me for a week at the present gait," said Samuel, "and it will take at least two weeks to pull this job off. We'll meet you at the station about Thursday night, and then I think I'd better take a little trip to New York while you do your part."

The next few days the "boys" spent in waiting for the arrival of the man who was to manage the bull fight. Finally, on Thursday night, Samuel drove "Ernie" down to meet the Mexican at the train, while the rest of the party waited at the hotel. He came in on the through coach from New Orleans, and looked as foreign and interesting as possible.

"Let me have your baggage checks," said Samuel to his friend, thus relieving that gentleman of some embarrassment and preventing any suspicion. At the hotel the stranger proved to be a man of much modesty and politeness. He spoke English only fairly well, with a queer accent which to some of the "boys" sounded strangely familiar. He told exciting stories of bull fights, and when questions were asked which he could not understand he added to the excitement by answering with a series of profound bows. All the arrangements for the coming bull fight were put into his hands. Then Samuel James Curtis was suddenly called away to New York.

When Samuel returned everything was in readiness. The matadors were on hand and had given dress rehearsals in their picturesque clothes for the benefit of the "boys," who had invited a number of friends to be present. "Ernie" and "Alfie" had accompanied the manager out to Indiana and had assisted in the selection of the exact spot for the bull ring. It was decided, in order to avoid suspicion, that nothing should be done in the way of preparing the ground until the morning of the eventful day. Half a day's work, the manager had assured them, would be sufficient to put it into perfect order. All the "boys" had been busy selling tickets under vows of tremendous secrecy to their friends at \$10 a ticket. Something like \$2,500 was turned over to Samuel on his arrival from New York. He put the money in a big envelope, wrote his name on it, and carelessly tossed it to the hotel clerk with a request that it be put away for him.

On the evening preceding the day of the fight it was found that additional tickets had been sold, so that the total amount of money on hand was nearly \$3,000. Samuel, meantime, had arranged for a special train to take the "boys" and their friends down to the scene of action. He had brought the passenger agent for one of the railroads over to the hotel and talked the whole matter over with the boys. The \$10 was to cover the cost of transportation, refreshments of several kinds, and all other expenses.

"Well, good-night, fellows," said Samuel, "I'll see you in the morning, unless I get up early and go out to the ground with Don Jose." Don Jose was the Mexican manager. "Remember our train leaves at 12 sharp."

The boys found the next morning that Samuel had apparently gone out into Indiana, as neither he nor the manager was about the hotel. Then they went down to the station. There

A HANDY SUBSTITUTE.



1. Good heavens! I've broke my razor stop.



2. What on earth shall I do?



3. An idea!



4. Ah, it works like a charm.

"Ernie" found, after some enquiry, that there seemed to be some hitch about the train. No one at the station had apparently ever heard of it. They hurried back to the hotel. "Mr. Curtis and his friend left the hotel this morning," said the clerk. "Neither of them left any address. Here's a note for Mr. Edwards."

"Ernie" tore it open. "Good-by, boys," it read. "This bull fighting is almost as profitable and much safer than the old-fashioned gold brick game. Yours, Sam."—Chicago Tribune.

STORY OF A SLAVE.

To be bound hand and foot for years by the chains of disease is the worst form of slavery. George D. Williams, of Manchester, Mich., says:

"My wife has been so helpless for five years that she could not turn over in bed alone. After using two bottles of Electric Bitters she is wonderfully improved and able to do her own work." This supreme remedy for female diseases quickly cures nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, headache, backache, fainting and dizzy spells. It is a godsend to weak, sickly, run-down people. Cure guaranteed. Only 50c. Sold by Dreier Bros., druggists.

PREHISTORIC RACES.

The first authentic discovery of traces of a prehistoric race in Alaska was made recently by prospectors in the foothills of Mount St. Elias, who

in prospecting for placer diggings, discovered a copper mine which had been worked ages ago. In the immediate vicinity were picked up kettles, tools, spearheads and other articles of practical use, manufactured in a crude manner out of copper. It is evident that the copper came from three of the four veins in the immediate vicinity. The spot where the discovery was made is 6,000 feet above sea level, in the foothills of the mountain peak.—Indianapolis News.

DISCOVERED BY THE CHINESE.

One of the greatest Chinese discoveries was a kind of iron ore which attracts iron—the magnet. Then they found that a bar of magnetic iron set free always points to the north. That is the mariner's compass, without which travel at sea would be almost impossible. They were the first people to dig canals, and so find a cheaper way of carrying goods than even our railway. In building they discovered the greatest of all inventions—the arch.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

THAT THROBBING HEADACHE

Would quickly leave you, if you used Dr. King's New Life Pills. Thousands of sufferers have proved their matchless merit for Sick and Nervous Headaches. They make pure blood and build up your health. Only 25 cents. Money back if not cured. Sold by Dreier Bros., druggists.

THE BURGLAR.

Richard Johnstone, commonly known as "Dirty Dick," had made a new start in life. For the last three years he had earned his daily bread by doing odd jobs for such citizens as needed an unskilled painter. This honorable, but scarcely lucrative, position was now closed to him. He had never loved work; he had a distaste for that great system of co-operation that is so marked a feature at the present day. In his own words, "he didn't want no bloomin' master nor yet no bloomin' pals." He wanted to work on "his own." Nevertheless he remembered with pride that in the words of the judge, who addressed him from the bench, he had "for the last three years followed a most respectable calling."

Richard had described himself as a "farman," and the judge had entered him on his notes as a "farman," and was laboring under this trifling misapprehension when he addressed the prisoner before sentencing him to six months' hard labor for an aggravated assault on one of his employers.

The six months were over now, but Richard felt that this most respectable calling must of necessity be closed to an ex-convict. He had, therefore, chosen another that would enable him to gratify his passion for independent work. He was now about to enter upon this new profession. It was an important step, and Richard was too shrewd a man to take it hastily. He had made the usual enquiries, and had satisfied himself that "The Cedars" was in every way a most suitable house for a beginner. In the first place there was no dog; secondly, the master of the house was in South Africa, leaving his wife at home; thirdly, two of the three servants were absent; fourthly, there was a most tempting little balcony over the hall door; and last, but not least, there was not another house within a mile. Richard looked regretfully at his new and shining tools which had cost him nearly his last penny; they would be almost useless in a case like this; still, perhaps it was best to begin with an easy job. Even a burglar cannot expect to spring into fame and wealth at once.

He slipped over the low wall, crossed the well-kept lawn, and halted a little to the right of the porch. He arranged the various bags for the carriage of tools and booty picturesquely about his person, and started to climb the trellis-work against the house. He reached the little balcony and stepped cautiously on to it. There were two windows opening on to it; one a French window, which was closed; the other, an ordinary respectable British window, which was slightly open.

The artist in Richard was awake that night—any casual amateur could enter a house by an open window; it was a burglar's business to break in—silently, skillfully, no doubt, but still to break in. He turned to the French window and tried his new tools on it, one after the other. He burrowed into the wood like an ant, but the window was no more open at the end of his work than it had been at the beginning. There was a little saw-dust on the balcony, and that was all. Richard looked again at the open window and pondered. The room was a bedroom, he knew, because when he examined the house in the morning he had noticed the back of a looking glass at the window. In Richard's philosophy an open window meant an empty bedroom; he never slept with a bloomin' wind blowing at him, not he; but perhaps some folks were fools enough to like it. Then again, it might be a trap. He tried to peer into the room, but heavy curtains obstructed the view. At last with infinite care, he put his hand through the opening and moved one of the curtains slightly. The room was nearly dark, but not quite. It seemed to him there must be a light of some kind in it, but he couldn't make out where it was. Then there came to his ears a sound—a familiar sound, that carried him back to the days of his innocent childhood and his father's room in Brigson's Buildings, E. It was a snore; a good, uncompromising British snore.

A figure crossed his field of vision, with swift, silent steps. There was a gurgling sound and then a cry. "Oh, lor, mum, how you startled me!" "Hush, hush, for God's sake!" said another voice, in a hissing whisper; "you'll wake him—you were snoring."

"Well, mum, and if I was—I'm that tired—"

"Be quiet, be quiet, I tell you." Then a third voice joined in, a feeble, wailing voice. "Mother," it cried, "mother, it hurts me—oh, it does hurt me so."

That was enough for Richard; he wasn't going to intrude where he wasn't wanted. It was quite a little family party in that room. The mistress of the house was there and her little son, and the housemaid—the only servant at home that night. It was the housemaid that had snored and then called out. He knew her voice; he had thought of trying to get her to help at one time,

but, true to his rule of having no pals, he had abandoned the idea. Well, then, these were the points to consider: First, the other rooms must be empty. That was good. Secondly, all the three occupants of the house were awake. That was bad. Should he go down again and try to get in on the ground floor, or should he climb up the trellis-work to another window?

He decided on the latter course. The ground-floor windows would have shutters; besides, the people might go down to the kitchen to get drinks for the boy or something. What was all the good of his climbing as a painter if he couldn't climb now? He readjusted his discredited tools, swung himself off the balcony and started to go up the trellis-work to the next window.

In all the weary months since that sad November morning, when she saw the ship that bore her husband and his comrades thrashing its way seaward through the fog, Mrs. Thorburn had never felt her loss so keenly as she did that night. She had sent her husband to his duty with a smiling face; she had braced her nerves to bear the dreadful strain of waiting, braced herself even to hear the news of that glorious tragedy, "Killed in action," that might come to strike her heart at any moment. She was proud to be a soldier's wife. But this night—how she longed to have him back, at all costs to his country, to his honor, to have him with her now. For their son, their only son, was ill, seized in the grip of one of those sudden sicknesses that mothers know so well.

The nearest doctor lived two miles away, she had no neighbors, and there was no one in the house but the housemaid, Jane. Jane had been despatched for the doctor—had gone and found him not at home, and with a literal obedience worthy of the British army, had returned leaving no name or message because she had had no orders to do so. The boy appeared to grow easier—he was sleeping when Jane returned, and Mrs. Thorburn watching by the bed was less anxious now. She made Jane sit in the chair near the fire to be ready for any emergency. The snore that Richard heard had awakened the boy—he was in pain, restless, calling to his mother, and now and again wringing that mother's heart by crying, "Father, father." The cries grew more piteous, the child seemed weaker. "Jane," she whispered, "you must go again. Dr. Dean must be in now—go, and bring him back with you. If he is not in, go to the bell, ring them up, and make Mr. Jones drive you into Leamington. Be quick."

"I can't, mum," was the answer. "You must. I cannot leave the boy now. Please, please go—for the boy's sake, Jane, go, and go quickly." "I'm that tired, mum, I'll drop by the way."

"Go to the nearest house, then. Go and tell them to fetch the doctor. Oh, can't you see how ill he is?"

Jane rose slowly and with many groans proceeded to the door. "Well, mum, since you will 'ave it, I'll go and put on my things."

"Things! Take my cloak—and Captain Thorburn's cap—"

Jane drew herself up. "No, mum," she said, haughtily; "if I must intrude on people in the dead of night, I'll do it in my 'at."

"Quick, then. Where is your hat?"

"Upstairs, mum, in my room, which I laid it there when I came in just now, mum. I'm to go to Plummer's, mum?"

"Yes, that is the nearest. Tell him to bring Dr. Dean here; and if he is not in, to go on to Leamington and fetch the first doctor he can find. And, Jane—if you meet a man on the road near here bring him back and make him put the bridle on Jeremy and ride him."

"There ain't no saddle, mum."

"Never mind; do as I tell you."

"The cart's gone to be mended, mum."

"I know it has. Oh, don't stand talking here, Jane; go at once. Please go at once."

"Ave you got the key of the stable, mum?"

"Yes, it's in my room, on the mantelpiece."

"Yes, mum. And I'm to tell Plummer to come back here and fetch Jeremy?"

"No, no, not Plummer—if you get to Plummer's tell him to start at once—but if you meet a man near here—"

"A strange man, mum? Oh, I couldn't, mum."

The boy had hold of Mrs. Thorburn's hands; she could not move; if she had been free, no sense of dignity could have saved her from personally assaulting the respectable Jane. The fit passed. "Go, please," she said quietly. "Go to Plummer and tell him to be quick."

Jane turned and left the room, banging the door behind her to prove that she was a free woman and no slave. Mrs. Thorburn gently drew one of her hands from the child's feverish clasp and laid it on his forehead. The soft, cool touch seemed

to soothe him; the poor, frightened eyes closed; the quick, painful panting ceased—he was falling asleep. Suddenly, from the room overhead, came a wild scream that ran along the mother's nerves like a flame of fire, making the grasp of her right hand suddenly tighten on the slender little fingers that it held. The scream was followed by another and another—then came a rush of feet, the door flew open, and Jane pitched headlong in. The little boy was awake now and crying, and Mrs. Thorburn ran to the grovelling, twisting, screeching mass of diaphery on the floor.

"Get up," she cried, "you miserable fool, get up." Jane got up, still screeching, with wide-open mouth and staring eyes like a fresh-caught cod. Her mistress seized her by the shoulder. "Be quiet," she said, fiercely; "be quiet, or I'll kill you."

Jane flopped down on the floor again. "Burglars," she wailed. "Bub—bub—burglars. There's a m—man in my room."

"You wretched coward," said Mrs. Thorburn; "a man! It was the shadow of the curtain. Get up, I tell you; get up and go at once. You might have killed the child."

It was useless. Jane's screams subsided, but the slack mouth was still open, the vacant eyes still staring, while a ceaseless babble of words poured forth as she lay sack-like on the floor: "Burglars—burglars—burglars!"

The child's cries smote upon its mother's heart. What could she do? Her only messenger was useless now, changed by the flickering of a shadow on the wall into a mauling idiot. In God's name, what could she do?

Suddenly she heard a step, a heavy step, upon the upper staircase. Some one was there then, after all. She stood still, listening, listening. Yes, there it was again. The woman on the floor raised her head—she had heard it, too. "He's coming," she screamed, and went off into a paroxysm of whooping hysteria. But she was right. He, whoever his might be, was coming down the stairs.

Richard had found little difficulty in opening the window to which he had climbed. An ordinary, everyday clasp knife did the business; he had not yet recovered his trust in the tools that failed him so lamentably on the balcony. It was a large room that he had entered—large, and rather untidy. He examined every corner of it with his lantern; there was no one there, of course, he knew that, but it disappointed him to find that there was nothing worth taking there either. There were two beds, two dressing tables, four chairs, two wash-hand stands, everything plain but good. Obviously, he was in the servants' room. Well, there might be a shilling or two to pick up even there. He swept the bull's-eye lantern round once more, there was a curtain with pegs for dresses behind it. His inventory was cut suddenly short; a door banged somewhere below, and he heard steps coming upstairs. He hurriedly shaded the lantern, and dashed for the curtain, learning something of his trade as he did so. Always dash for the curtain first and shade your lantern afterward. Richard caught his foot an awful crack against the bed in passing; he was wearing light gymnasium shoes, so that the pain was considerable. He kept his thoughts inside his teeth, however, and waited. The door of the room opened. It's the housemaid, he thought. "She'll only have a candle. She won't see me."

There was a click, and the room was suddenly flooded with light. It struck Richard that it was almost indecent for people who lived in a house of this kind to have electric light in the servants' bedroom. However, he said nothing, but waited quietly behind the curtain. Jane entered. Richard knew Jane by sight, for, as has been already mentioned, he had thought of taking her into his confidence. "If she finds me, it won't do any harm to make a pal of her now," he thought, secure in the power of his own attractions. Jane was muttering to herself; she picked a hat up from the bed and adjusted it carefully at one of the looking-glasses. Then she turned and came slowly and deliberately toward the curtain. Her muttering was audible now.

"The fuses she makes about that qualling brat," she said, and drew the curtain savagely aside. Richard had determined on a policy of in-gratiation; he stood stock still and moved nothing but his mouth. This was a fascinating grin. Perhaps the light was bad, perhaps the fascination was overdone. Let the cause be what it may, the effect was terrible. Jane sprang back with a frightful screech, turned, screeched again, and then fled wildly from the room, leaving the unsuccessful Lothario still standing by the pegs.

"When love rejected turns to hate" there's sure to be trouble, as the poet truly says, and Richard was angry. His self-respect had been sorely hurt; his plan had failed. His vanity was in even worse plight; he had smiled upon a woman, and she had started back and screamed as if he were a toad. The screams were still

plainly audible; there was no need for concealment now. Since love had failed, he must try what terror could do. He would go down—scare the women out of their lives, make them give up what they had in the way of valuables, and then decamp. It was too late to go back now. He had been seen—possibly recognized; he might as well get something for his pains. He strode firmly to the door and descended the stairs, planting each foot heavily, to strike awe into the hearts of those below. He was guided by Jane's screams to the sick room; the door was open, and just as he reached it the electric light was turned on. All the better; it was no time for concealment now; the light would show these women that he held a pistol in his hand. He stoode into the room, holding his bag of tools in one hand and his new cheap revolver in the other. He glanced around. Jane was still grovelling on the floor, the little boy had raised himself in bed; his mother stood near him. The eyes of all three were fixed on Richard's face. He advanced another step; slow and inexorable as fate. It was most effective. Jane dropped her head on the floor again; the boy seized his mother's hand and began to cry; only Mrs. Thorburn was unmoved. "Well, sir," she said, "what do you want here?"

Richard made an effort, and produced a voice from somewhere in the lower region of his waistcoat—a voice hoarse and hollow—the voice of the Adelphi murderer. "What do I want?" he said; "I want your jewels and your money, and if you don't 'em over quick, I want your life."

The voice was rather cracked and weak toward the end of this long sentence, but on the whole it was an admirable performance. Mrs. Thorburn looked at him in silence—Richard did not understand or like her attitude—he was gathering himself together for another effort, when she spoke.

"You have come here," she said, slowly, "because you knew that Captain Thorburn was away in Africa—because you knew that there was no one in the house but two women and a little boy. And you are a man—an Englishman! You coward, you miserable, dastardly coward!"

He stood before her like a stopped clock. What was a man to do with a woman like this? He said nothing. There was no sound in the room but the gurgling of Jane upon the floor and the cries of the little boy in the bed. These cries suddenly ceased, there was a choking sob, and then silence. Mrs. Thorburn turned to the bed; her son's head had fallen back on the pillow—he had fainted. She dashed to the cupboard, fetched a little bottle, and moistened the boy's lips with the contents. A little color came into his cheeks, his eyes opened, and he began to moan. Jane was still gurgling on the floor, while Richard watched the scene with vacant eyes. The rules of burglary as he knew them did not deal with cases such as this. Suddenly the mother turned toward him. "Man," she cried, "he's dying; go, go; run to Dr. Dean's!"

"Dr. Dean!" repeated Richard, foolishly.

"Yes, yes, at Shelton—the first house in the village; run, man, run. He's dying! Oh, can't you see he's dying?"

Richard turned, dropped his bag of tools upon the floor, and was out of the room and down the stairs in three strides, had unchained and opened the front door, and was running down the road to Shelton before his brain began to work. He had gone nearly a quarter of a mile before it struck him that this was not strictly burglary. He slackened his speed for a moment. Then, "That's a fine woman!" he said aloud; "a bloomin' fine woman," and this thought occupied his mind for another mile or more. He was only half a mile from Shelton when he noticed a cottage by the side of the road—noticed the gate of that cottage and a bicycle gleaming in the moonlight by the side of the gate. He stopped, his head buzzing and thumping from the unaccustomed exercise. Here was a bicycle—he'd go quicker on a bicycle, not that he was much of a bad at it; but still—he seized the machine, and, dragging it into the middle of the road, essayed to mount. Suddenly a large man came running to the gate, flung it open, and rushed toward Richard. With a last frantic effort the burglar sprang into the saddle, wobbled wildly for three yards, and crashed into the ditch. He struggled to his feet, trampling the bicycle into splinters as he did so, and started to run, but the large man was too quick for him.

"Stop, you scoundrel!" he shouted, and seized him by the collar. Richard wrangled himself free, and the two men faced one another in the moonlight. No sound came from the cottage.

"What are you playing at?" said the large man, edging gradually nearer.

"Playin' at," said Richard; "playin' at I'm fethin' a doctor."

The large man stood still. "A doctor?" said he. "Who wants a doctor?"

"Where do you come from?"

"The Cedars," said Richard, with a happy flash of memory.

"The Cedars? Mrs. Thorburn? Are you her man?"

"Yus," said Richard.

"Very good," said the large man; "and whom were you going to fetch?"

"Dr. Dean," was the answer.

"Do you know him?"

"Yus."

The large man moved another step nearer. "Now, my man," said he, cheerfully, "you will kindly come along with me. If you come quietly it will be all the better for you, but I'm afraid I must give you in charge. Don't move, now."

"What for?" said Richard, angrily.

"I'm goin' for a doctor, I tell 'ee."

"Yes, you've told me quite enough. You say you're Mrs. Thorburn's man; Mrs. Thorburn's man is lying ill in that cottage. You say you know Dr. Dean—well, I am Dr. Dean. And now, will you come quietly?"

"You are Dr. Dean?" said Richard, thickly.

"Yes, I am Dr. Dean, very much at your service, and a magistrate as well as a doctor, my friend."

"Then, if you're Dr. Dean, you come along to the Cedars."

"No, no; you come along to Shelton."

"But I tell 'ee you're wanted."

"And I tell you, you're wanted. Now, no nonsense, my man; come along with me quietly."

Richard leaped back and drew his revolver. "Look 'ere," he said, fiercely; "you come back with me, or I'll blow your brains out. The boy's dyin', I tell 'ee."

"Well," said Dr. Dean, after a pause, "you seem to know something of the family. I'll come with you; but give me that pistol—not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith."

"Danged if I will," said Richard. "Then I won't come," said the doctor.

"Then I'll blow your brains out," repeated Richard, weakly.

"Much good it should be then," said Dr. Dean.

This point of view was new to Richard. He pondered for a moment, then: "Ere's the bloomin' pistol," he said, "and now come along."

"By Jove, you're speaking the truth after all, or you're cleverer than you look," said the doctor, pocketing the weapon. "Come on, we'll have to run for it; you've smashed my bicycle, confound you. I think I've got everything in this bag that will be necessary. Come on," and they started to run side by side along the lonely road.

The doctor was in better training than Richard—he reached "The Cedars" fit and cool; the burglar, who it must be admitted had run the distance twice at full speed, was almost at the last gasp. Mrs. Thorburn was at the window over the porch.

"Is that you, Dr. Dean?" she cried.

"It is, madam," said the doctor; "you want me?"

"Yes, yes; come upstairs at once," and she disappeared. The doctor turned and looked at his companion critically. "You told the truth," he said. "I beg your pardon. You had better come in and sit down; you seem fatigued. I will leave the front door open, so that if you feel in need of a walk—he paused, and then, with meaning, "you can take your hook."

Richard followed him blindly through the hall and sat heavily down at the foot of the stairs. The doctor ran lightly up to the front room and entered. Richard could hear the faint sound of their talk in spite of the buzzing of his weary head. He was not conscious of any consecutive train of thought, but he found himself at last repeating over and over again, "I wonder 'ow the little varmit is?" He rose and walked unsteadily upstairs; he went on tip-toe to the door and peered in. The boy was awake, but quiet, and evidently not in pain. Jane was gone. Mrs. Thorburn and the doctor were talking together at the foot of the bed, and there in the middle of the room lay his bag with the tell-tale tools partially exposed. He formed a plan. He would switch off the electric light, rush in, seize the bag, and be off through the open door to rest and plant another more successful burglary. Stealthily he stretched forth his hand; the boy sat up in the bed; he was detected. He hurriedly struck down one of the two knobs and dashed forward into the room. It was only another error. No darkness came; on the contrary, a second light sprang into being above the bed. Richard stood irresolute, hopeless, in the middle of the room, hanging his head, as the doctor and Mrs. Thorburn turned toward him. There was a pause; then the doctor stepped forward.

"Ah!" said he, "there is your messenger; come to see the patient, I suppose? Well, I can satisfy your anxiety—the patient is doing well. Do you know this worthy person, Mrs. Thorburn?"

The mother looked long at the man.

"Yes," she said, at last; "I know him."

"He said he was working for you. Is that so?"

"Yes."

The doctor paused, looking first at

the woman, then at the miserable man. "Are those the tools he works with?" he said, carelessly, picking up the bag from the floor.

"I—I suppose so."

"You find him a faithful servant, I hope?"

"Yes."

The doctor laughed. "I thought so," he said; "so faithful that he threatened to shoot me if I wouldn't come to see your boy. Perhaps you'd like to speak to him. I'll just go and see how the housemaid is getting on. I'll be back directly," and he left the room.

Mrs. Thorburn advanced quickly to the unsuccessful burglar.

"I thank you from my heart," she said. "You have been a good friend to me and to my boy tonight," and she held out her hand.

Richard took it, blinking miserably. She looked at him for a moment, and then, "You heard what I said just now. I have a pony and trap, and there is the garden to look after—I'm sure you could learn to do that, and there are two rooms over the stable where the last man used to live. Will you take the place? I want a man badly; poor Cookson, who used to work for me, is too ill to do so any longer, the doctor tells me. Will you take the place?" Then as the man was still silent she went on, with a little laugh: "You know I told Dr. Dean you were working for me—you wouldn't make me a liar, would you?"

Richard blinked still more. "I ain't fit for it, lady," he said, at last, so gruffly that she could hardly hear the words.

"It is for me to judge of that," she said. "You have shown yourself a kind and honest man tonight."

He was fairly blubbing now. "God bless you, lady," wiping his eyes with the back of his sleeve. "God bless you. I'd—I'd bloomin' well die for you."

There was a step upon the stairs and the doctor entered, shooting a questioning glance at the moist Richard. "Well, Mrs. Thorburn, I'm afraid you've lost a servant," he said, cheerily. "Oh, no, I don't mean this worthy fellow. I mean Jane. The hysteria has passed off, but a sense of injury remains. I left her packing her boxes. Perhaps," and again he glanced at the penitent one, "perhaps it is as well. And now, my dear madam, it is nearly day. If you will allow me, I have a suggestion to make. That is, that this worthy gentleman should leave your service and walk with me to Shelton."

"No, no," said Mrs. Thorburn, hastily. "It is all right. He—he is to take Cookson's place."

The doctor looked at her. "Is this entirely wise?" he asked.

"Yes," was the decisive answer.

"You have decided to take this man into your service, then? Very good. Then I suppose I must forgive him for transforming my new free-wheel bicycle into an American wire puzzle. But in these circumstances I have another proposal to make. Can you give me breakfast at 8 o'clock? I can cook it myself."

"Certainly, doctor," said Mrs. Thorburn, in a tone of surprise; "and there is no need for you to show your skill. The cook is coming in the carriage's cart at 7 o'clock."

"Very good, then. If I may, I want to have a chat with this man of yours."

Mrs. Thorburn hesitated. "Very well, doctor," she said at last; "but remember he is my man."

"Certainly, certainly," said Dr. Dean. "Come, my friend, we two champion runners will rest our weary limbs in the kitchen. I want to talk to you, to give you a few hints—about gardening. I want you to be more successful there than in your last profession. Come along."

The doctor had the bag in one hand, he thrust the other through the arm of the bewildered Richard, and both men went down together to the kitchen—Walter Bagge, in the Strand Magazine.

ALLEN CO. S. S. ASSOCIATION.

Jefferson township will hold its semi-annual Sunday school convention Saturday evening and Sunday, Aug. 25 and 26. The services will be held at Maples, in the Methodist Protestant church. The program will be as follows:

—Saturday Evening—

8:00—Song service.

8:15—Addresses by Rev. J. A. Swenk and Missionary Samuel S. Hall, jr.

—Sunday Forenoon—

9:30—Song and praise service.

9:45—"The Importance of Bringing the Bible to the Sunday School—Bible Drill" by S. S. Hall, jr.

10:00—"The Responsibilities of the Superintendent," by L. L. Driver.

10:15—"How Can We Interest Our Non-Sunday School People?" by Mrs. Dinger.

10:30—Address, by Frank Gabel.

10:45—"What the Parents Owe the Sunday School," by J. C. F. McMaken.

11:05—Address, by H. F. Felger.

11:20—Address, by Lovina Mooney.

11:35—Appointment of committees. Adjourn to 1:30 p. m.

—Afternoon—

1:30—Song service.

1:40—"The Ways and Means to Gather Our Members into the Sunday School Session," by L. Lenart.

2:00—"Teaching the Little Ones," by L. Binkley.

2:30—Address, by A. D. Craig.

2:50—"The Importance of Records," by S. S. Hall, jr.

3:05—Address by A. Johnson, superintendent of the School for Feeble Minded.

3:25—"What Benefit Does the Church Derive From the Sunday School?" by F. C. Hubler.

3:45—Address, by A. S. Covell.

4:05—Reports from committees. Closing exercises.

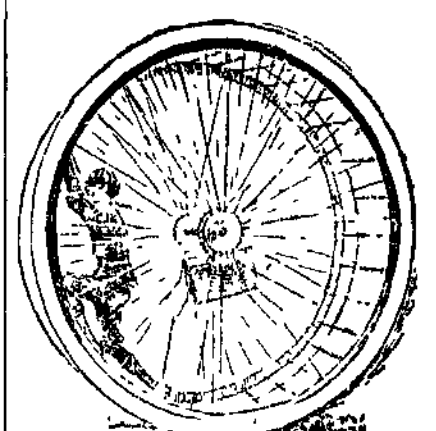
One and all, especially yourself, have a cordial invitation to attend this convention. Bring your Bibles.

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR

gives nature the mild assistance needed for the regulation of the menses. It is of wonderful aid to the girl just entering womanhood, to the wife, and to the woman approaching or going through the turn of life. Women who suffer from any unnatural drain, any bearing-down pains in the lower abdomen, falling or displacement of the womb, can quickly cure their troubles at home, completely away from the eyes of a physician. A few doses taken each month will regulate the menses perfectly.

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SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

JESUS LIKENED TO THE GOOD SHEPHERD, WHOSE SHEEP
KNOW HIM AND WHO KNOWS HIS OWN SHEEP.

(John Lindsay Withrow, D. D., of
Park Street church, Boston, in the
Chicago Record.)
Lesson for Sunday, August 20,
1900.

Topic—"Jesus, the Good Shepherd."
Text—John x. 1-16.

THE SHEPHERD AND HIS SHEEP

The golden text for this lesson is
a golden truth around which the
study of the hour may well revolve;
that is (John x. 11), "The good shep-
herd giveth his life for the sheep."

Many make light of the matter of
human salvation. They say every-
body will be saved—no one is in dan-
ger of destruction, and it is absurd to
make an ado about means and meth-
ods for saving mankind. Neverthe-
less, Jesus of Nazareth, taught the
opposite of such trifling with future
welfare. He gave almost no atten-
tion to man's earthly interests. Jesus
is appropriated as an advocate of
many things with which He never
directly had anything to do. Certain-
ly the political state and the
economic order of society were as bad-
ly in need of reform there in heaven
and Jewish Jerusalem as they are
anywhere in Christendom today.

But the Nazarene did not advocate
an uprising for their overthrow, such
as our radicals and reformers are
teaching, with Christ as their
text. Keep clearly in mind that He
was the best of all human brothers;
that He was most sensitive and sym-
pathetic with suffering of every kind;
that He declared He had come to save
the world; and, then, as He was not
concerned about changing material
conditions, we should feel the force
of the truth, so emphatically and
fully taught by Him, that it was to
save the world in a spiritual sense
that He came. That He gave His
life for three and thirty years active-
ly, and at last passively on the cross,
for some specific supreme purpose is
could it have been to redeem us
and bring us to God, both in this life
and in that which is to come. All
there was involved in that vicarious
service and suffering is included in
our golden text: "The good shep-
herd giveth his life for the sheep."

It would be those living in a shep-
herding country who could best appre-
ciate the simile of the shepherd, the
sheep and the Saviour. But it is all so
simply stated in our lesson that any
pupil should understand the points.

HE KNOWS HIS OWN.
Good shepherds know their sheep.
Each of these animals look alike in
the eye of a stranger, the shepherd
will pick any one of his own out of
a flock of strange sheep without mis-
take when they cry. He recognizes
his own by their movements, walk-
ing or running. And so Jesus (les-
son verse 14) asserts: "I know my
sheep and am known of mine." It is
a trait of human nature to admire
one who knows us. It is a passport
to public favor if a candidate is
quick to call by name those to whom
he has been introduced.

And more than the significance of
being known is the satisfaction we
have in being called by our names by
one who holds a higher station than
we hold. Perhaps many stories that
are told of leading politicians calling
every man in their district by his
Christian name—John or James,
David, William or what not—are ex-
aggerated. We read that Frederick
the Great could call every soldier in
his army by his Christian name. This
is probably mythical. But it is a
matter of revelation that our God has
great regard for names. Even the
stars He calls (Psalm cxlviii, 4) by
name; and those who are His have
their names written in the Lamb's
Book of Life. It is one of the most
depressing and discouraging experi-
ences that a convict suffers to have
his name buried and to be marked
by a number. No longer is it Charles
or Samuel, Hans or Jacob, but "No.
202." And this is the result of be-
ing the servants of sin, for whom ye
yield yourself servants to obey "his
servants ye are whom ye obey." And
the servant of sin in penitentiary
stripes is so impoverished as to lose
his name. Jesus improved the names
of His followers. He added honor to
the name of Peter and said: "I call
you not servants, but I have called
you (John xv. 15) friends."

Again, the shepherd (lesson verse
4) "goeth before his sheep." Are
there any other animals that are
moved in this manner? Is not driv-
ing the invariable method of dealing
with other kinds of stock? But
shepherds do not think of driving;
they draw. This is sweetly sugges-
tive of the way Jesus manages men.
He does not rush upon them, be-
lavor and abuse them. Coercion is not
His way. He does not say "Go," but
"Come with Me." Nor is there any
path of duty or portion of experi-
ence which His sheep enter that they
do not find Christ has been there
first. Is it temptation? "He was
in all points tempted like as we are."
If we walk the rough path of sorrow
there is a gentle voice that whispers:
"I was a man of sorrow and ac-

quainted with grief." If our way
through life lies in the valley of ob-
scure, privation or adversity, He
has been there before us. The Son
of Man was so poor He "had not
where to lay his head." If there
is in us by nature, as there is in most
people, a fear of death and the grave,
Jesus went by the way of the grave
to His glory. He did everything
we are asked to do. He encountered
everything that opposes us. He en-
dured everything that incumbers our
strength or embarrasses our lives.

"He (lesson verse 3) calleth His own
sheep by name and leadeth them out."
—not driveth them—"withersoever
He would go."

WOULD SUFFER DEATH ITSELF.
Most of all, the good shepherd does
not shrink from death if suffering
it is necessary for the life of His
sheep. And so Paul says of Jesus
(Eph. v. 2) "love the church (His
sheep) and gave Himself for it." And
(1 Timothy ii. 6) "gave Himself a
ransom for all." He died—"the just
for the unjust." The greatest event
that has occurred or ever can occur
on earth was that which was de-
scribed in Hebrews xlii., 12, "Jesus
that He might sanctify the people
with His own blood suffered without
the gate." It has become too fash-
ionable for preachers and teachers
to proclaim that no theory of the
atonement satisfies them. Why do
they not add, with equal emphasis,
that while the theories are not intel-
lectually satisfactory the fact that
there was an atonement made by the
Son of God when He suffered death
on the cross is a fact of central and
supreme import! To deny the vital
value of the death of Christ as a con-
dition of salvation is to contradict
the whole trend of old and new tes-
tament teaching. If they scoff at
those who accept Paul's teachings
that "we have redemption through
His blood," and "the blood of Jesus
Christ cleanseth from all sin," and
if they scoff at this as "a bloody
theology," the best answer I know
to give is that the Bible is responsi-
ble for it. A new Bible will have
to be made before any candid stu-
dent of scripture can take the book
as it is and not hold it true, as Jesus
Christ said Himself, this is "My
blood shed for many for the remis-
sion of sin."

KNOW THE SHEPHERD'S VOICE.
Passing now from speaking of the
Good Shepherd, what says our lesson
as to the sheep?

For one thing (lesson verse 4),
they know the voice of the Good
Shepherd. Into the mysteries that
surround the moral deafness and
blindness of some, as compared with
others, we enter not. But without
room for contradiction we see it is a
fact that by nothing Christ has said
or done and by nothing that has been
said or done to commend Him to the
confidence and love of men has it
been possible to interest multitudes
in His beauty and grace. Out of the
whole population of a great city, Chi-
cago or Boston, how comparatively
few have any interest in or care for
Jesus Christ? How few speak of
Him as One who has done more for
our civilization as well as for our
salvation than others ever did or
could do? How much oftener the
holy name of Christ is used in pro-
fanity than it is in prayer or praise.
Thus do we discover there are many
who do not seem to be His sheep.
Meanwhile there are they who do
"know His voice." As far as a sheep
can catch the tones of the voice of the
shepherd it knows it will respond
by running in the direction of the
sound. So there are responsive be-
lievers in Christ. They love the
sound of His name. It is the sweet-
est name on earth or heaven to them.
While their attention may be won
by speaking of the Creator of Jeho-
vah, God, and of the ways of Provi-
dence there is a more eager atten-
tion if you mention Jesus to one of
His true ones—one of His sheep. Tell
over the events of His life, repeat
the parable and stories, quote His
precious promises and every true
sheep of Christ will fly to the sound.

Let us never think to interrupt the
figurative portions of scripture with
hard-and-fast literalism. As here,
where the Master spoke of the sheep
refusing to follow a hireling. The
sheep of the field will not. Indeed,
they will run in an opposite direc-
tion if another than their own shep-
herd calls them. But we cannot par-
allel that with the sheep of Christ.
Many a hireling preacher and profes-
sor has won the confidence of good
Christian people and led them astray
into a dangerous way. With smooth
speech and a flattering tongue they
get entrance to a class or a church
and use it for what they can get out
of it. Little care they for the wel-
fare of the flock. Hence when Jesus
said of His own sheep, "a hireling
will they not follow," we suppose
He meant they will not knowingly
do so. It is because the deceiver
hypnotizes them that they follow
him. Such deceivers are notably

numerous at the present time. They
"draw crowds." But one thing you
will always observe—they get rich
in the service. Some of them have
become famously fixed financially,
no matter how poor the foolish sheep
became who ran after them. But let
these wanderers from Christ's flock
discover the deception that has been
practiced upon them and with haste
they turn back home.

TO ENTER THE KINGDOM.

Again, Jesus, gentle as He was,
and not given to denunciation, calls
these enemies of the best welfare of
His sheep by very hard (lesson verse
8) names. He brands them as
"thieves and robbers." He declares
their purpose is to "steal and kill
and to destroy." How does this
sweeping denunciation agree with
what we have said—that Jesus was
only one of many saviors? I have
seen a book entitled so many—I
think several hundred—saviors. The
aim of it is to put Christ with a
crowd of claimants for the name of
the world's savior. But He had
quite another view of the matter.

With august assurance Jesus asser-
ted that all who "ever came before
Me are thieves and robbers." Hav-
ing said so much concerning a king-
dom He was to establish, He now
affirms that (lesson verse 9) only
those who came into it through Him
would have any right of admission.
"I am the door." To all men's no-
tions of what is useful we set the
words of the Son of God. "I am the
door; by Me if any man enter (John
x. 9) in He shall be saved." And
no man cometh unto the Father by
Me. Jesus is the only way to God
and the home on high.

OLD MAID FACTORIES.
Is the boarding house girl likely
to die an old maid? That is the ques-
tion which is agitating some gentle
minds these bright summer days.

Some of the girls think she is and
give sorrowful reasons therefor. The
inadequacy of parlors, the curiosity
of the boarding house old maid and
the capacity of the boarding house
child for being where it is not want-
ed, are some of the lions in the path
of this unhappy damsel.

It requires a brave man to call fre-
quently upon the boarding house
girl, so she says. The parlor is usu-
ally full of people who take an all
too evident interest in the caller and
his potential mission, or else the
other boarders, out of a spirit of
friendly curiosity, make frequent en-
dorsed past the open door. But the
worst offender of all is the amiable
but tactless lady who starts to enter
the room and then backs nervously
out, apologizing as she goes. She
has broken up more matches than
the boarding house child, so at least
one boarding house girl affirms.

Any one of these significant ac-
tions is enough to make a bashful
man take safety in flight or a timid
one hesitate. The evident weight
attached by others to what may be
merely the call of an ordinary ac-
quaintance may nip in the tender
bud what might have developed into
a full-blown courtship under differ-
ent circumstances.

These facts tend to make the girl
herself self-conscious, she argues.
She knows that she will have to meet
a volley of good-natured chaff from
tactless boarders at the breakfast
table. She knows that keen, though
kindly eyes are upon her while she
is entertaining her masculine callers
and a certain stiffness creeps into her
manner. She becomes less attractive
and by and by calls become less fre-
quent.

Of course, there are boarding
house matches and plenty of them,
but, in spite of that, the fears of the
girls may not be altogether ground-
less.

PASSING OF THE TAN SHOE.
The popularity of the tan shoe for
women's wear is a thing of the past,
according to the statements of Lynn
manufacturers who have made a spe-
cialty of their production in late years.
Without exception, the makers re-
port a marked falling off in the de-
mand for them, and some concerns
have not sent out any samples of
them for this season. Tan shoes for
women were always regarded by
shrewd men in the shoe business as
more or less of a fad, and were not
expected to become an established
feature of the business. One of the
chief causes for the loss of popular-
ity which the tan shoe, size for size,
looks larger than the black shoe.

This alone was enough to bring it
into disfavor, and when, in addition,
it is considered that the tan shoe,
no matter how tastefully made, could
never compare with black shoes of
standard appearance, its speedy de-
cline in public favor as soon as the
novelty of the innovation had worn
off, followed as a matter of course.

This does not apply, however, to
the more elaborate articles got up in
fancy colors, such as red, blue, pink,
etc., which are meeting with more
and more favor. The fancy slippers
and shoes made of these shades of
leather, and furnished with the
French or Louis XV. wood heel, are
being made in great numbers this
season by Lynn manufacturers, who
report most gratifying results in the
demand.—Boston Transcript.

TOMBS OF THE RICH

Collis P. Huntington Mausoleum Recalls Those of Other
Wealthy Men.

Since the far-off time when the rich
East Indian Prince sacrificed hun-
dreds of human lives and almost im-
poverished an empire to build the
Taj Mahal at Agra, the world's cost-
liest and most artistic tomb, as a last
resting place for the ashes of his most
beloved princess and consort, the
multi-millionaires and potentates
of the earth have shown almost as much
concern about the style and quality
of the graves they are to occupy after
death as they have in erecting palat-
ial and luxurious homes for their
brief enjoyment during life.

The mortal remains of the late Col-
lis P. Huntington were buried the
other day in the \$250,000 mausoleum
in Woodlawn cemetery, New York,
which he built in the early '80s for
the reception of his first wife's body.
This massive tomb is 42 feet long,
28 feet wide and 28 feet high. The
massive gates are of bronze, curiously
wrought in artistic designs; the
interior is finished in Italian marble.
The tomb contains sixteen cata-
combs. Not a block of granite in the
main structure weighs less than
eighteen tons.

But after all this magnificence and
outlay, this attempt at security from
the ravages of nature's alchemist af-
ter death, it was not a home that Mr.
Huntington could contemplate with
serenity of mind. It is said that he
was haunted by superstitious fear
that the luxurious surroundings of
his fifth avenue palace would cut
short his life. When his \$2,500,000
mansion was nearing completion
there were frequent reports that he
was desirous of abandoning it or sell-
ing it on account of this fear. The
sudden death of William H. Vander-
bilt in December, 1885, in the latter's
palatial \$2,500,000 home in Fifth
avenue, at Fifty-first street, just six
blocks distant from the corner where
the Huntington mansion stands, pro-
duced a shock to the Southern Pa-
cific magnate's mind from which he
perhaps never recovered.

IGNORED IDEA OF DEATH.
The mention of death in his presence
therefore gave him a fit of horrors.
He liked to get away from his town
luxuries, and amid the sylvan beau-
ties of Pine Knot camp in the Adirond-
acks think of health and long life.
"Huntington," says Vice President
Stubbs, the Southern Pacific, "never
allowed the idea of death to come
near him, and persistently refuse to
believe that he was growing old." At
a New York dinner last spring Levi
P. Morton, in complimentary words,
called him the most "wonderful old
man" of all who were present. Hun-
tington not hearing clearly, asked:
"Did he say old man?" Being an-
swered with yes, he added, with im-
pudgence: "Why didn't you kick
him?"

In this respect Mr. Huntington was
like Louis XV., who would not suffer
death to be spoken of in his presence,
who avoided the sight of churchyards,
funeral monuments, and whatever
was likely to bring it to mind.

JOHN W. MACKAY'S TOMB.
Among costly tombs is that of John
W. Mackay, the California multi-
millionaire, built in Greenwood
cemetery, New York, which is the
most expensive and remarkable mau-
soleum in America. The height of
the structure is forty feet eight inches
and its ground dimensions are thirty-
five feet eight inches on each side.
The dome and floor are of mosaic from
Venice. Many kinds of marble are
used in the interior work. There are
four heroic bronze groups by a Munich
artist for the four wings. The doors
are of bronze and the windows
of plain Munich glass. The enormous
piece of granite for the roof is
twenty feet six inches square and
weighs upward of fifty tons.

This wonderful tomb is in the form
of a Maltese cross. A granite cross
surmounts the top. The cost has been
estimated at \$400,000. It is heated
and lighted by electricity. It has a
jeweled altar, at which requiem mass-
es may be sung in the presence of the
Mackay family or other worshippers.
The first to be laid away amid this
magnificence was John W. Mackay,
jr., who was accidentally killed in
Paris a few years ago.

William H. Vanderbilt was buried
in a mausoleum which he had erected
at New Dorp, Staten Island, at a
cost of perhaps \$100,000.

In Woodlawn cemetery, New York,
not far from the Huntington tomb,
is the magnificent mausoleum con-
taining the bodies of two multi-mil-
lionaire brothers—Robert Goelt and
Ogden Goelt—who were placed there
side by side a few years ago. This
is called one of the most artistic
mausoleums in the country. It cost
no less than \$100,000, and was de-
signed by Stanford White. It is
situated in one of the finest plots in
the cemetery, on a hill facing Cen-
tral avenue, not far from the main
gateway. The architecture is class-
ic in style, with an almost square
exterior of gray granite, four Ionic
pillars supporting a pediment weigh-
ing twenty-two tons, taken from one
block of stone, over the entrance.
The interior is finished in the fin-

est Tennessee marble, highly pol-
ished. On the main floor there are
vaults for thirty bodies, and room
for thirty more in the cellar vaults
beneath it. There are three rich
stained glass windows, guarded by
heavy copper bars. The massive
doors are also of copper.

ROCKEFELLER'S MONOLITH.
John D. Rockefeller has erected in
his burial plot in Lake View cem-
etery, Cleveland, a monolith quarried
near Barrie, Vt., which is almost as
large as the famous Cleopatra needle.
The shaft is fifty-two feet high and
seven feet square at the base. It
rests on a base composed of three
huge blocks taken from the same
quarry. The base stone is fourteen
feet square and three feet thick, the
next block is nine feet two inches
square and three feet ten inches
thick, while the die is six feet eight
inches square and seven feet thick.
This gives the monument a total
height of sixty-five feet ten inches,
making it one of the tallest monu-
ments ever erected to mark the rest-
ing place of a private individual
anywhere in this country. The only
inscription on it is the name "Rocke-
feller," in large raised letters. The
cost of the monolith and base stones
at the quarry was about \$50,000;
the additional expense involved made
the total cost probably \$60,000.

A similar monolith was erected in
Rosehill cemetery, Chicago, by the
late "Long John" Wentworth, to
mark his last resting place. The
Wentworth monument, however, is
not so great in its proportions.

A memorial chapel and mausoleum
dedicated to the memory of the late
Horatio N. May was recently erected
in Rosehill cemetery, Chicago, at a
cost of \$30,000. It is built of light-
colored granite, and in general di-
mensions is 35x70 feet. There is a
carriage porch extending the full
width of the front, so that entrance
and exit may be had in stormy
weather without discomfort. Im-
mediately inside the entrance are
robing rooms, with stairrooms on
either side. The nave contains all
the seats except those formed by the
gallery. At the rear is the opening
to the receiving vault. The roof is
of oak, with hammer-beam trusses
and curved brackets. The floor is
of mosaic, and the walls are of fine
terrazzo material.

In the Polish Roman Catholic
cemetery at Norwood park a massive
tomb or mausoleum has been erected
as a tribute to the memory of Father
Vincent Barzynski, late priest of St.
Stanislaus Kostka's Polish Roman
Catholic church of this city. This
structure is of the Grecian type, and
is built of the finest granite. A
marble casket in the center of the
tomb supports a vault of granite
which contains the remains of
Father Barzynski. In the walls of
the tomb are vaults for the remains
of other priests. The whole struc-
ture is thirty feet long and forty
feet wide. The cost was about
\$15,000.

IN MEMORY OF A WARHORSE.
The finest church at Posen, on the
eastern border of Prussia, was built
by Frederick the Great. For centuries
it has done duty as a place of
worship, and yet had it not been for
a war horse it would never have been
built. Close by a bloody conflict oc-
curred between the king and the Rus-
sians, and the former, always in the
thick of the fight, had his charger
killed under him—a sturdy animal
that had borne him throughout many
battles. He felt the joy of victory to
be modified by the loss of the horse,
and put up to its memory the famous
church in question.—London Daily
Mail.

A POORLY-PAID SERVICE.
On our lighthouse service we spend
something like \$6,000,000 a year.
Notwithstanding the importance of
this noble work, congress each year
hacks away at the appropriation to
keep it down to its lowest limit. Con-
gress says that lightkeepers, on whose
efficiency and courage hun-
dreds and thousands of lives depend
each year, shall be paid \$300 for a
year's service. That is fully as much
as many a street sweeper or school
teacher in New York receives. The
wonder seems, at that pay, that our
coasts are as well guarded as they
are.—New York Press.

PREVENTED A TRAGEDY.
Timely information given Mrs.
George Long, of New Straitsville,
Ohio, saved two lives. A frightful
cough had long kept her awake every
night. She had tried many remedies
and doctors but steadily grew worse
until urged to try Dr. King's New
Discovery. One bottle wholly cured
her; and she writes this marvelous
medicine also cured Mr. Long of a
severe attack of pneumonia. Such
cures are positive proof of its power
to cure all throat, chest and lung
troubles. Only 50c and \$1.00. Guar-
anteed. Trial bottles free at Dreier
Bros.' drug store.

The winter and early spring are
usually considered the best months
to visit Sicily, but a German author
declares that Taormina and Aetha
are really at their best in May, June
and July.



Copyright, 1900, by Dana, New York.
MARIE HUNT.
Marie Hunt is the leading lady of "What Did Tompkins Do?"

A NIGHT AT THE PLAY.

"THE THREE MUSKETEERS."

Probably no play has met with so
favorable a reception from the pre-
sent day theater goers as the drama-
tization of Dumas' wonderful novel,
"The Three Musketeers." Manager
E. D. Stair has made no mistake in
giving a magnificent production of
this great play. Mr. Harry Glazier,
the handsome, young romantic ac-
tor, who will appear as the hot-
blooded Gascon, D'Artagnan, at the
Masonic Temple, Wednesday, August
29, has won his spurs in the field
of hard work and strenuous en-
deavor. After serving his novitiate
in such splendid companies as those
of Lawrence Barrett, Thomas W.
Keene, William Redmond, Stuart
Robson and Katharine Miller, he en-
tered a stock company and worked
his way up step by step, playing
over 350 parts, ranging from low
comedy to high tragedy. At the
present time Mr. Glazier is recog-
nized as one of the best young lead-
ing men in the country. His im-
personation of D'Artagnan shows
much care and thought, and is in no
sense a servile imitation of his pre-
decessors in the role. Manager
Stair has equipped the play with
magnificent scenic surroundings that
is fully equal to any previous pro-
duction. The costumes have been
designed with the same exactitude
of detail and lavish disregard of ex-
pense.

"A TRIP TO TRAMPTOWN."
Nat Reiss and his all-star company
of forty people, now touring the
states in the latest eastern produc-
tion, Hoy's "A Trip to Trampstown,"

northerner knows not. The story is
that of a young white man who, when
an infant, had been stolen by a re-
vengeful slave and abandoned in the
mountains, only to be found and
cared for by a mountain woman who
bequeathed him property on which
were rich deposits of iron and coal.
The opening of the play finds the
young man rich and on the eve of
marriage to a beautiful girl. The
engagement is broken off when he is
accused of being a negro by his rival,
who is himself the one tainted
with black blood. The plot and de-
velopment are strong and powerful,
and the run of incidents exciting and
unexpected. The race question is
handled in an unusual way. There
is quite a thread of characteristic
comedy, and the play is one of re-
sounding interest. The producing com-
pany is a powerful one, and the scen-
ery and electrical effects are novel
and beautiful.

"THE CHRISTIAN."
Few plays either at home or abroad
during the past twenty years have
had the good fortune enjoyed by Hall
Cain's adaptation of his novel,
"The Christian," which comes to the
Masonic Temple on Monday evening,
September 3. The book had an enor-
mous sale on both sides of the At-
lantic, but the play seems destined
for even greater popularity than the
book. In New York the public of all
classes crowded to see it for 175
nights in succession, while cultured
Boston pronounced it the best play
in many years and gave it an un-
interrupted run of 116 nights, and the
trained and experienced dramatic
writers in every large city from
coast to coast have pronounced it the
greatest triumph in stage literature
ever produced in this country. The
company which Messrs. Liebler & Co.
will send here is one of particular
strength, and general excellence, and
embraces fifty people. Two carloads
of special scenery are employed in
the production.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.
(Compiled by John C. Heller & Co.,
Abstractors, 32 East Berry St.)
—City—

Mary and A. A. Clay to Peter Mit-
tenberger, s. 46 ft. of lot 48 of E.
Hanna, et al., add. and lot 49, E.
Hanna, et al., sub of Hanna's plat A,
for \$500.

E. G. Anderson to Charles F. Con-
t-ly, lot 2 of Anderson & Wilk-
son's sub. of lots 616 and 617 of Hanna's,
and lots 177 and 178, Rockhill's
add., for \$1150.

E. G. Anderson to Charles F. Con-
t-ly, lots 177 and 178, Rock-
hill's, and lot 2, Anderson & Wil-
kenson's sub. of lots 616 and 617,
Hanna's, for \$100.

Henry Shanklin et al. to Sarah J.
Evans, et al., lot 2, Anderson & Wil-
kenson's sub. of lots 616 and 617, Han-
na's, and lots 177 and 178, Rock-
hill's add., for \$2000.

Jeremiah Sowle to Thos. F. O'Neal,
lot 18, Thompson's 3rd add., for
\$200.

Gustav and Katharine Burghman
to Anthony J. and Norah Zurbach,
lot 22 and e. 7 ft. of lot 21 in Ma-
pic's add. for \$1900.

—Country—
Conrad Selking to Fred Selking,
s. 1/2, s. w. 1/4, sec. 21, Madison tp.,
for \$1100.

Conrad Selking to Fred Selking,
s. 1/2, n. e. 1/4, cx. s. 20 A, of sec. 20,
in Madison tp., for \$900.

Geo. F. Ellis, co-pr., to Frederick
C. DeVenter, n. 1/2, lot 16, Park's
res. in Cedar Creek tp., for \$2400.

"AT PINY RIDGE."
The management of the Masonic
Temple announce for Saturday, Sep-
tember 1, David Higgins' beautiful
southern romance, "At Piny Ridge."
The scenes of the play are laid amid
the pine clad hills of Tennessee,
where the people speak with a soft,
drawing accent, and where they love
and hate with an intensity the cold

HARRY GLAZIER.
As D'Artagnan in "The Three
Musketeers."

uses a special train of cars for the
transportation of people, scenery,
paraphernalia, etc., necessary for
producing this, one of the greatest
hits ever placed upon the American
stage. With two brass bands and
a mammoth orchestra it is not likely
that music will be lacking for the
occasion. At the Masonic Temple
Thursday, August 30.

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THE GOVERNOR'S PARROT

How a Duel Was Nearly Brought About Between Col. Bunker and the Governor of Louisiana.

By M. QUAD.

—Copyright, 1898.

"It was all in the papers, sub—any misunderstanding with the governor of Louisiana," said Col. Bunker, as he set down his glass and carefully wiped off his mouth and chin, "but none of the accounts were within a mile of being correct. I will now give you a correct version of the affair from beginning to end, and you will discover that I have nothing to be ashamed of."

The colonel took three or four minutes to cut off one end of a cigar and light the other and settle down in his chair, and then continued:

"I was a senator in the Arkansas legislature at the time, sub, and among other things I was anxious for a law to protect the catfish of our state. Perhaps you don't know, sub, that the catfish is to Massachusetts, the hog to Ohio and the sheep to Vermont, the catfish is to Arkansas? It is our meat. With the catfish teeming in every river, pond and bayou, we have gone marching forward with the procession and made the name of our state known from pole to pole. Without him we should have sunk into oblivion from the very first. After thoroughly investigating the subject I came to the conclusion that the catfish needed protection until he could recuperate. I wanted a law to make it a penal offense to catch one for the next five years. Our governor was with me, and so were a large number of our statesmen, but the general public cried out against any measure."

"In this emergency, sub—in this emergency—I was sent as a delegate to my stand at the far end. We had no seconds, and no one to give the word, but I said to the governor:

"Gov. Trascott, you are a gentleman, sub, and you may count and give the word."

"Then I observed a shade of perplexity on his face, sub—just a shade—and after halting between two opinions for a moment, he came forward and said:

"Col. Bunker, as I understand it, this is a duel?"

"Of course, sub."

"In some manner I have given you offense?"

"You have, sub. I have always heard you spoken of as a gentleman, and I don't think you will deny that I belong to the same class, but yet, sub, you have deliberately insulted me."

"It cannot be, colonel."

"But it is, sub. On several different occasions as we conversed about catfish, you asked me to take a nip with you, and yet there was nothing at hand to drink."

"The smile of perplexity clung to his face for a moment longer, and was then replaced by a bland smile. He threw down his pistol and held out his hand, and when he had made his explanation we fell into each other's arms. It was a curious thing, sub—a curious thing. The governor had a parrot in his office, and it was that parrot which had invited me to imbibe when there was nothing to wet up with. Egad, sub, he came near precipitating a tragedy, that bird. There has never been a doubt in

the mind of both of us would have fallen at the first fire. We returned to the office arm in arm, and we had a nip, sub—several nips, sub—and we parted like gentlemen and brothers."

"But about the catfish?" I asked.

"Couldn't be protected by state laws, sub," answered the colonel. "We discovered that all our catfish were under the jurisdiction of the United States, as inhabiting navigable waters, and we had to drop the matter as states. We are now pressing congress for a general law, and there is hope, sub—there is ground for hope—that the day will come when a young and tender catfish within the waters of the state of Arkansas will be as safe from devastation as the child at its mother's knee. That, sub, is the story of my misunderstanding with the governor of Louisiana, and as the mawmaw is rather oppressive, and as talking is conducive to a dryness of the throat, you might becom to William and throw out a suggestion that less ice and mo' of the real liquid would give greater satisfaction to the gentlemen about to imbibe."

"Col. Bunker, may I hope that you will have a nip with me?"

"I did not disappoint him. We nipped, and then we began to converse, but we had not been conversing over five minutes when the governor said:

"Col. Bunker, will you do me the honor to have a whiskey with me?"

"With the greatest of pleasure," says I, but the governor never made a move. There was no whiskey on the table, and he did not bring any. I felt somewhat hurt in my feelings, sub—in my feelings—but did not allow him to observe it. We had continued our chat for three or four minutes when the governor observed:

"Really, Col. Bunker, but I shall be delighted to see you help yourself to the whiskey."

"With your permission, sub—with your permission," I replied; but upon my word I looked around and was unable to discover the usual decanter and glasses. They were not on the table, nor yet in the room, and I felt the blood rush to my head at the idea of the governor of Louisiana attempting to belittle my dignity as a soldier, a statesman, a senator and a delegate. He must have noticed my perturbation, sub, but he made no comments. On the contrary, he asked me to estimate the number of catfish in the southern waters, and I had just given him my figures, when he solicitously remarked:

"Col. Bunker, help yourself to the whiskey, sub—help yourself."

"Then I rose up, sub—then I rose up," said the colonel, and he turned to me. "I looked closely at every article on that table, but there was no demijohn—no jug—no decanter—no glasses. In this southland, sub, when you ask a gentleman to imbibe with you there must be something to imbibe—some liquid to moisten the throat and cement the bond of friendship. In this case not even water was to be seen. My perturbation would no doubt have been apparent to the most casual observer as I turned upon the gentleman and replied:

"Governor, you have a pistol, of course?"

"Of course, colonel."

"And there is a grove near at hand?"

"A beautiful grove."

"The governor was gained, sub—he was game and a thorough gentleman," said the colonel, as he rubbed his hands in a satisfied way. "He rose up and put on his hat and followed me, and as we passed through the door of his office he courteously queried:

"Col. Bunker, will you partake again before we go?"

"We entered the grove, sub, and I paced off the usual ten paces and took

my stand at the far end. We had no seconds, and no one to give the word, but I said to the governor:

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"Gov. Trascott, you are a gentleman, sub, and you may count and give the word."

"Then I observed a shade of perplexity on his face, sub—just a shade—and after halting between two opinions for a moment, he came forward and said:

"Col. Bunker, as I understand it, this is a duel?"

"Of course, sub."

"In some manner I have given you offense?"

"You have, sub. I have always heard you spoken of as a gentleman, and I don't think you will deny that I belong to the same class, but yet, sub, you have deliberately insulted me."

"It cannot be, colonel."

"But it is, sub. On several different occasions as we conversed about catfish, you asked me to take a nip with you, and yet there was nothing at hand to drink."

"The smile of perplexity clung to his face for a moment longer, and was then replaced by a bland smile. He threw down his pistol and held out his hand, and when he had made his explanation we fell into each other's arms. It was a curious thing, sub—a curious thing. The governor had a parrot in his office, and it was that parrot which had invited me to imbibe when there was nothing to wet up with. Egad, sub, he came near precipitating a tragedy, that bird. There has never been a doubt in

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"Couldn't be protected by state laws, sub," answered the colonel. "We discovered that all our catfish were under the jurisdiction of the United States, as inhabiting navigable waters, and we had to drop the matter as states. We are now pressing congress for a general law, and there is hope, sub—there is ground for hope—that the day will come when a young and tender catfish within the waters of the state of Arkansas will be as safe from devastation as the child at its mother's knee. That, sub, is the story of my misunderstanding with the governor of Louisiana, and as the mawmaw is rather oppressive, and as talking is conducive to a dryness of the throat, you might becom to William and throw out a suggestion that less ice and mo' of the real liquid would give greater satisfaction to the gentlemen about to imbibe."

"Col. Bunker, may I hope that you will have a nip with me?"

"I did not disappoint him. We nipped, and then we began to converse, but we had not been conversing over five minutes when the governor said:

"Col. Bunker, will you do me the honor to have a whiskey with me?"

"With the greatest of pleasure," says I, but the governor never made a move. There was no whiskey on the table, and he did not bring any. I felt somewhat hurt in my feelings, sub—in my feelings—but did not allow him to observe it. We had continued our chat for three or four minutes when the governor observed:

"Really, Col. Bunker, but I shall be delighted to see you help yourself to the whiskey."

"With your permission, sub—with your permission," I replied; but upon my word I looked around and was unable to discover the usual decanter and glasses. They were not on the table, nor yet in the room, and I felt the blood rush to my head at the idea of the governor of Louisiana attempting to belittle my dignity as a soldier, a statesman, a senator and a delegate. He must have noticed my perturbation, sub, but he made no comments. On the contrary, he asked me to estimate the number of catfish in the southern waters, and I had just given him my figures, when he solicitously remarked:

"Col. Bunker, help yourself to the whiskey, sub—help yourself."

"Then I rose up, sub—then I rose up," said the colonel, and he turned to me. "I looked closely at every article on that table, but there was no demijohn—no jug—no decanter—no glasses. In this southland, sub, when you ask a gentleman to imbibe with you there must be something to imbibe—some liquid to moisten the throat and cement the bond of friendship. In this case not even water was to be seen. My perturbation would no doubt have been apparent to the most casual observer as I turned upon the gentleman and replied:

"Governor, you have a pistol, of course?"

"Of course, colonel."

"And there is a grove near at hand?"

"A beautiful grove."

"The governor was gained, sub—he was game and a thorough gentleman," said the colonel, as he rubbed his hands in a satisfied way. "He rose up and put on his hat and followed me, and as we passed through the door of his office he courteously queried:

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PURE WATER!

is essential to good health. The city water supply has been contaminated by the influx of canal water laden with mud and bacteria, which renders the water unsightly and makes the mains a breeding place for disease breeding germs, which it will require months to remove.

To obviate this difficulty we have put in a small stock of natural spring water from the Silurian Springs at Wabash, Ind. and are prepared to furnish patrons with the finest table water in the United States.

Price 25c per gallon.

Ranken Nussbaum
88 CALHOUN STREET.

Will be run as follows: ON TUESDAY, AUGUST 28TH, from all points between Richmond and Fort Wayne, \$5.00 to Traverse City or Petoskey, and \$6.00 to Mackinac Island; tickets good for return until Sept. 8th, 1900. \$9.00 to Traverse City or Petoskey and \$10.00 to Mackinac Island; tickets good for return for 30 days.

ANNUAL
NORTHERN
MICHIGAN
EXCURSIONS

VIA

G. R. & I.

Apply to G. R. & I. Ticket Agents for full information as to time of trains, etc., or address, C. L. LOCKWOOD, G. R. & I. A., Grand Rapids, Mich.

8-14-tosep4

MONEY TO LOAN.

At lowest rate on furniture, pianos, horses, wagons, carriages, etc., and leave the property in your possession. Payments arranged on the monthly installment plan or to suit convenience of borrower. Business strictly confidential.

Fort Wayne Mortgage Loan Co.
Second floor, 44 Calhoun St., Room 2,
Over Merchants' Millinery Store.

Plumbing
and
Gas-fitting.

Steam
and
Hot
Water
Heating.

Jahn & Meyer,

123 E. Lewis St.
Phone No. 526.

F. J. Zimmerly & Co.,

Plumbing,
Steam and
Gas Fitting,
Electric Wiring,
GAS AND ELECTRIC FIXTURES.

No. 141 Calhoun Street.

Phone 807.

Mrs. Clara Diana Stacy,

FORT WAYNE MANAGER FOR
The Indiana Travel Co.,
66 E. WAYNE STREET.
Consultation free from 12 to 2 p. m.

D. R. P. WHITE.

EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT.
SURGEON.

OFFICE WHITE NATIONAL BANK
GLASSES ADJUSTED.
Rooms 3 and 4.

Hours: 9 to 11 a. m., Sunday 9 to 10:30 a. m.

Try The Sentinel Want Columns.

The Truth

about women's Hb can be
frankly told by one woman
to another.

Remember that Mrs. Pinkham is a woman. Remember that her advice and medicine have cured a million women of weaknesses peculiar to their sex.

Remember that no man can see a letter written to Mrs. Pinkham for advice, that the letter is opened, read and answered by women, and no testimonial ever published without special permission.

Remember that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the recognized safeguard of woman's health.

Remember these things when some other remedy is suggested, and remember them when you want advice. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass.

Life Insurance is an endless belt which will bring back all you put on it.

C. B. FITCH,
General Agent, 65 Clinton St.
NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
Of Montpelier, Vt.

LOANS FROM \$10 TO \$100

can be had on your furniture, piano, horse, wagon, etc., on the most reasonable terms. No need to leave the property in your possession. Payments arranged on the monthly installment plan or to suit convenience of borrower. Business strictly confidential.

Indiana Mortgage Loan Co.,
Room 3 Agency, Second Floor.

COME OUT OF BUSINESS.

The Fort Wayne Red Cross Medical Association, with offices on the third floor of the Schmitt building, has gone out of business and the office has been closed up. The organization was formed several months ago and was backed by a number of local capitalists. Its object was the paying of the medical bills of members of the order, who paid a stated amount each month and who were privileged to call in whatever physician they desired to attend them. The growth in number of members was very small and not up to the expectations of the promoters and backers, who, after mature consideration, decided to quit.

LIGHTNING'S BAD WORK.

A new barn just completed on the farm of Mrs. Hulda Hays, in Lafayette township, was struck by lightning this week and burned to the ground, together with all its contents. The loss is fully \$800, with but \$250 insurance.

Lightning also struck the residence of Ed Malden, in Jackson township, doing considerable damage.

FELL FROM BARN.

Mary, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lewis, was playing in the carpenter shop of a Mr. Myers, who resides near her home, when she fell out of an open door on the second story of the building, a distance of about twelve feet. The little girl's thigh was severely injured.

GRAYS ARE HOME.

A detachment of the Fort Wayne Grays, who have for the past two weeks been encamped on Gem Island, at Rome City, broke camp this morning and are returning home. The outing has been a thoroughly enjoyable one.

A number of the members of the Y. M. C. A. and their ladies assembled at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Turner, on Prospect avenue, last evening and enjoyed a social time. Misses Anna Philley and Potter and Mrs. Walter Burns contributed to the amusement by song and recitation. There were also other very interesting features, notably the recital of "Mother Hubbard" by Miss Martha Philley and "The Inventor" by Miss Maude Chandler. Lunch was served at 10 o'clock. The affair was a surprise to Mr. and Mrs. Turner.

DETROIT. For a delightful day's outing free from dust, smoke and cinders, take the Wabash Steamboat Excursion to Detroit next Sunday. Train leaves at 5:50 a. m. Tickets only \$1.60 round trip.

Subscribe for the Sentinel.

LOCAL LINES.

C. E. Reid has returned from a business visit in New York.

Miss Colla Snow, of Muncie, is the guest of Mrs. A. W. Massey.

Dr. George B. Stemen expects to return from Colorado next week.

Miss Mary Bridge, of Huntington, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Harvout.

Miss Louise Niezer has returned home to Monroeville, after a visit here.

Charles Taylor, of Patterson's, has returned from a visit in Coldwater, Mich.

Mrs. W. D. Parr has returned from a visit with her parents near Elkhart.

Mr. George Wagner, of Detroit, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Martin C. Foellinger.

Miss Fae Higinbotham, of Antwerp, Ohio, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. L. A. Johnson.

The Misses Elizabeth Ledenberger and Cathryn Stevens are visiting friends in Decatur.

Miss Lena Schoedel returned Thursday from a very pleasant visit at Devil's Lake and Adrian, Mich.

Mathias Ames, of 485 Lafayette street, was overcome by heat and is under the care of Dr. Van Buskirk.

Abraham Gillespie is attending a reunion of the first white settlers of Franklin county, Ohio, at Columbus.

Frank Gruber has recovered a bird dog lost by him two months ago. It was in the possession of a man in Sheldon.

The Misses June and Catherine Center and Edith Bauer will give a picnic at Swinney park next Wednesday evening.

Miss Edith White, after visiting friends at Toledo and Detroit, went to Chicago over the Nickel Plate this morning.

Peter Stemen, who narrowly escaped being crushed to death at the freight house a week ago, has about recovered.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Board, of Chicago, are in the city, the guests of Mrs. Board's sister, Mrs. J. S. House, of 417 South Broadway.

The Misses Josie and Nellie Cummings and Miss Louise Trautman left this morning for a week's visit with friends and relatives at Chicago.

Fort Wayne commandery No. 4, K. T., will confer the order of the Red Cross at the meeting next Thursday evening. The ceremonies will be followed by a banquet.

D. D. Williams is at home from the east, where he went to join his wife and two children, who are visiting there. Mrs. Williams and children will return in about two weeks.

Rev. and Mrs. Philip Ruhl were summoned to Decatur Saturday by a message announcing the critical illness of a relative of Mrs. Ruhl. They expect to be gone some time.

W. M. Somers, of Logansport, formerly a member of the local police force, is in the city on a visit. Mr. Somers is now a detective in the employ of the Pennsylvania company.

Very Rev. John Guendling went to Cincinnati today to attend the consecration of Bishop Miller, of Columbus, Ohio. Rev. Guendling expects to return the first of next week.

The priests from this city who attended the semi-annual retreat at Notre Dame, returned to the city on Friday. About 100 priests from the Fort Wayne diocese attended the retreat.

Messrs. John and Frank Arantz, of Decatur, Ala., have been summoned here on account of the critical illness of their father, Mr. Arantz, of East Washington street. The gentlemen are prominent lumber men in Alabama.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Noll were pleasantly surprised by a party of friends on Thursday evening, in honor of the eighth anniversary of their wedding. A delicious three-course luncheon was served at a late hour.

The contract for the new house for Frank Lantenberger to be erected on Brackenridge street, has been awarded to Contractor Fred Roester. Other contracts on this building have been awarded as follows: Plumbing, Albert Rolf, and painting, Buess & Meyer.

Miss Sophia Passino charmingly entertained a party of friends on Friday evening, in honor of Miss Quarter and Miss Dumont, of Valparaiso. The guests numbered fifteen, and a most sociable evening was spent with music and games. Several fine vocal numbers were given by Miss Moran.

Rev. Frederick Dondurand, who for a number of years has been in charge of the parish at Auburn, has been transferred from that charge by Administrator, Guendling to Monroeville. Father Dondurand has been visiting in the city for several days, and goes to Monroeville this evening to assume his new pastorate.

Thomas O'Dowd, of the Hotel Rich, who recently returned from an extended visit in Ireland, desires The Sentinel to say that the statement that the people of the Emerald Isle are equally divided on the Anglo-Boer war, which was said to have been made by him, is a misquotation. Mr. O'Dowd says sentiment there is almost wholly pro-Boer.

Dr. E. H. Hooten went to Chicago on business today.

Scott Weir has taken a position in the Greatest Grocery.

Miss English, of Adrian, Mich., is the guest for a few weeks of Miss O'Brien.

Albert Kiel, of Kendallville, is visiting his grandparents in the city for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Mandeville Chambers will go to Douglas, Mich., on Monday to spend two weeks with friends.

Mrs. Herman Wichman and children, of St. Louis, who have been visiting Mr. Wichman's parents on East Washington street, have returned home.

THE AMATEUR RACES.

The members of the Amateur Driving club have completed arrangements for the racing at the driving park on Labor day and some exciting races are certain to be contested. The 2:23 pace will be a special feature of the afternoon's program. The starters will be Anna D. Harry Noble, Billy O and Pat Gilmore. The horses are evenly matched and the race promises to be exciting. An unknown quantity is Major T, the fast pacer recently purchased by C. D. Tillo. The contestants in the 2:30 trot will be John N. W. B., Harry O, and Paragon. John N has not lost a matinee race and the owners of the other horses are determined to lower his colors if possible. Other events will be a 2:30 pace and a 2:40 trot, and evenly matched horses will start in each. The races will start at 1:30 and music will be furnished by the City band.

BOGASH'S GREAT RACE.

Frank Bogash, the fast pacer formerly owned by Frank Bogash, of this city, went a sensational race at Readville, Mass., yesterday. The starters were Anaconda, Frank Bogash, Searchlight and Chehalis, and the money was divided in the order named. Anaconda won the two heats and was driven out by Bogash in each, the first in 2:04½ and the second in 2:03½. The fast time in the second heat was a reduction of 1½ seconds in Anaconda's record.

WILL GO TO HUNTINGTON.

A number of Fort Wayne members of the Tribe of Ben Hur will go to Huntington tomorrow to attend the funeral services of Miss Lillie D. Flanagan, who died at St. Joseph's hospital Friday evening. The service is to be held at the First Christian church at Huntington Sunday afternoon at 3:30 and the interment will be at Marion, Ohio.

JUMPED THE TRACK.

Passengers on one of the Robison park cars returning to the city Friday evening had a lively scare, but no one was injured. As the car rounded the sharp curve just before reaching the bridge at the Centlivre brewery the front trucks jumped the tracks, struck the ties and immediately bounded back upon the rails in safety.

DECATUR SOLDIER DEAD.

General Chaffee's dispatches from Tien Tsin announce the death of John H. Hurst, of company H. Fourth infantry, which occurred August 8 in the hospital at Tien Tsin. Hurst was a Decatur boy and enlisted in the Ninth infantry about one year ago.

A MOUNTAIN CLIMBER.

Gains 12 lbs. on Change of Food. When a change in food can rebuild a man 77 years of age it is evidence that there is some value in a knowledge that can discriminate in the selection of proper food to rebuild the body. A few months ago the physician attending Warren S. Johnson, of Colfax, Cal., 77 years old, told him that death from old age would soon claim him. He suffered from general weakness and debility.

An old lady advised him to quit coffee and drink Postum Cereal Food Coffee and to eat Grape-Nuts breakfast food every morning. He took the advice and has gained 12 pounds. Says he is as well as he ever was, and can take long trips in the mountains, which he has been unable to do for a long time.

There is a reason for this; in the first place, coffee acts as a direct nerve destroyer on many highly organized people, both young and old, and many people haven't the knowledge to select nourishing, healthful, rebuilding food.

Both Postum Food Coffee and Grape-Nuts breakfast food are made from selected parts of the field grains that contain delicate particles of potash and albumen. These two elements combine in the human body to quickly rebuild the gray matter in the brain and in the nerve centers throughout the body.

Direct, sure and certain results come from their use and can be proven by any person that cares to make the trial. Both the Postum Food Coffee and Grape-Nuts are kept by all first-class grocers.

TWO MORE ADDED.

Springfield township adds two more names to the list of surviving soldiers of the Mexican war in the persons of Joseph Thomas and Dr. Cosgrove. The roster of these veterans now in Allen county so far as now known includes the two mentioned, and Alexander Lawrence, John Jackson, James Murphy, James E. Sargent, David Dingman, a Mr. Suttentfield and a Mr. Collins.

DETROIT—By White Star Line Steamers, staunch, steady and safe. Train leaves Wabash Depot at 5:50 a. m. next Sunday. Tickets, \$1.60.

LADIES' TAILORE-MADE.

Garments to order. Full line of cloths for summer wear. G. Schmidt, 57 East Berry. Phone 510. 27-4

BIENNIAL CONCLAVE, KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS, DETROIT, August 27 to September 1, 1900.

For the above occasion WARASH will sell round trip tickets at one fare. Tickets on sale August 25 to 28 inclusive, good to return up to and including September 5th, with privilege of extension of return limit. Tickets will be sold for via all rail, or rail to Toledo thence steamer to Detroit. Wabash is the short and direct route to Detroit. 21-5t

Investigate our prices for piano and organ tuning, case finishing, difficult repairing, regulation, etc. **PIANO HOSPITAL,** 22-23-25 92 W. Jefferson St.

NOTICE TO WHEELMEN.

Bicycles checked free at the ice cream social and band concert given by the Brotherhood of American Yeomen at Swinney park, Tuesday evening. 25-2t

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—Large pleasant furnished front room. Enquire at 289 W. Jefferson St.

FOR RENT—To gentlemen, furnished rooms. Apply 112 East Main street. 25-2t

FOR RENT—House of 8 rooms; hard and soft water, gas, good cellar. Apply 180 East Wayne. 25-2t

FOR RENT—If you want money on household goods see "ad" on second page, first column. Room 3, Arcade, upstairs. 18t

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms with the best table board in the city; bath and every convenience. 32 East Wayne street.

FOR RENT—Residence property at 278 W. Berry, will be fitted with modern improvements to suit prospective tenant. Swayne & Swayne, 15 W. Main. 3-22-t

FOR RENT—Suite of five rooms for light housekeeping, with conveniences, unfurnished, centrally located. Call at 24 East Washington street.

FOR RENT—Eleven-room house at 50 West Wayne; all modern conveniences; ready for occupancy by the 11th of this month. Inquire at 44 West Wayne street. 4t

FOR RENT—The elegant store room formerly occupied by the Aldine restaurant; fine room for millinery, drugs, fancy bakery, etc.; low rent. Apply to D. N. Foster Furniture Co. 4-1mo

FOR RENT—By the 1st of November, the first floor and basement of the store rooms one door east of Western Union telegraph office, in the Tri-State building. Inquire at the Safety Valve Works. 6-1m

FOR RENT—Dwelling, 445 Calhoun St., 250 W. Washington St., 210 W. DeWald St., 44 W. Williams; dwelling, 148 West Wayne Street; office rooms 32 E. Berry. Property to sell and money to loan. Schrader & Wilson, first floor, No. 7 Court St. 10-t

FOR RENT—Lodge room can be had by parties desiring it on either on Wednesday or Friday evening at very reasonable price; nice dancing floor in same building; rent on any Saturday afternoon or evening. Telephone 1083, new phone. 10t

FOR RENT—Nov. 1st, store, No. 8 W. Columbia street; was used by H. N. Ward for a crockery store; sign, big high dog; size of store, 22½ feet wide by 110 feet; good heating and show cases; reasonable rent to a good tenant. Inquire of H. N. Ward, 233 W. Berry St., or by letter, with terms you offer. 17-1mo

FOR RENT—The law offices in the Foster block are the best located law offices in the city, being just opposite the new court house door. Entrance can be had either from Clinton or Court streets. These offices are between the trust companies and by the side of the abstract companies, and the building and loan associations. Will fit up offices to suit. Rents very low. Apply at Foster Furniture Company. 8-21-6t

WANTED.

WANTED—A girl for general housework; small family; good wages. Apply 62 W. Main St. 25-2t

WANTED—A woman to wash and iron. Steady employment. Address 96 Brackenridge. 24-2t

WANTED—Cook at Had's restaurant; no short order work. Address D. H. Hadermann, Auburn, Ind. 24-2t

WANTED—If you want to borrow money see "ad" on second page, first column. Room 3, Arcade, upstairs. 18t

WANTED—One or two unfurnished rooms by single person; rent must be reasonable. Address P. O. Box 251, City. 24-2t

WANTED—Crocketers—To crochet for us at home. Good pay. Chicago Crochet Co., 328 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. m19-coast-13t

WANTED—A competent nurse for child 1 year old; good wages to right party. Inquire Mrs. A. Diamond, 96 East Wayne. 25-t

WANTED—A good girl for general housework in family of two; one who can go home nights; good wages. Apply 9 Webster St. 8-24t

WANTED—Board and rooms for students; also several rooms without board. Apply at International Business college, Elektron building. 7-2t

WANTED—Everywhere—Hustlers to tack signs, distribute circulars, samples, etc.; no canvassing; good pay. Sun Advertising Bureau, Chicago. 7-2t

WANTED—Board and room with some quiet widow lady; must be reasonable and not too far out from center of city. Address Sentinel, Box 5. 725-1m

WANTED—Reliable salesmen to sell both staple and fancy goods direct to consumers. Call or address Chas. E. Steiler, Koch house, 25 W. Washington St. 23-6t

WANTED—An energetic man to manage an office in Fort Wayne salary \$125 per month and extra profits; must come well recommended and have \$800 cash. Address Manager, P. O. Box 1171, Philadelphia, Pa. 418-25

WANTED—Improvements—Goodly well displayed are half sold. A service for handling or displaying merchandise to advantage, would make a paying invention. W. G. Burns, patent attorney, 82 Calhoun street, Fort Wayne, Ind. 8-t

WANTED—Male Help—Government positions—Don't prepare for the postoffice or any other civil service examination without seeing our catalogue of information. Sent free. Columbian Correspondence College, Washington, D. C. 25-6t

WANTED—Employment office, of Mrs. Fitzgerald's, 128 Calhoun street, second floor; wanted people for in and out of city; second girls and girls for general housework; good wages; no charges to girls; have a man wants work as stationery fireman or janitor. 18-t

WANTED—Men to learn barber trade. We make exceptionally good offers of scholarship, board and tools this month. You can be guaranteed better positions by joining now than later. Eight weeks completes. Catalogue and special inducements free. Moler Barber College, Chicago, Ill. 25-6t

WANTED—Any lady can easily make \$18 to \$25 weekly by representing us in her locality, and as the position is both pleasant and profitable the year round, I will gladly send full particulars to all; even your spare time is valuable and if you really want to make money, address, with 2¢ stamp, Mrs. Mary E. Wheeler, 87 Washington St., Chicago, Ill. 24-11-18-25

DENTISTRY.
DENTISTRY.
Painless Dentistry. Warranted Work. Moderate charges. Get the Best.

U. S. DENTAL PARLORS.
Drs. J. A. & J. W. Williams, Mgrs. Phone 1173. 98 Calhoun St.

PROFESSIONAL.
DR. MARY A. WHEAT,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office and residence, 26 Madison St. Specialty—Disease of Women. Telephone 470. Office hours, 9 a. m. to 2:30 p. m. and 7 to 8 p. m.

NOTICE.
Gas, cooking and heating stoves and furniture of all kinds, for sale cheap at 23 West Main street. Goldstone's Place. Storage and Loan Office.

W. C. CLEARY,
MERCHANT TAILOR.
Fine line of Spring Suits and trousers.

Prices reasonable. Fit guaranteed. 11 W. WASHINGTON ST.
Try The Sentinel Want Columns.

YOUNG WOMEN
Take your meals at the Y. W. C. A.
51 West Berry Street.
Strangers in the city referred to good boarding places. Meals served on the European plan at reasonable rates. Dinner, 11:30 to 1:30, supper 5:30 to 6:40.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—Large office safe in good condition. Inquire at 81 East Calhoun. 21-6t

FOR SALE—Store building No. 618 Calhoun street. Address Francis Cordrey, Fort Wayne, Ind. 6-18-1m

FOR SALE—New modern residence on Baker street; is a bargain at \$3,000. W. E. Doud, over Old National. 7-t

FOR SALE—A 5-room cottage on East Wayne street pavement for only \$1,150. W. E. Doud, over Old National. 7-t

FOR SALE—Four acres of good garden land, with good buildings, near city, at \$800. W. E. Doud, over Old National bank. 7-t

FOR SALE—If you want money on personal security see "ad" on second page, first column. Room 3, Arcade, upstairs. 18t

FOR SALE—Fine Lakeside property, reduced from \$3,500 to \$2,750; all modern; owner not able to carry it. W. E. Doud, over Old National. 7-t

FOR SALE—Choice building lots in almost every part of the city. Always pleased to show you. W. E. Doud, corner Calhoun and Berry. 7-t

FOR SALE—To investors desiring residence property, well situated, (\$38 per month), price \$5,800. Address House, care Sentinel. 4-8t-11-6od-12t

FOR SALE—52-foot lot and fair 6-room house on High street; payment paid; will sell for only \$1,400. W. E. Doud, over Old National. 7-t

FOR SALE—Either or both of two 4-room cottages on St. Mary's avenue; \$900.00 for one or \$1,700 both. W. E. Doud, over Old National. 7-t

FOR SALE—One of the best farms in Elletts River township; owner desires to leave the state; will sell at a bargain. W. E. Doud, over Old National. 7-t

FOR SALE—Slightly new 8-room house with bath and barn at No. 12 Fox street; a bargain, as owner is non-resident. W. E. Doud, over Old National. 7-t

EGG Baking Powder

I can say that as a leavening agent it cannot be equalled. It is economical and does better work.

At all grocers.

The Evening Sentinel.

BY H. A. K. HACKETT.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1900.

READERS OF THE SENTINEL, WHEN TAKING THEIR SUMMER VACATIONS, CAN HAVE THE PAPER SENT TO THEM FOR TEN CENTS A WEEK. THE ADDRESS WILL BE CHANGED AS OFTEN AS DESIRED.

TONIGHT.

Street Railway Employees—Regular meeting of Association No. 136, at Shamrock hall, midnight.

Judges—Mad Anthony Hise, No. 27, Ladies of the K. O. T. M.; Rathbone Sisters, No. 31.

The milk dealers of New York have formed a million dollar trust. It is an open question which which will contain the most water, the trust's stock or its milk.

The Horton boxing law is rapidly nearing its end in New York and with it are passing a fine procession of pugilistic reputations. The oughty Prof. Robert Fitzsimmons may be able to clean the board if the matchmakers are diligent enough.

In a speech at Sedalia, Mo., the other day, Mr. Stevenson, the democratic vice presidential candidate, referred to the Boers as "our allies in foreign country." This does not, of course, mean that the story about President Kruger's big contribution to the democratic campaign fund is after all true.

It is pretty clearly demonstrated by recent events that a mob can as easily be formed in the north as in the south under the same provocation. This does not excuse the south any more than the north is excused by the fact that in the south the mob uses often. The south has more provocations, but the north does not seem to overlook any that it has.

Near the place where P. T. Barnum lived when he was a young man has been found an immense snapping turtle weighing at least a hundred pounds, on the back of which is cut P. T. B.—1830. This makes the turtle seventy years old at least, which perhaps not unlikely, but somehow one thinks at once of Barnum's famous saying: "The public likes to be humbugged."

The London Times is now thundering denunciations of English railway methods and urging that American methods be adopted. A few years ago even the most liberal of Englishmen would have laughed at the suggestion that this country had anything to learn from Americans in the matter of railway management, but now the most conservative of all English newspapers frankly admits it. Englishmen live and learn after all, the only trouble being that sometimes it takes a lot of living to accomplish a very little learning.

Variety makes the spice of life, and there can be little question that existence in the average American city tends to furnish all the experience a most ardent devotee of change can desire. An event which tends to affirm this occurred a day or two in a St. Paul hotel where a guest failed to eat the plate of beans that was set before him. Thereupon a waiter sitting at a high-top table popped out a pistol and forced the 'dious diner to swallow every bean on the plate. The bean chomper then disappeared with the sheriff's pursuit. Apart from its bearing on the excitement of life in our time, it would be interesting to

know if the stranger hailed from Boston.

Bahold the mob that lurks in a great industrial strike. St. Louis, a good and growing city, expected the census to show her possession of three quarters of a million population, whereas the returns show only 575,000. Now the disappointed citizens of the southwest metropolis declare that the disappointing exhibit is entirely due to the great street car strike. It is averred, and with great reasonableness, that at the time the census enumerators were making their canvases the sheriff's officers were scouring the city to raise a posse comitatus to quell disorder and that thousands of citizens mistaking the federal enumerators for the minions of the shrievalty refused to be seen and so were not counted.

The importance of the conference held today at the city hall by the Allen County Agricultural and Horticultural society to discuss the best means of escaping the ravages of the Hessian fly deals with a question of utmost concern to all wheat-growers. Whenever all the farmers of any considerable community agree upon and carry out some concerted plan of campaign against the destructive fly immense good will come of it. The meeting today should not be the last held for such purpose. The farmers of Allen county can save themselves many thousands of dollars every year by inauguration of some such plan as that now under consideration by the Allen County Agricultural society, a plan that has the approval of the best scientific agriculturists in the land. The proceedings of today's meeting will be found elsewhere.

The Wednesday evening concerts given at Swinney park by the City band and Eintracht Singing society have proved very successful and enjoyable affairs. Many thousands of people have resorted to Swinney park on the occasion of these concerts, furnishing proof not only that good music is loved in Fort Wayne, but that the park is an exceptionally popular breathing place. All of which suggests that the city council should make a larger appropriation for the parks during the coming year than was given this year. It will strike many persons as rather absurd to know that Fort Wayne, a city of 50,000 people and great wealth, is trying to maintain and improve five public parks on the sum of \$10,000 per year. It simply cannot be done and done right. There is nothing the people are so willing to be taxed reasonably for and for which they get returns that they enjoy more than public parks. Swinney park is especially in need of greater attention. Better accommodations are needed for the thousands who go there. There should be more lights, more seats, more places of shelter and above all a handsome and commodious pavilion at the flowing well. The river bank from the footbridge clear around to the main approach is sorely in need of improvement and the river itself should be dredged of long accumulations of debris. In short, Swinney park ought to be fixed up in a manner to meet the desires of the people who go there and this good city in general.

OPPORTUNITY FOR A LESSON.

The authorities of Akron are afforded a fine opportunity to teach the mobbists of that city an impressive lesson. Even moderate effort would serve to disclose who were the ringleaders and chief participants in the shameful riotousness that prevailed there Wednesday night. Arrests and prosecution ought promptly to follow. Conviction would be as of course.

The case has some singular features to distinguish it from mob outrages in general that will greatly aid prosecution and conviction of the guilty. The first purpose of the mob was to seize and put to death the rapist Peck. In this the mob failed and in this the authorities will find unusual opportunity to punish the rioters. Had the mob succeeded in its purpose there would have been bred a sympathetic condition of the public mind as potent as it is difficult to understand. Peck was accused of a heinous crime and the public, while expressing itself as deeply

shocked at the violent, summary and lawless manner of his death, would have viewed him as a loathsome wretch removed from earth, fully deserving the horror of his fate. Conviction of those concerned in his death would be, in the light of all precedent cases, practically impossible.

But the mob did not get the victim it had elected to lynch. He is safe and sound bodily. The mobbists spent their fury in bloody conflict with the police, in dynamiting public buildings and consigning them to the flames. They resisted authority. They destroyed property. They looted private premises. They committed housebreaking. They committed burglary. They are guilty of conspiracy against the public peace and order, of riot, of theft, of arson, possibly of murder. It is idle to say the ringleaders and others most chiefly concerned in this orgy of crime are unknown and cannot be found. They must be known and being known arrested. The decent people of Akron must be impatient for punishment of the guilty, for vindication of their city's hitherto good name. If the rioters of that town are not speedily seized and a salutary lesson to their kind promptly administered then Akron, in the state of Ohio, must confess itself a lawless community.

ITALIANS MAKE A PROTEST

THEY WANT REV. DR. BOUCHET DISCIPLINED.

Vicar General of Louisville Diocese Refused to Conduct Services for King Humbert.

Washington, Aug. 25.—A protest has been sent to the papal legation here by the leading Italians of Louisville, Ky., against the recent action of Very Rev. Dr. Bouchet, vicar general of that diocese, in refusing to conduct a solemn requiem service in honor of King Humbert's memory. It appears that Father Bouchet had consented to offer a simple low mass for this purpose, but declined to hold any more elaborate service.

It is not generally known that the present bishop of Louisville, Dr. William McCloskey, was formerly connected with the American college in Rome, and, therefore, has decided views on the differences existing between the vatican and the quierinal since 1890. Whether his feelings on this question have prompted him to support Father Bouchet's attitude against paying extreme honors to King Humbert's memory is not known, but the fact that he sustains his vicar general's contention leads many Italians to infer so.

Archbishop Martinelli enjoys the right in this country of disciplining any priest or prelate for breach of duty, but since the present action of Dr. Bouchet is no infraction of the moral law, it is evident that neither himself nor his local superior, Bishop McCloskey, will incur any severe penalty.

POWERS OBJECTS TO IRONS.

Louisville, Ky., Aug. 25.—"I want you to say that you found me handcuffed like a beast of the field," said ex-Secretary of State Caleb Powers, convicted on the charge of being an accessory to the murder of William Goebel, when he talked to reporters at the county jail. "This, too," he continued, "after I told my guards I would give them my word I would make no attempt to escape. Such an attempt would have been not only useless, but foolish. If I had made an attempt to escape it would have ruined my chance for another trial. If I were turned loose on the street this minute I would not make the least attempt to run away." Powers was indignant because "nippers" had been placed on his wrists. He was brought from Frankfort, where he spent last night, and placed in the Louisville jail today for safe-keeping.

FROZE TO DEATH IN DETROIT.

Detroit, Mich., Aug. 25.—Joseph Kronke, a butcher in the Polish district, known as "King of the Poles," a power in local politics, was accidentally killed yesterday in his icehouse at the rear of his store. Accompanied by an employee, Frank Haas, Kronke went into the icehouse early this morning. They had barely begun to chop when huge chunks of ice began tumbling down upon them. The floor gave way and the two were thrown into the space below. Haas, who is slim, managed to squeeze out between the ice blocks after an hour's exertion, but he was chilled and numbed with the cold. Rescuers worked for two hours before Kronke's body was taken out. There were no external marks of injury, and it is believed he froze to death.

MOB WORN OUT.

HAS A DETERMINING EFFECT ON INVESTMENTS.

CARROLL COUNTY SHUNNED

CAPITALISTS AFRAID TO FINANCE ELECTRIC LINE.

HAPPENINGS IN MOOSIERDOM.

GENERAL NEWS OF THE STATE OF INDIANA.

Logansport, Ind., Aug. 25.—The failure of the Indianapolis and Logansport Traction company enterprise is now saddled on the Carroll county mobs, one of the local promoters having received a letter from an eastern financiering firm which says: "With reference to the electric line, I think it may be safely said that the enterprise is dead. One of the contributing causes is the disposition manifested by the Carroll county people to destroy bridges and toll houses. I have learned that one of the trust companies entirely declined to consider the matter, upon learning, through press reports, of the mob violence of recent occurrence. The reason, and I think properly so, that as long as this lawlessness is tolerated by the citizens along the line, it is as liable to manifest itself against one corporation as another."

This explains, in part, the bitter enmity of the pike company officials against the Carroll county opposition. If the electric line had been built it would have meant the sale of the road for \$10,000, George J. Marott, of Indianapolis, having agreed to pay that sum, provided he secured the funds for the project. Attorney D. C. Justice says that he did not call on the governor for troops, but simply asked him if there was a way to protect property when the proper officials failed to do so. Carroll county is able to cope with the situation, were the sheriff inclined to do so. When the "regulators" have razed the toll houses and destroyed the bridges, it is not unlikely that they will attack the roadbed with dynamite, in their determination to break the spirit of the owners. The \$3,000 reward has tempted nobody so far, but the directors are adding names to their suspect list, and arrests may be made in a few days.

Mr. Justice is one of the most fearless and shrewdest lawyers at the Cass county bar, and he will wage prosecution to the bitter end. He has made night drives over the pike and it will be singular if he doesn't spring a surprise shortly. The directors have not announced that they will repair the toll house and collect toll, but it is not probable that repairs will be made until the investigation has been concluded. A number of detectives have been attracted by the big reward, and, unless the organization of the "regulators" is perfect, damaging information is certain to leak out.

A DOLEFUL EXPERIENCE.

Wabash, Ind., Aug. 25.—David Niccum, a farmer, of Walz township, this county, whose dwelling was destroyed by fire this week, has had more than a fair share of experience with the devouring element. In 1897 his house was struck by lightning, and torn to pieces, and what was not demolished was burned by the succeeding blaze. In 1899 his barn was burned, and now comes the destruction of his house, the flames being started by mice nibbling match heads.

A RUN ON DIVORCE CASES.

Portland, Ind., Aug. 25.—There was a run on divorce cases in the county clerk's office yesterday, the three complaints filed all being made by women. The parties to the

quits are: Sarah Gibson vs. Isaac W. Gibson; Ella Stevens vs. Oren D. Stevens; Mary S. Klugh vs. George M. Klugh. In one paragraph of her complaint Mrs. Klugh accuses Klugh of having whipped a child by a former husband so that there were thirty-one black and blue marks on its body.

KEEPING PEOPLE AT HOME.

Logansport, Ind., Aug. 25.—The Logansport Commercial club, organized to keep people at home on holidays, and provide means for them to spend their money for local amusements, has elected the following officers: Walter J. Uhl, president; W. H. Porter, vice-president; E. D. Brandt, secretary; Dr. M. A. Jordan, treasurer.

SECOND COUSINS ELOPE.

North Manchester, Ind., Aug. 25.—Miss Emma Freels, daughter of John Freels, who lives five miles south of South Whitley, and William Stewart were married Wednesday. The bride is aged nineteen years, while the groom is forty-eight. Her parents opposed the match bitterly. In order to marry Stewart the girl threw her clothes out of a window and went across a field to meet him. The contracting parties are second cousins.

MISS EFFIE COOPER IS SAFE.

Elkhart, Ind., Aug. 25.—John Cooper, city engineer of Goshen, has received a letter from his sister, Miss Effie Cooper, who is a missionary in China, and who was supposed to have been killed. The letter is dated July 17, and says that she is safe, and that if any trouble arises in her immediate locality she can easily reach the transports.

FATAL SPOT FOR A SPREE.

Anderson, Ind., Aug. 24.—Harvey Kiser, of this city, aged 60, and an unknown man of about the same age, filled their pockets with bottles of whiskey and sat down upon the Panhandle bridge crossing at White river yesterday afternoon to enjoy themselves. The Cincinnati limited, an hour late, struck the men and both were fatally injured. They were brought to the city and removed to a hospital. Both were badly mangled and never spoke after the accident. They are thought to be dying tonight.

BIG DIAMOND ROBBERY.

Cleveland, O., Aug. 25.—Report was made to the police last night of a big diamond robbery on a Baltimore and Ohio sleeping car from the east. Mrs. Lee McBride, wife of a prominent wholesale dry goods merchant, was the loser. She had \$5,000 worth of diamonds in a chamole bag, which she left in the toilet room of the sleeper while coming to the city Friday. When she discovered that the diamonds were missing the toilet room was searched, but the gems could not be found. The train arrived in the city early in the morning, but no report to the police was made until midday. The jewels stolen consisted of seven diamond rings, an opal heart and necklace, each studded with diamonds.

Subsequently Mrs. McBride notified the police that the jewels had been found. She stated they had merely been mislaid and not stolen as at first reported.

ROME CITY COTTAGERS' TRAIN.

Commencing Thursday, June 28th, the Rome City Cottagers' Train will leave Fort Wayne at 5:00 p. m., daily except Saturday and Sunday. Returning, leave Rome City at 7:00 a. m., daily except Sunday. 2 tf

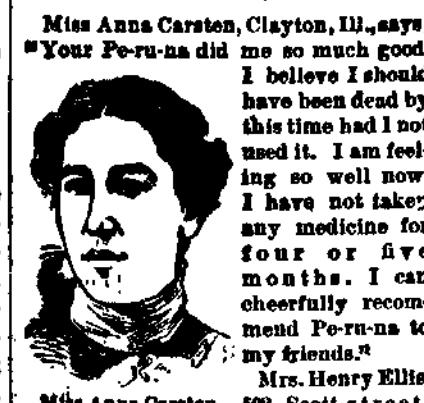
INDIANAPOLIS AND RETURN.

Sunday, Aug. 26th, via L. E. & W. R. R. Rate, \$1.00. Train leaves at 5:00 a. m. 20-6t

Detroit is one of the most beautiful cities in America. You can go there next Sunday for \$1.60 via Wabash and Steamer. Train leaves 5:50 a. m. 2tf

DR. HENRY ELLIS'S PERUNA

Are Entirely Free From Pelvic Catarrh.



Miss Anna Carsten, Clayton, Ill., says: "Your Peruna did me so much good. I believe I should have been dead by this time had I not used it. I am feeling so well now. I have not taken any medicine for four or five months. I can cheerfully recommend Peruna to my friends."

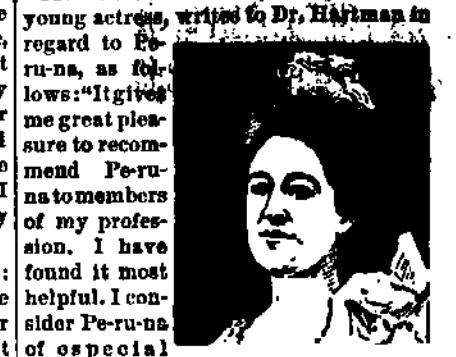
Mrs. Henry Ellis, 602 Scott street, Clayton, Ill., Milwaukee, Wis., says: "I was a most miserable sufferer from falling of the womb, weak ovaries, and leucorrhoea, which caused me to be confined to my bed for a long time, being too weak to bear my own weight even, upon my feet. I was treated by the most reputable physicians in our city. They could do nothing for me. I am most happy to say that in three months after I began taking Peruna I was well—entirely cured without any appliances or support of any kind."

G. A. Froehl, New Portage, O., writes: "My wife has been sick for about five years. In the first place the doctor called it leucorrhoea, and treated it about one year, when it turned to ulceration of the womb; she was then treated for that for two years, when the doctor gave her up. She could not walk for nearly two years. She then tried your Peruna. She has taken three bottles and it did her more good than any other medicine. A vast multitude of women have

found Peruna an indispensable remedy. It meets all their irregularities, critical periods, and peculiar weaknesses."

Mrs. Anne Randall, Caro, Mich., says: "This letter leaves me well, I do sincerely think, by reason of your good advice and great medicine, Peruna. It has brought back my health to me in my older days. I am now a new woman, physically. I think Peruna the best medicine in the market."

Women are even more subject to catarrh than men. The chief cause is the delicacy of her organism, as compared to man. This explains why, in part at least, so few women are naturally free from catarrh. Catarrh of the pelvic organs is generally called female disease.



Miss Sadie Martinot, the prominent young actress, writes to Dr. Hartman in regard to Peruna, as follows: "It gives me great pleasure to recommend Peruna to members of my profession. I have found it most helpful. I consider Peruna of especial benefit to women and particularly recommend it to them. My dressing table is never without it."

Everywhere the people, especially the women, are praising Peruna as a remedy for all forms of catarrhal difficulties. Send for free catarrh book. Address Dr. Hartman, Columbus, O.

Dental Work--Installment Plan.



A great many people want their teeth attended to, but haven't the amount of money to pay for it all at once. Now, to accommodate those patients, we are going to work on the installment plan during July and August. You can pay a little each pay day. We give a guarantee with all our work. Call at once and make arrangements. Open evenings and Sunday by appointment.

BOSTON DENTAL PARLORS.
74 CALHOUN STREET. DR. McALISTER, Mgr.

Everything Sold at Lowest Cash Prices.

Until further notice, however, we shall give off five per cent. from these Lowest Cash Prices to all persons who pay all cash at time of purchase.

Housekeeping Outfits a Specialty.

Be sure you get into our store when you start out to do so. Don't blunder into some other furniture store. A customer of ours from Whitley county did that the other day and now, he says, he feels like kicking himself all over his county for his heedlessness. He never found out his mistake until he tried to pay for the goods he bought in another store, supposing he was in ours.

Remember our Court street entrance, as well as that upon Clinton street, is close to the entrance to the natural gas office.

Wonderfully Handsome Carpets.

The New Fall Styles are exceedingly pretty. Every season sees a steady improvement in Artistic Designing. Last season's Carpets are not so pretty as those of this season.

We show the cream of this fall's designs.

Foster Furniture and Carpet Co.

Hon. Frank B. Burke

Will Open the Campaign in Fort Wayne on **WEDNESDAY EVENING, AUG. 29**

SAENGERBUND HALL

COME AND HEAR THIS ELOQUENT INDIANIAN ON **Imperialism, Trusts and the Vital Issues of the Day.**

FOR WEAK STOMACH, DISORDERED LIVER, Constipation and Malaria
JOHNSON'S STOMACH TABLETS
 They strengthen the stomach, stimulate the liver, cure constipation, and TONE UP THE ENTIRE SYSTEM. A new and perfect substitute for Liver Pills and Cathartics. (See ad. Tablets) 10 Cents. By mail five 2-cent stamps. The Johnson Laboratories, Inc., Philadelphia. Sold by DRUGGISTS and B. B. and all leading Druggists.

DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION
MAKES WEAK WOMEN STRONG
 Mrs. M. F. Long, of Le Long, Franklin Co., N. H., writes: "I cannot express how grateful I am for your kind advice and good medicines. I have been in poor health more or less all my life. In the past nine years grew worse, and two years ago I was so poorly could hardly drag around. I consulted a specialist, and he said I had ulceration and that an operation would have to be performed. This did not seem necessary to me, so time went by, and at last I wrote to Dr. Pierce asking advice. I soon got a helpful answer advising me to try his medicines, the 'Favorite Prescription,' and also his 'Pleasant Pellets.' I began taking 'Favorite Prescription' and the other medicines as advised. When commencing I weighed 119½ pounds, and after taking one bottle of each I felt like a new woman. In one month I gained 8 pounds. After taking two bottles of each of the medicines, I began to look like a woman and not like a skeleton, and that weary tired feeling all left me."

A FREE CONSULTATION
BY LETTER WITH DR. R. V. PIERCE
 IS OFFERED TO EVERY SICK WOMAN. ADDRESS: DR. PIERCE, BUFFALO, N. Y.

BLACK CLIMAX ELASTIC ROOF PAINT
 The only genuine, used for patching and painting tin, wood or iron roofs, fences, smoke stacks or iron of any kind. For sale by
WM. MOELLERSON'S SONS,
 Tel. 198. 59 Murray St.

MONEY! MONEY! MONEY!
REDUCED RATES
 The Tri-State Building & Loan Association has reduced its rates to borrowing members.
THIS MAKES THE NEW PLANS THE CHEAPEST INSTALLMENT PLAN offered to the borrowing public. You cannot afford to borrow on any other plan.
 Call at office for particulars.
INVESTMENTS.
 Interest paid on any amount deposited with the association if left 60 days.

Tri-State Building & Loan Ass'n.,
 Cor. Berry and Court Streets.

IT'S NO LIE
 When we say that the Hawthorn Co. United States roof paint is the best and only paint for tin, iron or steel. We can prove the assertion.

A. P. Jennings,
 Sole Agent for Allen County. OFFICE, 32 E. WAYNE ST., Fort Wayne, Ind. 21-2nd-1mo

Geo. Abdon & Co.,
Sanitary Plumbing, Steam and Gas Fitting.
ELECTRIC WIRING, SEWERAGE AND BEER PUMP WORK.
No. 1 W. Columbia St.

BARGAINS IN Second-Hand Typewriters.

We carry all makes of machines at low prices.
 The finest REPAIRING in the state is our reputation. Try us on all branches of office SUPPLIES.
 Write for Catalogue.

The Typewriter Repair & Supply Co.,
 51 Mountain Place, Indianapolis, Ind.
 Edwin B. Fillet, Mgr.
 Try The Sentinel Want Columns.

FORGET THE WARS
BRITONS ASSORBED IN PUNY RAILWAY STRIKE.
A PENNY AN HOUR AT STAKE
BUT REFUSAL HAS JEOPARDIZED INDUSTRY.

WELSH COAL IS TIED UP
AMERICANS ABROAD ARE COMING HOME.

[Copyrighted, 1900, The Associated Press.]
 London, Aug. 25.—Forgetting the Chinese cryptogram and the unending war in South Africa and the reconstruction of that country, a strike on a little 100-mile Welsh railroad stirs up more serious interest than anything else in England this week, because it is closely related to the coal supply and the manufacturing vitality of the kingdom.
 The Taff Vale railroad carries the product of 50,000 coal miners into Cardiff. The fifth day of the strike sees small quantities of the best steam coal commanding 35 shillings. All the Cardiff factories are shut down and the merchant fleet is unable to leave the harbor because they have not been supplied with coal.

CAUSE OF THE TROUBLE.
 Most of the miners are still piling up coal at the pit mouths. All will probably be idle in another week. The cause of the dispute is that 2,000 railway servants want a half penny an hour more and are upheld in that demand by the union of railway men of the United Kingdom, with £250,000 in the treasury and a strike income of £3,000 a week. Interwoven with the discussion about the coal scarcity, trouble is brewing elsewhere in the railway world. The Great Eastern men have handed in an ultimatum demanding increased wages and threatening to strike if this is refused. The probabilities are that American coal will be imported. The arrival in the Thames on Thursday evening of the British steamer Queenstown with 4,000 tons of coal and the sailing of the British steamer Armistice from Norfolk, Va., on Wednesday with 4,000 tons, destined for Bantay Bay for the British navy, afford a text on which hang much speculation. English writers seem to take a melancholy satisfaction in pointing out America's exhaustless coal supplies and the ultimate certainty that large exports will be made from that country.

GAMBLING ON LINES.
 "Passengers are requested to beware of gambling." This pencilled notice was posted in the Campana's smoking room when she arrived a week ago. Several Americans who had lost rather heavily at poker after the games compared notes and decided to repudiate their debts, being convinced that they had been playing against card sharks.
 The principal was a South American ranchman, whose paper debts amounted to over £1,000. The winners were two New Yorkers, who were apparently unacquainted with each other when the Campana left New York.
 The South American alleged that he had been plucked. He paid £10 and notified the winners that he would pay the balance of his losses when they produced satisfactory references. He also telegraphed from Queenstown for a detective to meet the steamer at Liverpool.
 One did so, but beyond telling the victim that the winners were well known sharpers he could do nothing.

IMPRESSED THE SHAH.
 The taking by American bankers of the exchequer bonds seems to impress the shah of Persia immensely. The St. James Gazette says some curious information from Paris on the subject. It says:
 "The shah is convinced that financial reasons render the alliance between France and Russia less important every day because France is tired of giving money to Russia. The only nation that can give money to Russia is the United States. The shah has a brilliant idea that by cultivating friendship with America he may secure himself against Russia, whose relations with America are likely to become very close before long."

"SHOCKED" OUR MARY.
 Mary Anderson (Mrs. Antonio Navarro) admits that she is not as young as when playing in New York, but has confessed to having received a shock at a bazaar held in Broadway, Worcestershire, the other day, when the rector of a religious community told her she was a mother to them. She made a little speech, in which she remarked: "I am somewhat overwhelmed by the clerical compliment, but he might have said 'sister.'"
 Mr. Charles Stewart Smith, a member of the New York Rapid Transit company who has gone to Scotland to

visit Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, has devoted considerable time to studying both the Paris and London underground electric railways. "I have been afforded every opportunity to study the workings of both systems," said Mr. Smith to a representative of The Associated Press, "especially in London, where I have ridden during almost every hour of the day, and I am prepared to make a complete report to the commission on my return to New York. The London electric railway is certainly a great improvement over anything London has ever had. But, after all, it is not rapid transit in the sense we understand it in the United States. The distance from the Bank of England to Shepherd's Bush is 400 yards short of six miles. This is covered in twenty-five minutes, including thirteen stops. This is done by means of two single track tubes which, of course, prevents the running of express trains.
 "The New York line will contain four tracks and express trains will run from the city hall to the northernmost end of the island in from eighteen to nineteen minutes.
 "The engineering work in London is admirable and the rolling stock is an improvement over that of the New York elevated railroad, as the cars are better lighted and better finished."

TO FIGHT THE FLY
FARMERS UNITE AGAINST THE WHEAT PEST.
WILL TRY CONCERTED ACTION
AFTERNOON.
A LETTER FROM GOV. MOUNT
FROM LATTI, OF PURDUE, ALSO GIVES ADVICE.

The movement among the farmers to put the Hessian fly out of business in Allen county received a strong impetus at a meeting of the Allen County Agricultural society held this afternoon at the city hall. The meeting was a special one, called by President Alexander Johnson, to arrange, if possible, for a concerted action among the farmers to drive out the Hessian fly, which has seriously lessened the wheat crops of the past few years.

The attendance was not large, but the farmers present were most interested in the question. In opening the meeting President Johnson stated its objects briefly, and read the following letter received this morning from Governor Mount:
GOVERNOR'S LETTER.
 "Executive Department, State of Indiana, Indianapolis, Ind., Aug. 24, 1900.—Mr. Alexander Johnson, President Allen County Agricultural and Horticultural Association—Dear Sir: Replying to your favor of the 23rd inst., I beg to say that I am in full accord with the thoughts advanced in your letter, and in harmony with the efforts of Purdue experiment station and also that of Ohio. There must be concerted action on the part of the farmers, if they expect to mitigate the ravages of the Hessian fly. I have long studied this vexatious problem, and I am only able to reach one conclusion, and that is the abandonment of re-sowing wheat-land in the same crop, and late-sowing after the ravages of the insect are fairly passed. I also regard as wise the early sowing of decoy strips where the Hessian fly will deposit their eggs and concentrate their work; later on the plowing of these strips will completely destroy the larva of the fly.
 "I am glad you are deeply interested in this needed effort. I beg you to say to the farmers that I will very soon join their number once more, and I shall do so with the enthusiasm of my entire nature. I am ready to second every effort that shall be for the promotion of their interests, and I beg to express my unqualified approbation of the effort being made to counteract the ravages of the Hessian fly.
 "I go tonight to Geneva Lake to address the Y. M. C. A. on the Sabbath, and will return to Chicago to attend the G. A. R. encampment next week. Except for these engagements I would be glad to be with you to encourage by my words and presence the good work in which you are interested."

AN HONOR AND A GRIEVANCE.
 It is not often that any American resident in England secures a place in Vanity Fair's portrait gallery and far less frequently does the subject of those pleasant caricatures resent them. Not so little "Johnnie" Bieff, who is the subject of this week's cartoon. Bieff, who came more about kittens and candies than fame, says: "I could forgive them for the unnatural position of my hands, but why did they want to turn my black hair into a shock of dirty yellow?"

TO SEE GEORGIA GOLD MINES
DICK TOWNSEND SAYS THEY ARE RICHEST IN WORLD.

He Will Take a Party to See Them on September 4—A Fine Grade of Ore.

Dick Townsend, left for Kendallville this morning, but before going talked to The Sentinel of the Georgia gold mines in which he is interested. The mines are located at Dahlonega, Lumpkin county, Georgia, and are owned by the Consolidated Gold Mining company, of which Mr. Townsend is a member. "I received a telephone message from one of the directors Friday," said Mr. Townsend, "and he tells me they are taking out 100 ounces a day and are running part waste, which we are getting out of the way now. The veins of gold are simply wonderful and grow richer as we go down. We have drifted into the sides of the hill from 100 to 400 feet at half a dozen places, and are finding new veins of the precious metal. There is no question that Georgia will develop the richest gold mines in the world. Superintendent Brooks, who was once superintendent of the Homestake mine in South Dakota, says that the Homestake has twenty years the start of us, but we'll show them in five years. We are daily finding a better grade of ore and more of it." Mr. Townsend has sold thousands of dollars' worth of stock in Fort Wayne and other Indiana towns, and is returning to his party to the gold mines on September 4.

G. SCHMIDT,
 Merchant Tailor, 57 East Berry, has the finest line of Summer Suitings in the city at lowest prices. 27tf

Are you ashamed of the smoky, greasy appearance of your piano? We can hand-polish it like new, and show you how to keep it that way.
PIANO HOSPITAL,
 23-25-25 W. Jefferson St.
 Hartnell Ice Cream, pure and rich; for parties and socials. 23-2t

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SOME EXPERT ADVICE.
 Professor Latta, of Purdue university, submitted to the farmers of Allen county some expert advice upon the subject of fertilizers as well as the treatment of the Hessian fly problem, in the following letter, which the president also read:
 "Purdue University, Agricultural Experiment Station of Indiana, Lafayette, Ind., Aug. 24, 1900.—Mr. Alexander Johnson, Fort Wayne, Ind.: Dear Sir—In replying to yours of the 23d, I have conferred with Professor Huston, who has just returned from Europe, and what I give below is his advice. I beg to say, however, that it is impossible to give very definite instruction without an intimate knowledge of the land. What I do give is only to be considered as suggestive. It will certainly answer to experiment with. In my bulletin on the fly I should have said some good tested wheat fertilizer, as I meant to let the farmers select something which had proved to be good. This would be far safer than to recommend any special formula. I also mail you under separate cover Professor Huston's bulletin on the treatment of clay soils, which will also help to interpret the suggestions given below.
 "1. For fairly good clay soil, where clover catches well, try a mixture of 100 pounds of real raw bone and 100 pounds of acid phosphate—14 to 16 per cent. available phosphoric acid per acre. It is assumed from what you say that in this soil, which has been manured, clover would catch reasonably well. This would indicate that a nitrogenous or potash fertilizer would be unnecessary. The acid phosphate would give quick response and the raw bone

would extend over to benefit the clover grass.
 "2. For a poor clay, badly worn, which needs to be gotten into grass or clover, use the above mixture, to which add twenty-five pounds of muriate of potash. Use also barnyard manure, if available. The addition of potash would encourage the growth of the clover.
 "3. For a sandy soil, worn and in need of being turned into grass, try the mixture first given, plus twenty-five pounds of nitrate of soda. As a general rule, commercial fertilizers have not accomplished good results on sandy soil. We have not much data yet, however, on this point. I am inclined to think that twenty-five pounds of muriate of potash might also be used on a thin, sandy soil.
 "For a good loam soil, in good condition, as to humus, etc., try 200 pounds of acid phosphate and twenty-five pounds of muriate of potash per acre. In the case of one to three inclusive, raw bone is used so as to continue the effect over to the grass crop. In case of No. 4, a quick response that will show chiefly in the wheat crop is sought. It is supposed in this case that there is enough natural fertility in the land to start the grass or clover well after the wheat has been taken off.
 "Use no goods that do not bear the state chemist's tag, which shows that the firm has complied with the fertilizer law.
 "Bone and acid phosphate are sold by many companies. Nitrate of soda and muriate of potash can be legally sold in this state through the agents of the Read Phosphate Co., of Nashville, Tenn., and the Columbus Phosphate Co., of Columbus, Ohio.

"In our own experiments here we have had greater results when a complete fertilizer, which included phosphoric acid, potash and nitrogen, was used. But the nitrogenous ingredient is so expensive that I question whether its use will be profitable in most of the cases you name.
 "I am frank to say that with a full knowledge of the soils in question, and the underlying subsoils, the suggestion given might be modified. The bulletin on the improvement of clay soils, referred to above, will give you some suggestions as to how fertilizers may be tested in order to find out what is best.
 "My recent bulletin on the Hessian fly has nothing to say about wheat after corn. A border, one or two drill rows wide, can be cut around the cornfield and the stalks fed to either cattle or hogs or both. The border can then be sown as a decoy as suggested. I would be glad to know to what extent your farmers will agree to carry out the suggestions given in my bulletin, or any others that may be thought wise.

"Very respectfully yours,
 "W. C. Latta, Agriculturist."
 Many of the farmers spoke briefly. In a number of sections it was reported that the fly had damaged the crops but little, yet there was a very general desire to adopt advanced methods in meeting the pest. The plan as proposed by the experiment stations is to sow a decoy strip of wheat around the edge of the fields early in September; but to postpone the sowing of the main crop until the latter part of the month. Before this is done the entire field is to be plowed deeply, turning under the decoy strip of wheat upon which Hessian fly will be at work in force. In this manner it is said a large percentage of the pests can be destroyed.
 The attendance was hardly large enough to warrant an absolute statement of how generally the plan will be followed, but the association will make an effort to induce entire communities to unite in following the plan, as its efficacy is increased in proportion to the number of farmers who follow the plan. President Johnson announced that the method would be adopted at the state farm this year, and it is believed farmers all over the county will give it a trial.

LEPER SETTLEMENT IN HAWAII.
 Lepers who live outside the two homes draw from the government a fixed amount of money as "clothing order" every six months, in addition to a weekly allowance in provisions. The Bishop Home and the Baldwin Home draw their supplies through the board as required. Many of the lepers have friends outside, who provide incomes for them. There are 716 buildings of all classes, including two schoolhouses, two Protestant, two Catholic and two Mormon churches, a courthouse and jail. —Harper's Weekly.

BELIEVES HE IS SUPERIOR.
 The Chinaman in general is completely convinced that in all that constitutes higher civilization he is the superior of the white man. He has invented more different kinds of mechanical improvements that all the rest of the world put together; his wise men were masters of science when Europe was a howling wilderness; no country has held together so long as the huge empire, and its subjects not unnaturally conclude that such grand results must have sprung from institutions whose excellence is unrivaled elsewhere. —Woman's Home Companion.

A STAR OF HOPE
DR. BUNCE'S NATURE'S HERBS OF LIFE
TRADE MARK
FOR ALL SUFFERERS
NATURE'S HERBS OF LIFE
 Is the only medicine on Earth packed and backed with a Legal Guarantee which says No Cure, No Pay.
 It positively cures Rheumatism, Catarrh, Grip, Stomach, Liver, Kidney, Blood and Female Disorders, Constipation and Nervousness. Cures Children of Bed Wetting.
 You run no risk of a loss. Your Money back if it fails to cure. A complete 3-months Treatment and Cure for only \$1.00, only 33¢ cents a Month. You take No Poison. Nature's Herbs of Life is God's own medicine. Roots and Herbs.
FOR SALE BY ALL FORT WAYNE DRUGGISTS.

VALE LOCKS


AND GENERAL HARDWARE. BUILDERS' HARDWARE.
 Ornamental and Plate Glass, Tools and Cutlery, Washing Machines, Low Bros' Paints.

H. Pfeiffer & Son,
 9 E. Columbia St.
 Phone 484.
 Wire and Iron Lawn Fences.

It has been estimated that from 90,000 to 100,000 deer feed in the forests of Scotland, and that 4,000 stags are killed annually.

CITY ADEVERTISEMENTS.
GENERAL ORDINANCE NO. 161.

"An ordinance relating to the grading, planing and paving of streets and sidewalks at points where they are intersected and crossed by railway tracks and prohibiting laying down or maintaining of railroad tracks along or crossing any street or alley without first obtaining the consent of the board of public works."

Section 1. Be it ordained by the common council of the city of Fort Wayne that all the duty of such and all railroad companies where their tracks intersect or cross, or may hereafter intersect or cross the streets, sidewalks or alleys of said city, to grade, plank or pave the streets and sidewalks or alleys at such crossings or intersections in the manner hereinafter designated.
 Sec. 2. That at points where such track or tracks intersect or cross said streets it shall be the duty of the railroad company owning or maintaining the same to make the grade thereof conform to the established grade of such street or streets and to pave the same with brick or lay down securely, strong, substantial planks or wooden or other side for four (4) feet of such track or tracks and in such manner that said planks or brick may extend the entire width of such street or streets; to be done and maintained in good repair in every case to the satisfaction of the board of public works.
 Sec. 3. That it shall be unlawful for any railroad company to lay down any track or tracks along or across any street or alley without first obtaining the consent of the board of public works, and approved by the council to lay such track.
 Sec. 4. Any company or persons violating the provisions of section five (5) of this ordinance shall be fined in any sum not exceeding one hundred (\$100.00) dollars or less than ten (\$10.00) dollars for such offense; each day shall be a separate offense for the violation of the said fifth section of this ordinance.
 Sec. 5. The superintendent of police and all other officers in the city's service shall arrest without process and bring before the mayor all persons, who, in their presence and knowledge, have violated any of the provisions of section five (5) of this ordinance.
 Sec. 6. This ordinance to be in full force and effect on and after its passage, approval by the mayor and legal publication.

WM. J. LENNART.
 Done at the Council Chamber in the City of Fort Wayne, Indiana, this, the 14th day, of August, 1900.
 Approved August 15, 1900.
HENRY P. SCHERRER,
 Mayor.
 Attest:
HENRY B. MORNING,
 City Clerk.

STYLISHER M'NAGOR.
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CITY ADEVERTISEMENTS.

GENERAL ORDINANCE NO. 162.

An ordinance relative to the taxing of dogs, and repealing General Ordinance No. 35 relating to same subject matter.
 Section 1. Be it enacted by the common council of the city of Fort Wayne that every person residing within the corporate limits of the city of Fort Wayne owning, harboring, possessing or caring for any dog, on the first day of April of each year, shall pay to the city of Fort Wayne the following taxes on each dog so owned, in the manner as hereinafter provided. For each male or female dog, one dollar. For every additional male or female dog, one dollar and a half. And the sum of two dollars for each female dog (muzzled) so owned, harbored or cared for.
 Sec. 2. It shall be the duty of the township assessor of the townships included within the limits of the city of Fort Wayne at the time of assessing the property residing within the corporate limits of the city, to ascertain the number of dogs owned, harbored, kept or cared for by the person so assessed. Any such person so assessed shall be liable to the said township assessor for the city of Fort Wayne the sum of one dollar for each male or female dog, and the sum of one dollar and a half for each female dog (muzzled) so owned, harbored or cared for.
 Sec. 3. The township assessor shall give to each person a receipt for such money paid him, which shall be designated as city dog tax, which receipt shall show the person's name who has paid such tax, the number of dogs owned, the number, description and kind of dog paid for, and whether male or female, and the number of each, which receipt shall relieve the person or persons owning, keeping or harboring such dogs for the current year, extended one year from the date of such receipt, from any further assessment. Such township assessor shall keep a record of the person or persons owning dogs and the record of the dogs paid for, and he shall keep a stub record or a copy of the receipts given by him for money paid him for dog taxes. Such stub record shall show the amount of the dog tax paid for each male and female, paid for, and the person's names owning the dogs so paid for. And he shall within five days after the completion of the assessment of his township turn over to the comptroller of the city all the records kept by him relating to the collecting and payment of such dog taxes, and a copy of all receipts given by him to persons having paid him money as city dog tax, and all money received by him as city dog tax. The said township assessors, as payment for services to city rendered, shall receive 10 per cent of the taxes collected, and to be paid by comptroller at the time and out of the money turned over to the said comptroller by said assessor.
 Sec. 4. It shall be unlawful for any owner, possessor or person having in charge or care a fierce or dangerous dog, to permit or allow the same to go at large in said city, to the danger or annoyance of any of its inhabitants, or any person, or to violate the provisions of this section of this ordinance, and having been once convicted shall continue to allow such dog to run at large upon the complaint made by any resident of said city, such dog shall be slain by the police authorities of said city.
 Sec. 5. It shall be unlawful for the owner, possessor or person having in charge or care, knowingly to permit him to run at large while in heat and it shall be the duty of the police of said city to slay or cause to be slain any female dog running at large in the public streets at such time.
 Sec. 6. It shall be unlawful for any person to own, keep, possess or have in charge any dog, who is frequently barking, howling or yelping shall cause disturbance to any citizen of said city.
 Sec. 7. Whenever any danger shall be justly feared as likely to result from hydrophobia, the mayor shall publish his proclamation requiring all persons owning or having in charge any dog, to have their dogs or dogs to confine them on their premises for a prescribed time, and any person who shall omit to secure any dog owned or harbored or kept in charge by him, or shall allow such dog to escape or go from the premises shall be liable on conviction to the punishment provided in section 18 of this ordinance. During the time prescribed by the mayor's proclamation, any dog found running at large upon the public streets of said city shall be forthwith slain.
 Sec. 8. If any person shall harbor or keep, or have in his possession, any dog, male or female, that shall bite or severely attack any person, or any animal, or any dog, at any time, or in any place, not being within the owner's enclosure, such person so harboring or keeping or having in charge such animal shall be liable, on conviction therefor, to the punishment provided in section 18 of this ordinance. And if any person so convicted shall refuse to pay the cost of any police officer or the owner of any animal so bitten or severely attacked, the person so convicted shall be liable, on conviction thereof, to be punished by a fine of not less than fifteen dollars and not more than twenty-five dollars, or to be imprisoned for not less than thirty days and not more than sixty days, or both, at the discretion of the court.
 Sec. 9. Whenever any animal, dog or animal shall again bite or severely attack any person in the manner aforesaid, the person so harboring or keeping said animal shall, upon conviction thereof, be punished by a fine of not less than fifteen dollars and not more than twenty-five dollars, or to be imprisoned for not less than thirty days and not more than sixty days, or both, at the discretion of the court.
 Sec. 10. Any property owner residing within the corporate limits of the city of Fort Wayne, who on the first day of April of any year hereafter, owns, harbors or has the care of any dog, male or female, refuses to pay the annual tax or taxes thereon to the township assessor as in this ordinance provided, shall, upon conviction, be fined in any sum not to exceed five dollars (\$5.00) and costs of prosecution.
 Sec. 11. It shall be unlawful for any person to own any dog, who is kept or harbored in the city, or to entice any dog from any street, alley or public place of this city with the intention of depriving the owner, keeper or person harboring the same of the possession thereof.
 Sec. 12. It shall be unlawful to throw or deposit poison meat, any poisonous substance in any alley, market place, lot, or public place of this city, for the purpose of destroying any animal of the dog kind.
 Sec. 13. Any person who shall violate any of the regulations, requirements or provisions of this ordinance shall be fined in any sum not exceeding twenty-five dollars, together with costs of prosecution.
 Sec. 14. This ordinance shall take effect on the 10th day of July, 1900, and hereby repealed.

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GET A HOME! THIS WAS NOT A GAME

We pay for the home. Large number of people are securing homes this way. Why not you? We pay for the home. Large number of people are securing homes this way. Why not you? We pay for the home. Large number of people are securing homes this way. Why not you?

NO CAPITAL NECESSARY.

We pay for the home. Large number of people are securing homes this way. Why not you? We pay for the home. Large number of people are securing homes this way. Why not you? We pay for the home. Large number of people are securing homes this way. Why not you?

Fraternities Co-operative Ass'n

Home 21, 22, 23 Lombard Bldg.

INDIANAPOLIS: IER.

"A \$5,000 HOME IN TWO YEARS."

Young men, young women, why not see Mr. Teple and have positive control of a TWO THOUSAND DOLLAR home in two years, with a very small part of your salary invested.

Everybody can own a home for less than they can rent it. Call on the district manager, Thos. B. Teple, 23 Oak street, Fort Wayne, Ind., for complete information. See him at once—time is money with him.

Scores have taken this opportunity already to get a home for a minimum rent. You can do likewise.

DO YOUR TEETH NEED ATTENTION?

Now is the time. We are giving reductions on all kinds of dental work during the hot months.

UPPER AND LOWER SETS OF DENTURES WITHOUT PAIN.

You May Need a Plate

Our ZYXONITE (something fine)—the lightest, thinnest, most comfortable plate made. Is cooling to the mouth and guaranteed not to break.

Teeth Without Plates

Broken down teeth and old roots we can restore to beauty and usefulness by the above methods. Call and see samples of our work.

All work warranted.

Arcade Dental Parlors,

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BURKET & BAKER,

Phone 627. Open evenings and Sundays.

J. C. Peltier,

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Be Your Own

Barber...

GEM SAFETY RAZOR

Gem and Star Safety Razors.

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Strops and Stropping Machines.

Shaving Soap, Lather Brushes.

Everything to make shaving a pleasure.

F. M. SMITH & CO.,

28 CALHOUN ST.

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Why try to stick things with something that doesn't stick? Buy MAJOR'S CEMENT! You know it sticks. Nothing breaks away from it. Stick to MAJOR'S CEMENT. Buy once, you will buy forever. There is nothing as good; don't believe the substitutes.

MAJOR'S RUBBER AND MAJOR'S LEATHER.

Two separate companies, both of them having been established in 1890.

MAJOR CEMENT CO., NEW YORK CITY.

A. Hattersly & Son,

PLUMBERS,

STEAM AND

GAS FITTERS,

48 E. MAIN STREET,

FORT WAYNE, IND.

FORT WAYNE WON IN THE ELEVENTH INNING.

ON WADSWORTH'S WILD PITCH

OPPORTUNE BATTING AND PRETTY FIELDING.

GREAT WORK AT SHORT STOP

MUD HENS LOST TWO GAMES TO DAYTONS—CASSIP.

INTER-STATE STANDING.

Won. Lost. Pct.

Dayton 77 37 .675

Fort Wayne 71 45 .612

Toledo 69 46 .600

Wheeling 61 52 .540

Mansfield 54 59 .478

Anderson 51 61 .455

New Castle 40 77 .342

Marion 33 76 .303

The game at League park yesterday afternoon was one of the prettiest and most exciting played in Fort Wayne this season. There were numerous pretty fielding features and some feats of batting which are seldom seen in one game of base ball.

Wadsworth, one of Pat Wright's two stars, was pitted against Fricken and the Fort Wayne boy had the best of it until he was hit on his sore finger in the fifth inning by a hard batted ball. For two innings thereafter he kept the visitors from making a hit, the first safe drive being registered by Wadsworth in the eighth inning, when a runner was on second base.

The drive scored the run and tied the score. Wadsworth was effective, too, but finally lost the game in the eleventh inning by making a wild pitch. The real fine features of the game were the fast work of Krueger and Nattress at short. Nattress had the most chances and handled them all cleanly, but Krueger accepted three or four chances which were simply phenomenal plays and beat the New Castle batters out of base hits. He fielded the ball over the second bag and captured a speedy grounder near third base with one hand and nailed the runner at first base.

One of the best batting feats was a hit by Brashear in the eighth inning. Krueger was on third base and Hemphill on second and one out when Brashear came to bat. He bunted the first ball pitched down the third base line and Krueger and Hemphill flew for the plate, while Wadsworth was fielding the bunt to first base.

Wright returned the ball to Gruffus but too late to catch Hemphill, who chased over the plate only a few feet behind Krueger. The visitors tied the score in the ninth, after two were out, on two-baggers by Lawrence and Cargo. Neither side scored in the tenth and in the eleventh Babb and Hollingsworth made singles and the Fort Wayne third baseman scored on a wild pitch for Wadsworth and ended the game. Swaim pitched the last two innings and had the Quakers at his mercy. Babb had scored one run in the second inning on a Texas leaguer, Lawrence's wild throw to second, Hollingsworth's sacrifice and Kleinow's long fly to Frank. Score:

FORT WAYNE.

AB R IB PO A E

Belden, lf. 4 0 0 2 0 0

Krueger, ss. 4 1 3 6 0

Hemphill, cf. 4 1 2 0 0

Miller, if. 5 0 2 3 0 0

Brashear, lb. 4 0 0 15 1 0

Babb, 3b. 4 2 3 2 4 1

Holla, 2b. 3 0 1 0 1 0

Bergen, c. 4 0 1 5 2 0

Fricken, p. 3 0 0 1 2 1

Swaim, p. 0 0 0 0 2 0

Totals 35 4 9 33 18 2

NEW CASTLE.

AB R IB PO A E

Nattress, ss. 3 1 0 3 8 0

F. Miller, 2b. 5 0 0 4 3 0

Wright, lb. 4 0 0 16 0 0

Griffus, c. 4 0 1 3 2 1

Lawrence, lf. 5 1 0 0 1 0

Cargo, 3b. 5 0 1 2 5 0

VanBuren, cf. 3 0 1 0 0 0

Frank, rf. 3 1 0 2 0 0

Wadsworth, p. 4 0 1 0 2 0

Totals 36 3 5 30 20 2

None out when winning run was made.

Fort Wayne . . . 0 1 0 0 0 0 2 0 1—4

New Castle . . . 0 0 0 0 0 0 2 1 0—3

Earned runs—New Castle, 1. Two-base hits—Lawrence, Cargo, Miller.

Sacrifice hits—Hollingsworth, 2; Brashear. Stolen bases—O. Miller, Frank, Kleinow, Hemphill. Innings pitched—Fricken, 9; Swaim, 2.

Base hits made—Off Fricken, 4; off Swaim, 1; off Wadsworth, 4. Hit by pitched ball—By Fricken, 2. Struck out—By Fricken, 2; by Wadsworth, 2; by Swaim, 1.

Wild pitches—Wadsworth, 2. Passed ball—Gruffus. Double plays—By

Wadsworth, 2; by Fricken, 1.

Umpire—Cantraphers. Time—2:15.

Attendance—800.

OTHER INTER-STATE GAMES

MANSFIELD, 4; WHEELING, 0.

Mansfield, O., Aug. 25.—Score: Mansfield . . . 1 0 0 3 0 0 0 0—4

Wheeling . . . 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0

Batteries—Ames and Fox; Jones and Bitter. Hits—Mansfield, 7; Wheeling, 8. Errors—Mansfield, 2.

DAYTON, 6-5; TOLEDO, 2-4.

Dayton, O., Aug. 25.—Score (first game): Dayton . . . 0 0 0 2 0 0 3 1—6

Toledo . . . 2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—2

Batteries—Wicker and Donahue; Butler and Hanford. Hits—Dayton, 10; Toledo, 3. Errors—Dayton, 1; Toledo, 2.

Second game—

Dayton . . . 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 4—5

Toledo . . . 0 4 0 0 0 0 0 0—4

Batteries—Glpatrick and Donahue; Ewing and Arthur. Hits—Dayton, 7; Toledo, 4. Errors—Dayton, 1; Toledo, 2.

ANDERSON, 5-4; MARION, 1-5.

Anderson, Ind., Aug. 25.—Score (first game): Anderson . . . 1 0 2 0 2 0 0 0—5

Marion . . . 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0—1

Batteries—Mahaffey and Beville; McCord and Lynch. Hits—Anderson, 11; Marion, 7. Errors—Anderson, 1; Marion, 2.

Second game—

Anderson . . . 0 0 0 1 0 0 1 0—4

Marion . . . 1 0 0 0 1 0 0 0—5

Batteries—Streit and Beville; Bates and Lynch. Hits—Anderson, 11; Marion, 9. Errors—Anderson, 1; Marion, 1.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Won. Lost. Pct.

Brooklyn 58 36 .617

Pittsburg 54 46 .540

Philadelphia 49 48 .505

Chicago 48 49 .493

Boston 48 49 .495

Cincinnati 47 52 .475

St. Louis 44 51 .463

New York 39 56 .410

YESTERDAY'S RESULTS.

St. Louis, 7; Chicago, 0.

Philadelphia, 3; New York, 1.

Cincinnati, 11; Pittsburg, 2.

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

Won. Lost. Pct.

Chicago 64 41 .611

Indianapolis 58 48 .547

Milwaukee 69 52 .532

Detroit 58 54 .518

Kansas City 56 56 .500

Cleveland 52 56 .481

Buffalo 50 63 .442

Minneapolis 43 69 .382

YESTERDAY'S RESULTS.

Buffalo, 6; Cleveland, 0 (10 innings.)

Cleveland, 3; Buffalo, 2.

Detroit, 12; Indianapolis, 4.

Indianapolis, 9; Detroit, 1 (7 innings.)

NOTES OF THE GAME.

Wheeling will be here tomorrow and Harper will probably pitch against Poole.

Jake Beckley had on his batting toga yesterday at Pittsburg and lined out a single, a two-bagger and a home run.

Jess Burket is making more hits now than any other player in the league and will finish among the first five big batters.

Boston is after Pitcher Charles Crowe, who formerly played with Youngstown and is still under contract to Manager Finn.

Dayton's two victories yesterday about "cinched" the pennant for the "Old Soldiers." Fort Wayne is a strong second and the Toledoos will have to play some to get back in the place.

There have been forty extra inning games played in the Interstate league this season, including every number from ten to eighteen except fourteen and seventeen. Double figures were scored in only three of these games, indicating the fast character of base ball that is being played in the Interstate.

Brashear made another attempt to turn a trick when Fricken made his wild throw to first base to catch Nattress napping. Brashear held him momentarily, but would not have gotten away with the play had Cargo not scored, as Caruthers was looking at the two men and saw the interference. Brashear would be a star in the Interstate if he would cut out the tricks.

The best ball played here this season has been put up by New Castle and Mansfield. The prettiest and most hotly contested games were those with New Castle and it is beyond the comprehension of a Hoosier base ball "fan" to know that Pat Wright's great team is not properly supported. True, the team loses most of its games, but the victor always knows that a game has been played. Real lovers of the game would be satisfied with the character

of high-class ball the team plays whether or not the team wins.

Hemphill did some daring base running in the games yesterday, and kept Wadsworth busy watching him when on bases. In the tenth, after he had made a single, he stole second, making a pretty slide. He also stole third base, and Cargo missed touching him by six inches, but Caruthers called the runner out, although it could be plainly seen from the stand that he was not touched with the ball. Had he been called safe the game would have been ended in this inning, as "Doggie" Miller followed with a two-bagger. Umpire Caruthers says that a fast man like Hemphill keeps an umpire on needles while he is on the bases, as the umpire knows that he intends to try and pilfer a base.

The Sporting News this week prints a picture of Louis Heilbroner, the Fort Wayne man who is managing the St. Louis base ball club. The likeness is a true one, but Louis is not in uniform. A portrait with Mr. Heilbroner in uniform would be a treat for his friends. The Sporting News says: "Manager Heilbroner will be honest with his employers and fair to his men. He will insist on each member of the team living up to its regulations. He will not expect them to be models in deportment, but he will insist that they cut out booze, late hours and excesses of all kinds. A man of Mr. Heilbroner's standing and sterling honesty would blame himself as much for permitting the players to give their employers the worst of it, as if he were to allow money to be diverted from the club's bank account."

HILL TO SPEAK IN THE WEST.

Chicago, Aug. 24.—Chairman James K. Jones, of the democratic national committee, said today that former Senator David B. Hill, of New York, will make some speeches in the west during the campaign, but that the times and places have not yet been determined. Senator Marion Butler will arrive in Chicago on Monday next to attend the meeting of the populist party national committee, of which he is chairman. There will probably be a conference between the two chairmen.

RACE WAR IMMINENT.

Fort Worth, Texas, Aug. 24.—A race war is imminent in Sabine county. The negroes have posted notices threatening to kill three prominent white men and are intimidating white women. Peace officers have been called from adjoining counties.

REORGANIZED SAINTS MEET.

Kansas City, Mo., Aug. 24.—At Washington, park today the reorganized church of Latter Day Saints began its second annual reunion with a moderate attendance. The meetings will last ten days. Several leaders of the church, among them President Joseph Smith, of LaMont, Iowa, will speak.

Sick pianos doctored for what ails them, at 92 West Jefferson street. 22-23-25

G. A. R. DAYLIGHT SPECIAL TRAIN TO CHICAGO VIA PENNSYLVANIA LINES.

Monday, August 27, the Pennsylvania Company will run a special daylight train to Chicago account 34th annual encampment G. A. R. to accommodate excursionists. Leave Fort Wayne 9:50 a. m., central time, arrive Chicago 2 p. m. Excursion tickets will be sold to Chicago August 25 to 29 inclusive, with privilege of extending return limit until September 30. Ask John E. Ross, Pennsylvania Company Ticket Agent, Fort Wayne, about details. A22-4t

SUMMER TOURIST RATES TO NORTHERN MICHIGAN.

Commencing June 1st and until Sept. 30, 1900, summer tourist tickets will be on sale to the Northern Michigan Resorts good to return until Oct. 31st, 1900. See that your tickets read via the Grand Rapids and Indiana railway. Descriptive matter of the Michigan resorts, time cards and full information can be had by addressing

C. L. LOCKWOOD, G. P. & T. A., 9-8-tf Grand Rapids, Mich.

Go to Detroit next Sunday via Wabash and Steamer. Tickets, \$1.60. Train leaves 5:50 a. m. 2tf

Go to Scottish games at Robison park next Saturday. Games open to world. Grand stand admission, 10c. Dancing and supper in evening. A Scotch pipe, will furnish music. 21,23,24

THE MARKETS.

Chicago, Aug. 25.—Leading speculative markets of the board of trade were exceedingly quiet today. In wheat trade was almost entirely confined to scalping operations on the short side. The market opened a shade higher on continued rains in the northwest, higher cables and light local receipts. September started at 74½¢ to 74½¢ and declined to 74½¢. Receipts at Minneapolis and Duluth were 304 cars, against 289 last week and 259 a year ago. Receipts here were 413 cars, 60 of contract grain.

The northwest weakness was a depressing factor here and shortly before noon September reacted to 73½¢. The close was weak, September 73½¢ lower at 73½¢ to 73½¢.

Corn sagged early on lack of general support. Local receipts were 137 cars. September opened unchanged at 38½¢ to 39¢. After a few sales at 39¢ the market dropped to 38½¢.

The close was steady, September a shade lower at 38½¢.

Oats were stagnant. September opened a shade lower at 21½¢, touched 21½¢ to 21½¢ and then dropped back to 21½¢. Receipts were 468 cars.

Provisions were easy on moderate local selling. September pork opened 2½¢ lower at \$11.15, September lard 2½¢ down at \$8.80 and September ribs 5¢ depressed at \$7.02½.

THE CLOSURE.

Prices at the close were as follows: Wheat—Aug., 73½¢; Sept., 73½¢ to 73½¢; Oct., 74½¢.

Corn—Aug., 38½¢; Sept., 38½¢; Oct., 37½¢.

Oats—Aug., 21½¢; Sept., 21½¢ to 21½¢; Oct., 21½¢ to 22¢.

Pork—Aug., \$11.05; Sept., \$11.05; Oct., \$11.10; Jan., \$11.07½.

Lard—Aug., \$8.75; Sept., \$8.75; Oct., \$8.80; Nov., \$8.75; Dec., \$8.57½; Jan., \$8.57½.

Ribs—Aug., \$7.00; Sept., \$7.00; Oct., \$6.97½; Jan., \$5.90.

Flax—Cash N. W., \$1.41; Cash S. W., \$1.40; Aug., \$1.41; Sept., \$1.38; Oct., \$1.37.

CHICAGO LIVE STOCK.

Chicago, Aug. 25.—Cattle—Receipts, 500; market nominally steady. Good to prime steers, \$5.40 to \$6.00; poor to medium, \$4.60 to \$5.40; stockers and feeders, \$3.25 to \$4.75; cow, \$2.65 to \$4.40; heifers, \$3.00 to \$5.00; canners, \$2.00 to \$2.60; bulls, \$2.50 to \$4.40; calves, \$5.00 to \$6.65; Texas fed steers, \$4.14 to \$5.00; Texas grass steers, \$3.25 to \$4.00; Texas bulls, \$2.50 to \$3.25.

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SYRUP OF FIGS

Acts Pleasantly and Promptly.
Cleanses the System
Gently and Effectually
when bilious or costive.

*Presents in the most acceptable form
the laxative principles of plants
known to act most beneficially.*

TO GET ITS BENEFICIAL EFFECTS

BUY THE GENUINE — MAN'D BY
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.
For sale by druggists — price 50¢ per bottle.



GREAT EXPECTATIONS
Are the incentive that often lead people to visit strange butcher stores and test the quality of their meats. There is trouble ahead for any of our patrons that try it. They will never find such tender, succulent, prime and high grade roasts, chops, steaks as we send to your order at all times.

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The Edison Phonograph.
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Vocal and Instrumental.
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INSURANCE.
D. C. FISHER,
Insurance, Real Estate, Loans,
No. 24 W. Wayne street,
Fort Wayne, Ind.

BANKS.
HAMILTON NATIONAL BANK.
Capital \$200,000. Surplus \$200,000.
The Hamilton National Bank will pay interest at the rate of two (2) per cent. per annum on certificates of deposit if left four months.
President—Charles McCulloch.
Cashier—John Mohr, Jr.

CAPITAL \$350,000.
SURPLUS \$140,000.

THE OLD NATIONAL BANK
B. W. Corner Calhoun and Berry Sts.
Stephen B. Bond, President.
Oliver F. Morgan, Vice President.
Jared D. Bond, Cashier.
Charles E. Bond, Assistant Cashier.

White National Bank,
Corner Wayne and Clinton Sts.
CAPITAL, \$200,000.
SURPLUS, \$70,000.
Safe Deposit Boxes for rent.

LAWYER.
ABSTRACTOR OF TITLES,
INSURANCE,
COLLECTION AND LOAN AGENT.
James B. Graham,
Room 16, Bank Block,
FORT WAYNE, IND.
Stenographer and Notary Public in office. Phone 615 Main.

PHYSICIAN.
DR. R. GARD—Dr. Gard is suffering from ailments peculiar to his sex and may consult him from 10 o'clock to 12 o'clock, at W. Wayne St. Telephone 205.

TRAVEL IMMENSE

GRAND ARMY BUSINESS EXCEEDS EXPECTATIONS.

RAILWAYS PUT ON EXTRAS

AND EVERY CAR SEAT HAS AN OCCUPANT.

PROMINENT MEN IN THE PARTY

GEN. MILES TO PASS THROUGH MONDAY EVENING.

The manner in which the encampment excursion business opened today presages the heaviest traffic in that line ever known in this territory. All the early morning trains out of this city, both on the Pennsylvania and the Nickel Plate, were crowded with passengers and each road ran special trains. The local posts had selected the Nickel Plate as the official route and for their accommodation and for the accommodation of the throngs who presented themselves for transportation the company ran the specials and placed extra cars on its regular trains. There were two specials on the Nickel Plate today and there will be two tomorrow.

On the Pittsburgh movement began with train 15, which left the city at 3:25 o'clock this morning, loaded almost to the full standing room capacity. No. 37 also took a big crowd out of the city and No. 21 was so crowded that it was necessary to divide the train here and run it to the Windy City in two sections. The Grand Rapids road brought up 208 passengers from Richmond and intermediate points and turned them over to the Pennsylvania. These people occupied three cars, one of which bore a large streamer with the legend, "John P. Porter post, No. 83, Department of Indiana, G. A. R., Geneva." The cars occupied by the people from the Rapids road became a part of the second section of train 21. There will be two sections of Pennsylvania train No. 9 this evening and three sections of No. 15 tomorrow morning. It will also be necessary to run a few specials, one being for the purpose of picking up excursionists between Columbiana and Orville. This train will stop here tomorrow long enough to allow the passengers to get dinner at the McKinnis house. In addition to these extra trains, the Pennsylvania's regular trains each had extra cars and in some of them were distinguished men. B. Willard, assistant general manager of the Baltimore and Ohio road, occupied car 708, in train 21, this morning, and another Pullman car in that train was occupied by a hospital corps from Washington. A special car bearing Hon. W. E. Stone and party will be a part of train 15 tomorrow morning. Monday morning No. 15 will have two special cars, one bearing a number of naval cadets from Annapolis and the other carrying George C. Meade post, of Pittsburgh. Monday evening General Miles and staff will occupy a private car in train No. 9. No doubt there will be a crowd at the depot to see the distinguished gentleman.

WILL BE A BIG AFFAIR.

The Wabash skipmen are now placing their orders for tickets for the Detroit excursion next Saturday. Only a few of the men have ordered less than three tickets and several have ordered fifteen each. So far the orders call for about 800 tickets and only a small portion of the employees have been heard from. The rate to the shopmen is \$1 and no limit is placed to the number of tickets each man can purchase.

MR. CRIGHTON HURT.

William Crighton, master mechanic of the Kerr Murray works, sustained painful injury at the noon hour today. In some manner a heavy iron bar fell, catching and badly lacerating one of his thumbs. Although able to walk, the company had Mr. Crighton conveyed to his home in a hack.

RETURN OF AN OLD SHOPMAN.

Charles Barnes, of Columbus, O., combined pleasure and business in this city yesterday. In a business way he called on the Bass works and Kerr Murray works, and in a social way made visits at the Pittsburgh and other shops, where he was once employed. Mr. Barnes is now foreman of the extensive works of the Columbus Forge and Iron company. Before going to that city he operated a bolt machine in the Pittsburgh shops.

JAECKEL GOES TO ST. LOUIS.

Richard M. Jaekel, a well-known young man of the city and for several years employed as an instrument

maker at the shops of the Wabash, under Foreman J. J. Jaekel, has accepted a much more lucrative position in St. Louis, and today tendered his resignation to Mr. Bauer. Next Tuesday morning Mr. Jaekel will go to Chicago for a brief visit with friends before assuming the duties of his new position. In this matter Mr. Jaekel took his shopmates and friends by surprise, and the regret at his action is general among them. Besides being a fine workman, he is a very companionable and clever fellow, and it was hoped he would remain here.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

Fred Rehling, boilermaker at the Wabash shops, is sick.

The Bass boiler shops is receiving a new corrugated iron roof today.

Nickel Plate engine 27 has gone into the Stony Island shops for repairs.

Boilermaker James Murray, of the Wabash, made a business trip to Peru today.

It is alleged that the Chicago Great Western is again paying commissions to ticket agents.

Miss Frederica Shotemeyer, of the Wabash telegraph office, will be the guest of Toledo friends tomorrow.

Mrs. J. D. Beinmeyer, wife of the Pittsburgh blacksmith, went to Chicago this morning to visit her relatives.

Nickel Plate Conductor Menberger has returned from the east, where he spent a month with friends and relatives.

H. P. Jensen, of the Pittsburgh blacksmith shop, went to Plymouth this afternoon to spend Sunday with friends.

W. C. Forbes, recently of the Toledo, St. Louis and Kansas City, has been appointed superintendent of the Gulf and Brazos road.

Night Yard Master Andy Delay, of the Nickel Plate, is off on a week's vacation, which he will spend at Bellevue, his old home.

Capt. W. M. Somers, of the Logansport division of the Pennsylvania police department, was here yesterday in a business way.

Assistant Superintendent Charles Coussar and Machinist Rohan and Charles Groves, of the Bass works, went to Chicago this morning.

Henry Burlage resumed work in the Pittsburgh planing mills this morning, after being absent on account of sickness about a week.

Emil Such, of the Rhineland & Simonson factory, went to Chicago this morning, accompanied by his wife, for a three or four days' visit.

Mrs. W. E. Rowe, wife of the Wabash night yardmaster, has returned home, after a two week's visit with relatives at Bluffton and Warren, Ind.

Mrs. Owen Barry and Miss Helen Barry, wife and daughter of Owen Barry, of the Pittsburgh blacksmith shop, went to Crestline this morning for a short visit.

Charles Stickle, who had been continuously employed as an engineer for fifty-two years, is dead. He ran the first train, in 1849, from Davenport to Iowa City.

The Central Passenger association lines have authorized the granting of a one-fare rate for the round trip for the industrial fair at Toronto, Ont., August 27 to September 8.

Master Mechanic F. F. Smith, of the Chicago division of the Pennsylvania, with headquarters in Logansport, arrived in the city at noon and is D. F. Crawford's guest this afternoon.

J. Guywith, of the Pittsburgh shops, is kept from his work by the illness of one of his children. J. Gans is sick and C. F. M. Bailey has gone out of the city. They also are shopmen.

The special train that carried H. E. Huntington from San Francisco to New York to attend his uncle's funeral covered the distance from New Orleans to Atlanta, 521 miles, in ten hours.

Harry Fowler, switchman at the Nickel Plate yards, left last night for Potosky, Mich. He will visit all the important resorts in that vicinity and return home in about two weeks.

Switchman Peter Stemen, who was injured at the Pittsburgh freight house two weeks ago, has nearly recovered and will be out in a few days. His escape from death is considered miraculous.

Tomorrow afternoon William Hill, weighmaster at the Nickel Plate yards, will go to Chicago to meet and discuss old times with his army comrades. He will remain there the entire week.

J. M. Wells and David Watterson, Nickel Plate conductors, will enjoy a brief sojourn at Niagara Falls and Buffalo. They have been granted a leave of absence from their train duties for that purpose.

Tomorrow Grand Chief Arthur will address the Columbus (O.) branch of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. He is now paying visits to important railway cities, and can be expected in Fort Wayne before long.

Engineer C. E. Merriett, of the Nickel Plate, has obtained a month's leave of absence and with his wife and son will spend the vacation in Southern Ohio and Kentucky, where Mr. and Mrs. Merriett formerly lived.

While Frank Lauer, a car inspector at the Pittsburgh depot, was cutting weeds in the alley at his home yesterday, his little son got in front of him and the sharp blade of the scythe came near severing one of the limbs of the little fellow. A deep and long

gash was cut in the lad's left shin, but it is believed that no permanent injury will result.

Captain H. M. Deihl, of the Pittsburgh machine shop, accompanied his wife to Winona this morning to remain over Sunday.

Engines 153 and 285 have been turned out of the Pittsburgh shops after repairs, and engines 152 and 316 have been taken in for repairs.

Firemen F. H. Rogers, F. M. Jamey and J. M. Brown of the Pittsburgh, are off duty, the two former being sick and the latter on account of the sickness of his wife.

F. A. Wiegand and Gus Gruber, of the Pittsburgh copper shop, go to Indianapolis tonight to visit Mr. Wiegand's brother, who is foreman of a stove foundry in that city.

The Wabash shops turned out three passenger engines yesterday and today. They were 1,569, from the Buffalo division; 658, from the Detroit division, and 421 from the Fifth district.

Misses Sadie and Bertha Leach, daughters of Assistant Boiler Foreman John T. Leach, of the Pittsburgh, will leave Monday for Louisville, Ky., where they will visit relatives a few weeks.

Engineers Frank Wingert and Perry vanAlstine are taking the places on yard engines of Engineers Louis and Charles Sweeney, who are off duty on account of the death of their mother.

A 1,200-light dynamo and all the station equipments to Dunkirk, Ind., and an eighty-light are machine to the Vicksburg Ice company, Vicksburg, Miss., were among the shipments from the electric light works today.

C. F. Fulton has been promoted to be superintendent of the car department of the Vandallia at Terre Haute shops, vice J. W. Robbins, resigned. Oscar Judy, late of this city, is foreman of the blacksmith department of these shops.

On account of the urgent demand at the east car shops for dressed car lumber the Pittsburgh planing mills were kept in operation all day, contrary to the usual custom. All the other departments of the shops closed down at noon.

Engineer Joseph Shelly and Fireman J. T. White are taking a vacation before resuming work in the through freight service on the Pittsburgh. They had been on the Tollison work train, which has been taken off the road for the season.

Ed Morrison, Nickel Plate brakeman, is taking a lay off for the purpose of entertaining some visitors, who arrived at his home a day or two ago. Brakeman F. E. Todd, of the same road, is taking a lay off also for private business.

Indications are that this fall there will be an unusually large movement of live stock for longer distances than usual, and the lines which handle much of this business are purchasing new cars and generally repairing all old cars, the latter to be used in short service.

The Nickel Plate pay car, which was due here at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon, did not arrive until after 5 o'clock. It was back of a local train which had a car off the tracks at Latty, and had to wait until the obstruction was removed. The wreck crew was called out from this city.

Receiver Mallott, of the Vandallia, yesterday let a contract to the American Car and Foundry company for 100 more 80,000 pound coal cars. Including the cars covered by the contract, which are to be delivered within a few weeks, he has purchased and built 981 large modern freight cars.

The Baltimore and Ohio management contemplates changing the color of its passenger coaches, excepting the cars used in the Royal Blue trains. For some time it has been experimenting with different colors. It is said that in a short time the coaches will be painted an olive green.

Dr. F. W. Brown, who for several months has been spending two or three days each week here in assisting Dr. E. F. Wagner with the Relief work, has moved here from Logansport and will devote all his time to relief work on the western division of the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago road.

D. A. Wolford, of the Pittsburgh blacksmith shop, and his wife went to North Manchester, Ind., where they will attend a camp meeting held under the auspices of the National Holiness association. Mr. Wolford had a thumb cut off while at work in the shops a few weeks ago and is still unable to work.

In commenting on the talk that the Toledo, St. Louis and Western will become a sharp competitor of the Wabash, President Ashley says: "They have been competitors of ours before, and I think whatever developments may arise the Wabash will be able to meet them. I have not heard of the Clover Leaf cutting rates of late, though in the past the road was sometimes guilty."

On Wednesday a committee of the engineers of the Toledo, St. Louis and Western called on General Superintendent Franklin and Master Mechanic Trempe and requested an adjustment of the recent schedule. They ask that their runs be so arranged that they can have their idle time at home, and that they be not subjected to overwork as for some months past. The new officials said they would do what was right in the matter as soon

as they understood the situation, and any reasonable request would be granted. Fifty or more engineers will be benefited by the change asked.

HURT IN A COLLISION.

Mrs. Thomas, wife of a farmer residing east of New Haven, was quite painfully injured on Harrison street near Main, shortly after noon today. The lady was driving in a light wagon when the vehicle came in collision with a heavier wagon, throwing her from her seat. In falling upon the pavement several painful gashes were cut in her scalp and her left shoulder was badly bruised. She was assisted into the Miswonger drug store, where Dr. Miswonger dressed the injuries. It is believed the lady will be able to return home this evening. The wagon in which she was riding was badly wrecked, but the lady pluckily hung to the lines and restrained the horse until bystanders rushed to her assistance.

SOLDIERS WRECK A SALOON.

Hastings, Neb., Aug. 25.—There was a fight in Hastings last night which resulted in several broken heads and \$500 or \$600 worth of damage to Tyler's saloon. It was the last night of the encampment of Nebraska National Guard at this place, and a number of soldiers were in town enjoying themselves. A private of company L of the Second regiment was in Tyler's saloon and got into a fight with the bartender. His comrades interfered and a general row followed. Bricks were hurled through the plate glass windows and the furniture and fixtures demolished. The city police were helpless and a company of soldiers was brought in from the camp to restore order. The men escaped in time to avoid arrest and a guard was established to prevent further trouble.

UNDER SERIOUS CHARGE.

Oakland, Cal., Aug. 25.—E. H. Wakeman has been accused of looting the estate of Lady Yarde-Buller, of which he is the trustee. The charges are preferred by W. B. Greenbaum, the titled woman's guardian. On the strength of allegations made in an affidavit filed by Greenbaum, Trustee Wakeman has been cited to appear before Judge Greene to show cause why he should not be prosecuted.

DR. MOELLER CONSECRATED.

Cincinnati, O., Aug. 25.—Right Rev. Henry Moeller was consecrated bishop of Columbus at the Cathedral in this city early today. Archbishop



ABBEYS MEDICAL TALKS

Sleeplessness.

At least eight hours sound, refreshing sleep is necessary in every twenty-four. Do you get it, or is your slumber disturbed by restlessness? Do you lie awake counting the hours until early morning, then to fall asleep and be awakened just as you think your eyes have closed? The body and brain require rest. If the body does not get the repose it needs, the system is weakened, and nervous depression with melancholia follow.

ABBEY'S EFFERVESCENT SALT induces sound, refreshing sleep. It goes right to the cause of the trouble. It removes the pressure of blood from the brain, and sleep is secured. Abbey's is not an opiate or drug, nor does it stupefy. It acts just the other way. Upon awakening you feel refreshed and strong, with clear brain and good appetite and best of all, there is no reaction of any kind.

One-third of your life is spent in bed, gathering strength for the other two-thirds.

Sold by most druggists, or sent by mail.
25c., 50c. and \$1 per bottle.

The Abbey Effervescent Salt Co., 9-15 Murray St., New York.
BOOKLET FREE ON REQUEST.

For sale by—
Meyer Bros. & Co.
An all first-class druggists.

Gocke, A. C.
Pellens & Polster, 94 Calhoun St.

Elder and the bishops of Indianapolis, Atlanta, Grand Rapids, Nashville, Covington and other dioceses, together with about 200 priests, participated in the imposing ceremony. Regrets were sent by Bishops McCloskey, of Louisville; Foley, of Detroit, and Horstman, of Cleveland. The cathedral was crowded with spectators. Very Rev. Louis F. Kearney, provincial of the dominicans at Zanesville, preached the sermon. The music was a notable feature.

34TH NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT G. A. R.
Go to Chicago by P. Ft. W. & C. R. R., who give you your choice of six trains daily, going and coming, from Aug. 25 to Aug. 29 inclusive. Rates low as the lowest. For information address John E. Ross, Ticket Agent. 22-51
Try The Sentinel Want Columns.

Get the old, reliable Hartzell Ice Cream for picnics and socials. 22-6t

ROME CITY SUNDAY TRAINS.
Commencing Sunday, July 1st, two trains will run to Rome City, leaving Fort Wayne at 6:30 a. m. and at 8:30 a. m.

New Railroad to San Francisco

Santa Fe Route, by its San Joaquin Valley Extension.

The only line with track and trains under one management all the way from Chicago to the Golden Gate.

Mountain passes, extinct volcanoes, petrified forests, prehistoric ruins, Indian pueblos, Yosemite, Grand Cannon of Arizona, en route.

Same high-grade service that has made the Santa Fe the favorite route to Southern California.

Fast schedule; Pullman and Tourist sleepers daily; Free reclining chair cars; Harvey meals throughout.

Beginning July 1.

General Passenger Office

The Atchinson, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway

CHICAGO.

--RURODE'S--

SHIRT WAISTS AT REDUCED PRICES.

Stylish waists, all of them, but the season is waning. Price reductions are in order. Freshen up your shirt waist supply. Six weeks of waist weather yet to come, but the chance to buy at these prices may never come again. Natty, crisp shirt waists at 19c, 48c, 75c, 98c and \$1.25, less than half their value.

Wash Goods.

Are all your wash goods needs supplied? There are good-bye prices on all wash goods. You will find some choice pickings marked so low that it will be difficult to resist buying.

Toilet Articles.

All the needful things in toilet preparations that add to your comfort in warm weather, at prices much less than you are in the habit of paying. Perfumery, toilet waters, face powders and lotions, toilet soaps, tooth powders—in fact, a complete line of the toilet articles from the best makers at special price inducements.

The Rurode Dry Goods Co.

The Opportunity of a Life-Time

To Buy First-Class Vehicles at Sacrifice Prices.

(Fully guaranteed as to style, quality and workmanship.) Having to vacate our present salerooms in a short time we are offering

Concord Wagons, Top Buggies, Runabouts, Surreys and Road Wagons,

And in fact every variety of wagon that is popular at the present time at

PRICES LOWER THAN EVER BEFORE QUOTED.

We have to sell and you will make money by seeing us. Dozens of styles to select from.

ROACH & ALBANUS,

31 E. Berry St.

--

62 Clinton St.

CLAIRVOYANT.

MRS. DR. BEATTIE, THE FAMOUS ENGLISH CLAIRVOYANT, PALMIST AND CARD READER, Office and Residence, 63 WEST JEFFERSON STREET.

Call and consult her. Don't stumble on with bad luck and an aching heart when matters can be set right for you. She breaks evil influence, tells sick people what is their real trouble. Never fails on matters of law, lost affection, love, luck, marriage, divorce, lost articles, missing treasures: who is your friend, enemy, lover or rival. Full satisfaction guaranteed. Office hours 10 a. m. to 8 p. m. daily except Sunday. Ladies, 25c; gentlemen, 50c. Phone 1472 Main.

THE CITIZENS TRUST COMPANY. Cor. Berry and Clinton Sts. CAPITAL \$200,000.00.

3 Per Cent. Interest Paid on Deposits of \$100.00.

One Dollar

AND UP. LOANS—Made on farm and City property at low rates.

HERE WE ARE! New (1900) Apricots, 10c lb. Whole Apricots, 5c lb.

15-pound pail Jelly, 35c pail. Fyle's Pearline, 3 for 10c. Best Cloth Pins, 1c dozen. 12½c Pink and Blue Chambray, 9c yard.

EAST LEWIS ST. CASH STORE, S. Ganzer, Prop. Phone 783.

FOR RENT.

The store room recently vacated by Kimball Piano Co., 109 Calhoun street. Kimball hall in connection. Apply 109 Calhoun street or Sentinel office. 5H

FOR SALE.

Owing to my removal to Toledo, I offer for immediate sale my residence and business of the Wilding Coal Co. Inquire at residence, 56 Douglas avenue.

21-5t C. H. NEWTON.

FOR SALE CHEAP.

Four modern houses on South Side, from \$2,500 to \$4,000. Very best location. Every one a bargain. Come and convince yourself. LOUIS F. CURDES. 22-4t

THE NEW WAYNE HOTEL.

ROME CITY, IND.

The New Wayne hotel at Rome City has now better facilities to accommodate the public; being after the assembly and not so rushed. If you come to Rome City on an excursion stop at the Wayne for your meals and rest. If you desire recreation for a day, week or a month, write or call on us for special rates. We have several nice rooms at present. We put up fine lunches for fishing parties. Have ice cream parlor and cigar store in connection. Will secure rowing boats for you if you will let us know in time. For any particulars write to RUDY C. REINERWALD, 23-3t Manager.

MONEY TO LOAN

On Real Estate or Personal Security. C. F. Pfeiffer, Rooms 6-7, Bass Block. 2-ft

The Evening Sentinel.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1900.

OUR TELEPHONES.

Editorial Rooms.....650
Business Office.....173

THE WEATHER.

Chicago, Aug. 25.—Forecast for Indiana—Continued warm and partly cloudy weather tonight and Sunday, with occasional showers and thunderstorms; fresh southerly winds.

LOCAL NEWS.

W. H. Hawley, of Huntington, is at the Wayne.

Mrs. H. M. Lund has gone to Chicago to visit.

Miss Anna Boyles is the guest of Chicago friends.

Mrs. Thomas Baxter is visiting relatives in Chicago.

Miss Anna Langhor is visiting friends in Chicago.

Miss Nettie Rice is the guest of friends in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Van B. Perrine are at Clear Lake for an outing.

Miss Frank Stouder has returned from a visit with her parents in Yellow Springs, O.

Miss Emma Simons, of LaOtto, is visiting friends in the city.

Miss Ida Smith has gone to Chicago to visit friends for a week.

Mrs. W. P. Cooper and son, Brown, are visiting friends in Chicago.

Miss Mabel Kelsey, of Elkhart, has returned home after a visit here.

H. B. Toby, of Thing & Co.'s store, goes to Boston Sunday on business.

A. M. Schmidt, clerk of the board of works, went to Chicago today to visit.

Dr. J. S. McCurdy is again able to resume his dentistry practice after an illness.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Cook went to Chicago today to visit their son, E. C. Cook.

W. P. Denny returned from St. Joe, Mich., today, where he has been on legal business.

Editor B. F. Billter, of the Farmers' Guide, Huntington, transacted business in the city yesterday.

Miss Augusta Sturmer and Miss Matilda Sturmer have returned from a visit with friends in Chicago.

The Misses Agatha and Una Hunter will spend Sunday in Rome City, the guest of Miss Clara DeWald.

Miss Sophia DeWald will go to Detroit tomorrow, where she will be the guest for a week of Miss Faith Orr.

The Misses Clementine and Daisy Knot, of Wilshire, O., who have been visiting in the city, have returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fry and children, of Montpelier, who has been visiting in the city, has returned home.

The Misses Josie and Nellie Cummings and Miss Louise Trautman went to Chicago today to visit friends.

Miss Lizzie Pohlmeier this morning returned to work at the J. L. Severt jewelry store after a week's vacation.

Miss Lottie Bltner was pleasantly surprised by a party of friends last evening in honor of her birthday anniversary.

Rev. White, of Trinity M. E. church, has returned from his vacation trip and will occupy his pulpit as usual tomorrow.

Messrs. August Zagel and Ed Close will go to Chicago on Monday and will remain in the Windy City during encampment week.

Miss Ed Driftmeyer went to Chicago today to spend a few days with friends and attend the G. A. R. national encampment.

The ladies' auxiliary of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen will give an ice cream social on the market square this evening.

Dr. W. V. Ruhl and daughter, Georgia, go to Chicago tomorrow to spend a week with friends and to attend the G. A. R. encampment.

Mrs. Sophia Lee and daughter, Miss Mary Lee, have gone to Chicago to visit friends. They will visit in Milwaukee before returning home.

Miss Helen Bohrbach, of the J. L. Severt jewelry store, will, Monday morning, leave on a ten days' vacation to be spent with out of town friends.

Mrs. J. R. Kretsinger and son, Neddie, left for Kalamazoo, Mich., this morning, for a visit with Mr. and Mrs. C. Kretsinger, formerly of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Wells will leave this evening for North Dakota, where their daughters, the Misses Mabel and Morhea, have been spending their vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Green and children and Mrs. Bower went to Columbia City today for a visit with friends. Mr. Green is connected with Hoffman Bros.' mill.

Battery B has appointed a provost guard to round up members who do not attend the semi-weekly drills without a good excuse. Anyone found on the street who has not a good reason for not being at drill will be arrested and probably be sentenced to the guard house. The date of the social to be given by the battery has been changed from the 12th to the 13th of September, on account of the regular band concert.

Mrs. C. B. Oakley is confined to her home by illness.

Mrs. J. M. White has returned from a visit to Danville, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bott are at Rome City for an outing.

E. F. Lamont, of Patterson, La., is visiting friends in the city.

Mrs. David Myers is visiting her daughter in Columbia City.

Attorney H. I. Smith has returned from a visit in Toronto, Ont.

Oscar Zimmerman, of New York, is visiting his parents for a time.

Miss Odell Bliskey, of Bryan, O., is in the city, the guest of friends.

Mrs. E. P. Dildine, of Toledo, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Grummon.

Miss Joan McLachlan went to South Bend today to remain indefinitely.

Miss Grace Benoy went to Chicago this morning for a few days' visit.

Miss Agnes Ogden, of Pennville, formerly of here, is visiting in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Elwin C. Knight, of Calumet, Ill., are visiting friends here.

Dr. and Mrs. George Bowen and Miss Kate Bowen are visiting in Chicago.

Mrs. and Mrs. Victor Conrad went to Chicago today to visit friends for a week.

Mrs. Lipes Thieme has returned from a visit with her parents in Yellow Springs, O.

Mrs. E. J. Mitten and daughter, Edith, of Chicago, are visiting Mrs. George Crosby.

Thomas Pritchard goes to Chicago Sunday for a visit with his brother, Hugh Pritchard.

Major A. S. Sanford, of Jackson, Mich., is visiting his daughter, Mrs. Glenn W. Mills.

Mrs. Will Noble and Miss Elizabeth Chapin have returned from a visit in eastern cities.

Mrs. Jennie Noble and daughter, Mildred, have returned from an outing at Clear Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Passino have gone to Sheboygan and Indian River, Mich., for an outing.

Mrs. E. M. King and Miss Ida King, of Montgomery street, went to Chicago this morning.

Mrs. I. N. Patterson, of Pittsburg, who has been visiting friends in the city, has returned home.

Miss Cora and Master Clark McAfee have gone to Indianapolis to spend a few days with relatives.

Charles Gumpfer and Mont Beaver left today for a visit to Chicago and Milwaukee. They will be absent a week.

John A. Scott and daughter, Miss Almira Scott, go to Chicago this evening to attend the Ingersoll memorial meeting.

The directors of the Wayne Knitting mills held a meeting this afternoon for the transaction of routine business.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wessel, sr., John Wessel, jr., and Miss Lizzie Graf, will arrive at home tomorrow from a four months' tour of Europe.

Among the arrivals at the New Avicline are Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Wilson, of Kendallville, and Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Vaughn, of Bluffton.

Among the guests at the Randall are J. A. Morrell, of Lagrange; A. E. Lyman, of Muncie; J. C. Wood, of Portland, and W. B. Welton, of Montpelier.

Mrs. J. W. Hayden leaves tomorrow for Indianapolis, and will go from thence to Crawfordsville to attend a reunion of the old settlers of Montgomery county, her former home.

The Misses Georgiana Holman and Ray Miller, of Rochester, Ind., daughter and niece of Hon. George W. Holman, former United States national bank examiner, are in the city, the guests of the Misses Myra and Louise Pellens.

Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Smyser are entertaining Mrs. C. F. Pangborn and baby Eva, of Mechanicsburg, O.

Mrs. Adam Schlager and Mrs. Eugene Jamieson have gone to Chicago and other cities in the west to visit.

They were accompanied by T. A. Jamieson, who has been spending several weeks here.

Little Miss Myrtle Lerch, of 355 East Wayne street, celebrated her fifth birthday anniversary yesterday afternoon in a manner most pleasant to herself and the twelve or fifteen little guests. As a souvenir of the occasion each guest was presented with a paper hat and card, while numerous pieces of china-ware and other tokens will ever remind the hostess of the day. Mrs. Lerch served supper to the little ones at 5 o'clock and shortly afterwards they departed for their homes.

Look at your piano strings and see if they are all rusty. If so, we can cure them at 92 West Jefferson street. 22-23-25

PIANO HOSPITAL.

"THE CREAM"

All users of Globe Mills Cream Flour returning their sacks in good condition to the mill, corner of Barr and Columbia streets, will receive Green Trading Stamps in exchange. For twenty-five 25-pound sacks, \$10.00 in stamps. For twelve 50-pound sacks, \$10.00 in stamps. 23-cod-4t

COLTS! COLTS!

Auction—I will sell at public auction Monday, August 27th, 1900, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the corner of Columbia street and Nickel Plate railroad, the old Trucking Co.'s barn, 75 head of weanling colts. The sires of these colts are the best imported Norman Clyde Percheron coach and driving horses that can be bought.

NOT BRANDED.

Also 25 head of good driving and work horses.

Terms of Sale—All sums of \$10 or less, cash. Over \$10, a credit of six months, with 6 per cent. Five per cent. discount for cash per annum. Do not fail to see this lot of colts.

H. T. STAPLEFORD, Auctioneer.

NOTICE.

All members of Concordia Lodge, No. 228, I. O. O. F., are requested to meet at the hall of the order to make arrangements for the funeral of our deceased brother, C. H. Meyer, at 8 p. m.

J. T. GUMPPER, N. G.

H. HABIG, Rec. Sec.

A CARD FROM COVERDALE.

I desire to say in reply to an article that appeared in the Journal Gazette of this morning that I have a license to sell oleomargarine and have had such license for more than three years and I have always instructed my clerks to properly stamp every package as required by law and if any package of oleomargarine has ever gone out of the store of Coverdale & Archer unstamped it was without my knowledge or permission. I can cite to more than one hundred customers who have purchased oleomargarine who will say that it has always been stamped as such. A number of merchants in the city deal in oleomargarine and have license to do so.

A. S. COVERDALE.

Go to the Yeomen ice cream social and band concert Tuesday evening, at Swinney park. 25-2t

COMRADES.

As the Thirtieth Indiana Veteran association will meet General Lawton post, No. 590, and unite with them in the parade of Tuesday, August 28th, in Chicago, other comrades in this vicinity whose posts are not present, are invited to join us at the Haven school, corner Washburn avenue and Fifteenth street, at 9 a. m., on above date, and march with the first flag carried by Lawton's old regiment.

THEO BLEY, Commander.

M. R. JOHNSON, Adjutant.

For rates and time of trains see ticket agent Pennsylvania company. 25-3t

ATTENTION, COMRADES!

All members of Bass post and other G. A. R. men and all old soldiers wishing to go to Chicago Sunday will meet at the hall, in the Elektron building, at 12 o'clock noon, sharp. Train leaves Nickel Plate depot at 12:30 p. m.

A. W. PIERCE, Post Commander.

J. A. SOLIDAY, Adj.

DETROIT. Never before have such inducements been offered to visit Detroit, making the round trip in a single day. Tickets, \$1.60 next Sunday via Wabash R. R. and White Star Line Steamers. Train leaves at 5:50 a. m. 2ft

Notice to the members of Henry W. Lawton camp, Spanish-American War Veterans. All members are requested to call at W. W. Barnett's office and secure tickets for the ice cream social to be given at Swinney park August 30, 1900.

FRANK A. BROWNE, Chairman.

ATTENTION EVERYBODY.

You are cordially invited to attend the ice cream social given by Henry W. Lawton Camp, Spanish-American War Veterans, at Swinney park, August 30, 1900. For tickets and information call on W. W. Barnett or FRANK A. BROWNE, Chairman.

Call on Madame Wing, the only reliable clairvoyant and mind reader in the world. All correspondence promptly attended to. Office and residence, 28 Chicago street. Prices, 50c. 13-1t

PATENTS.

Send rough sketch of your invention for free opinion and advice. Write for free book on patents. We procure patents and sell them. American Patent and Investment Co., Detroit, Mich. John B. Mowling, local representative, Odd Fellows Block, Fort Wayne, Ind., 11-cod-1t

Subscribe for The Sentinel.

TO THE PUBLIC.

To those afflicted with kidney, liver, dyspepsia, or any stomach trouble, I will make you this proposition: Buy one case of Cayuga Mineral Water and after drinking one-half case, if you do not receive any benefit, I will take the same away and refund the money. This is one of the greatest tonics and appetizers on the market. For sale by FRANK P. MENSCH, 23 W. Columbia St.

HONORED ABROAD.

Words of Praise for a Fort Wayne Reader and Authoress.

"EVA MAUDE WEINGARDNER."

(Martha's Vineyard Herald, Cottage City, Mass.)

"Our pleasure-loving community regret exceedingly that unavoidable circumstances prevented Miss Eva Maude Weingardner, of Fort Wayne, Ind., from taking her expected part in the Shakespearean readings at the Methodist church. Miss Weingardner has won her way rapidly with eastern audiences. Her commanding stage presence, mobile voice so skillfully trained, with perfect articulation, makes it a continual feast of pleasure to listen to her as she develops the strong points of her recitals and approaches the climax. It is as the author of 'Was it Fault or Destiny?' a tragedy, that she produces the most dramatic effects in the soul-thrilling story of priest and penitent. She has been spending some time at this summer resort and attended the Emerson School of Oratory, and left yesterday for New York to fill engagements."

(Boston Herald, Aug. 5th.)

"The colony of artists who make the Vineyard their summer home has received a gifted addition this year in Miss Eva Maude Weingardner, reader and authoress, of Fort Wayne, Ind."

A FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

FORT WAYNE, Ind., Aug. 25, 1900.

Mr. Editor:

Certain malicious, untruth-telling, falsifying persons have publicly reported that Miss E. Maude Post No. 40, G. A. R., was financially insolvent and that her officers were making false financial statements.

We, the undersigned officers of said post, desire to make public the following true financial statement thereof, at the close of the meeting held on August 24, 1900:

Assets invested in stock of Tri-State Bldg. & Loan

A. L. R. \$ 300 00

Cash in hands of quarter-

master 103 13

Invested in post furniture

and fixtures 800 00

Total \$1,203 13

Debit amount of bills

drawn and not yet pre-

sented \$ 50 79

Balance \$1,152 34

Debit amount in hand in

property \$ 500 00

Net cash on hand \$ 352 34

No outstanding indebtedness; all

bills contracted for up to date, hav-

ing been paid by the orders, hereto-

fore stated as drawn and not pre-

sented.

A. W. PIERCE, P. C.

JASPER EDWARDS, Q. M.

JAMES E. GRAHAM, Q. M. S.

L. P. HUNTON,

THEODORE GELLER,

W. H. JACKSON,

Trustees.

Subscribed and sworn to before me

this 25th day of August, A. D., 1900.

J. A. SOLIDAY,

Notary Public.

Miss Lucy Tourgee has gone to Chi-

cago to visit friends.

START FOR JASPER.

Quite a large delegation of Fort Wayne members of the Catholic Knights of America will leave tomorrow for Jasper to attend the state convention of that order, which convenes on Tuesday. Among the delegates are F. X. Schuler, Joseph Bomary, Joe Freiburger, John Welsh, Louis Freiburger, T. E. Bresnahan, I. Freiburger, Patrick Ryan

"OLDEST SUBSCRIBER."

FOR MORE THAN SIXTY YEARS JOHN C. DECKER HAS
BEEN A CONSTANT READER OF "THE SENTINEL."

To have been a continuous subscriber of one newspaper for a period of more than sixty years is a distinction that falls to the lot of but few men. Yet that honor can truthfully be claimed by John C. Decker, who has been a reader of The Sentinel since 1839 without an intermission. And Mr. Decker says with a feeling of pride that he has always paid his subscription in advance, and is in advance at this time.

Mr. Decker is one of the pioneer farmers of Allen county, and after a long life rich in the activities of sturdy citizenship is now living with his wife and a son in quiet retirement at 206 High street. A reporter for The Sentinel called at the Decker home a few days ago and enjoyed a brief visit with these kindly pioneers, whose faces may show the traces of time and of toil, but whose hearts are as sunny and as cheery as when they pledged devotion in the wedding vows more than fifty years ago.

A PIONEER INDEED.
Mr. Decker is a pioneer indeed, for he has seen eighty-three years come and go, and sixty-three of them have

Martin VanBuren was president; the Mexican and civil wars were far in the future, and few would have dared to prophesy the progress and development succeeding years have wrought. "Some of those pioneer times were hard ones," said Mr. Decker, "but we enjoyed them," and his aged face lighted up with a gleam of retrospective pleasure as he spoke. His reminiscences of dealings with the Indians are particularly interesting, and through all the years no difficulty marred his dealings with the noble red man. The government had purchased their lands and made its payments to the Indians in this city each fall.

A PIONEER MARRIAGE.
Mr. Decker was united in marriage March 13, 1845, to Margaret Fulk, daughter of Frederick Fulk, another well known pioneer, who came to Allen county from Tuscarawas county, Ohio, shortly after Mr. Decker's arrival in Indiana. Through the sunshine and the shadow of more than half a century this faithful couple have borne the brunt of life's battle together, and together they are

ing. They will not, in consequence, be heavily hit by the duke's sudden death, even though the sum is one of considerable magnitude, for most of the firms had secured themselves with guarantee societies.

Royalties have ever been extensive insurers. Many of them while they enjoy practically unlimited incomes during their lives, are unable to bequeath anything except to their eldest sons. Insurance gives them the opportunity of making some provision for their younger sons and daughters.

King Humbert of Italy was no exception to this rule among the royal houses, and his tragic death will make a heavy call upon some of the insurance societies, who will pay out considerable sums to Queen Margherita. London underwriters are appreciably affected by his death.

Our own sovereign has been a small gold mine to the insurance companies, owing to her majesty's long life. Not only did the queen insure her own life, but hundreds of leases in the city expire with the queen, and the holders, in consequence, have all insured her majesty's life. The prince of Wales is similarly insured for large sums, but there are not many large policies on Kaiser Wilhelm.—London Daily Mail.

GREAT MEN SMOKE PIPES

[Chicago Tribune.]
There is a man in Chicago who justifies himself in smoking a pipe by declaring that great men never smoke anything else. He says the Emperor William used to smoke cigars, and that to the fact that he abandoned them for the pipe during the last few months is due his recent steadiness and statesmanlike restraint. The pipe the emperor smokes is much like that affected by all Germans. It has a China bowl and holds two ounces of tobacco. Its covering is of gold, and differs from that of his countrymen chiefly in that its long stem is decorated with gold and silver. The pipe that Bismarck smoked was more than twice as large as that of the young Kaiser.

The czar's pipe is a plain briar of the bulldog kind. Two kinds of tobacco are liked equally well by him, cut plug and the Turkish.

The Duke of York smokes the same kind of pipe and uses bird's-eye, but his father, the Prince of Wales, has not smoked a pipe for ten years.

No one has a handsomer pipe than the shah of Persia, who, however much he may fancy other Yankee notions, does not care for the corn-cob that is used in Missouri. The shah's pipe cost \$400,000 and is well decorated with diamonds and emeralds. The mouth-piece and upper joints of the stem are of pure gold. The pipe is a hookah.

Until recently the sultan smoked a hookah, not as handsome as the shah's, but it cost several thousand dollars. During the last few months, however, he has shown a fondness for cigarettes.

President Loubet, of France, is the only chief magistrate that country has had who has smoked a pipe. Felix Faure, his predecessor, puffed cigarettes.

President Kruger usually has a pipe in his mouth. His favorite one was of the German kind, with a big China bowl. It was given him about twenty-four years ago by one of his visitors. The story is told in South Africa that this pipe has been inseparably connected with his affairs. When the independence of the Transvaal was returned in 1881 the stem broke. Just before the Jameson raid a bit was chipped off the China bowl. When Edgar was killed, which led to the recrudescence of the uitlander depredations and culminated in the present war, the pipe fell to the ground and was smashed to fragments. Then Kruger had a pipe sent him from Berlin, like the old one.

DUE TO THE TROLLEY

The first census returns which have come in show that the most rapid growth of the last 10 years has been in the border land about the big cities—just outside the heart of the town, but not far enough to be in the country. The trolley car is probably responsible for this development. It has made possible the thick peopling of land which was formerly too far out for the homes of persons whose daily work was in the city. Anything that reduces the pressure upon land in the great cities is to be welcomed, for fresh air and sunlight are the prime necessities of life.—Youth's Companion.

An English expert declares that he knows of at least 600 counterfeiters of the old masters which are now hanging in the private galleries of the United States, and all of which were originally purchased in Europe at very high prices.

THE TRIADS OF CHINA.

A Terrible Secret Society, is an Ally of Boxers and the Terror of the Country.

The boxers of China have a valuable ally in the Triad secret society, the oldest and most infamous of the many Chinese organizations of a similar character. Its origin is so remote that the society's book of rites contains the statement that it has existed "since the foundation of the earth." The real name of the league is "Tien-Ti Hwey, or Hung league; the name "Triad" comes from "Sam-Hop Hwey," the popular title given to the organization. The society's teachings are exalted to such a degree that many of them seem to come bodily out of the sermon on the mount. Unfortunately, however, their practice is different from their teachings. A more disreputable organization was never created to become a thorn in the flesh of all workers in the cause of law and order.

About 250 years ago the Ming dynasty was overthrown by the Tartars. Shortly after this event the Triads reorganized to oppose the Manchu conquerors. Since that time the league has enjoyed a reputation for lawlessness unparalleled even in the history of China. Its members spread over the whole of the far east. Manila knew her, to her sorrow. The Dutch colonies suffered from their depredations.

EXPULSION FROM MANILA.
At length, when the residents of Manila had endured long enough the outrages of the society (which had made necessary many times the calling out of the garrison), members of the Triad league were by law forbidden to come into the colony. The Dutch followed the example of the Spanish without loss of time. Thus driven out from their former happy hunting grounds, the Triads looked for fresh fields, and found them, as they supposed, in Sarawak.

They descended 4,000 strong on the Malays, burned their houses, seized their ships and were about to embark on what promised to be a career of bloody piracy when Rajah Brooke appeared with a force of Dyaks and defeated them. Singapore has suffered as severely as any colony from the outrages of this society, and more than once the Triads have taken possession of the city. They were officially suppressed in 1878, but practically existed until a much later time. In Hong-Kong they were from the foundation of the colony forbidden to enter, but they have from time to time crept in, and have required the full force of the law before they could be restrained.

DUE TO TRIADS.

There is practically no doubt that the Tai-Ping rebellion was due to the Triads. About the time of the instigation of the rebellion the Triads had so openly opposed the government that armed resistance was the only course open to them. They were then as lawless a band as at any period of their history, but the leader of the revolt, Hung Sau-Tsun, obtained some knowledge of Christianity and endeavored to purify the society and to urge the establishment of a dynasty which should rule according to the high principles of Jesus and Confucius.

"King of the heavenly kingdom of universal peace" was the title he gave himself. To his standard flocked enthusiasts and malcontents of all classes; to prevent desertion these were branded on the cheeks with the words "Tai-Ping." But the good resolutions of the leader came to naught, as history tells. The morals of his followers and the ill success of his armies disheartened him. He became crazed and the coming of General Gordon to command the Chinese army completed the overthrow of the rebellion.

GOVERNED BY FIVE MASTERS.

The society is governed by five grand masters, equal to one another in power. The lodges are ruled by subordinate masters, whose power is absolute. Members are required to take an oath of implicit obedience; they also promise to support one another, even against the law. Members are known to fellow members by an elaborate system of signs. These are so many and express such different meanings that communication between the members of the society is easily carried on and impossible of detection by an outsider.

During the worst riots houses were mysteriously protected by signs that the ordinary mortal could not discover, and information of the society's doings simply flew from one end of China to the other. In fact, it is impossible to exaggerate the extent and mystery of the Triads' power.

QUEENS ARE CUT OFF.

It is said on good authority that a

sists in the cutting off of the queue. It must be borne in mind that the queue is the badge of submission to the Manchu conqueror, hence the darning of the act and its deep significance.

The deed is, in fact, so rash that it is often omitted, and when the ceremony is carried out the new member wears a false queue or in other ways disguises the fact that the outward and visible sign of his loyalty is no more.

The perfect organization of the society, its well known hostility to law and order and its past career of crime make the announcement that it has joined forces with the boxers one of the most serious items of information that comes from troubled China.

TREES PROTECT RIVER BANKS.

The planting of trees along the banks of streams to prevent erosion has been undertaken in a number of instances. Thus, in Arkansas, one man has planted red birch, native willows and soft maple for two miles along a stream to prevent the washing of the banks. The plants were seedlings about two years old and were taken from the woods. Similar work has been done near Mahwah, N. J., on the estate of Theodore Havemeyer.—Washington Star.

TO HEAR WELL WHEN 90

Do you want to be able to hear well, even if you live to be ninety or a hundred? Then keep the outside ear clean and let the inside alone. Nature has furnished a cleaning apparatus for the ear passages. Don't tamper with them. The entrance to the auditory canal is guarded by fine hairs that keep out dirt and insects. In the lining membrane of the canal is an oily, yellow wax that is bitter to the taste. On account of this bitter wax no insect will enter the canal. It is only by accident that an insect ever gets in the ear. The quickest way to get rid of it is to drop in a little sweet oil. This will either drown it or frighten it out.

The wax in the ear is absolutely necessary to keep it in a healthy condition. Never try to get it out. Always remember that nature will not let the inner ear become dirty. Never insert the end of a wet towel or cloth into the ear to try to wash out the wax. Washing the auditory canal with soap and water is also injurious, as in this way the wax is moistened and more easily collects dust and dirt. It is dangerous—and if persisted in surely produces deafness—to scratch the ear canal with pins, toothpicks or hairpins.

Never put cold water or any other cold liquid in the ear. When going in swimming insert cotton, or what is still better, a little wool, in the ear. When out in a cold wind or snowstorm it is best to protect the ears. Avoid blowing the nose violently in case of cold. This sometimes causes the inflammation to spread into the Eustachian tube and causes deafness.

Children's ears should never be boxed. A blow on the ear often drives the air with such force against the drumhead that it is ruptured by the shock.

A LOSING EXPOSITION.

Expositions are costly playthings. The Paris Exposition attendance thus far has not exceeded an average of 150,000 a day. It has been estimated that to make it a financial success would require a total attendance of 80,000,000 paid visitors, or an average of over 300,000 a day, nearly double the attendance at the Exposition of 1889, when the admissions numbered 32,354,111. The showing thus far indicates a large deficit at the close, and the closing of 32 enterprises of the Midway kind already is a straw showing which way the wind blows.—Chicago Tribune.

WARSHIPS CONDEMNED.

The third-class cruisers Satellite and Rapid and the sloops Wild Swan, Pelican and Gannet have been condemned as unfit for further service, and are ordered to be struck off the effective list of the Royal Navy. The Wild Swan and Pelican were built in 1877, the Gannet in 1876, the Satellite in 1888 and the Rapid in 1884, and all have served several commissions on foreign stations.—London Daily Mail.

WORDS THAT KILLED.

BLUNDERS OF TONGUES AND PEN THAT HAVE LAID LOW CANDIDATES FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

(St. Louis Globe-Democrat.)

It is said that both William J. Bryan and Theodore Roosevelt are going to be particularly active on the stump this year. Both are to begin early and to continue late. It may be said, in fact, that both have begun already with their speech-making, though each is expected to be far busier in the closing four or five weeks of the campaign than they have been thus far. It is not expected that Bryan will equal his record of speech-making in 1896, in which canvass he addressed over 600 audiences. No other presidential candidate ever spoke so often in a campaign or visited so many states. He far exceeded the record of Douglas, Greeley and Blaine in this respect, although each of these candidates took a very active part in the canvass in which he participated. In the earlier days of the government presidential candidates deemed it beneath the dignity of the office to which they aspired to go upon the stump and appeal for the votes of their fellow-citizens. William Henry Harrison made a few speeches in 1840, though neither he nor any other candidate previous to 1860 ever made a speech-making tour of the country. Even Clay, who was the most effective political orator of his time and who did a good deal of traveling throughout the country and conferring with leaders of his party, never formally took the stump in any of the canvasses in which he was a candidate.

Clay's electioneering activity took a different direction, however. He wrote almost as many letters as Jefferson, but, unlike the case of Jefferson, all of them which were calculated to damage him were published at inopportune times. Some of his letters written in the campaign of 1844 were probably responsible for his defeat in that year. Two letters written by him to Stephen F. Miller, a whig, in Tuscaloosa, Ala., created a great excitement all over the country. "Personally, I could have no objection to the annexation of Texas," said Clay in the first of these letters, "but I should certainly be unwilling to see the existing Union dissolved or seriously jeopardized for the sake of acquiring Texas." Texas' annexation was the burning issue of the canvass of 1844. Polk, the democratic candidate, was an avowed and pronounced annexationist. Van Buren's opposition to annexation defeated him for the nomination in the democratic convention of 1844, and the candidacy, after a long contest, went to Polk. The democratic party as a whole favored annexation, the southern end being ardent champions of that idea. So were most of the southern whigs. The whigs of the north were against it, partly because they thought it would bring a war with Mexico, but chiefly because they knew it would add largely to the slavery area of the country. Clay was rather more favorable to the northern whig view than he was to that of his own section, though he tried to placate the southern whigs and said very little about the question to the northern element of his party. Miller, the Tuscaloosa whig, was not quite satisfied with Clay's answer to his request for his candidate's views, and Clay wrote him another letter. "I have no hesitation in saying that, far from having any personal objection to the annexation of Texas, I should be glad to see it, without dishonor, without war, with the common consent of the Union, and upon just and fair terms. I do not think that the subject of slavery ought to affect the question, one way or the other."

This settled the question of Clay's chances for election. These letters were made public, contrary to their writer's expectation, and they were published throughout the north by the anti-slavery press. Joshua K. Giddings and Cassius M. Clay, Henry Clay's cousin, were booked to address a whig meeting in Cleveland on the day that printed copies of these letters were placed in their hands, and they instantly saw that the concessions made therein would be fatal to their candidate in the north. The surrenders which Clay made to the slavery interest enraged the more radical portion of the whigs, and sent enough of them over to the liberal party, which had abolition for its creed, and which had James G. Birney for a standard bearer to give the state of New York, which was decisive that year, as several times before and often since, to Polk, and with it the presidency. Birney, who was also the candidate

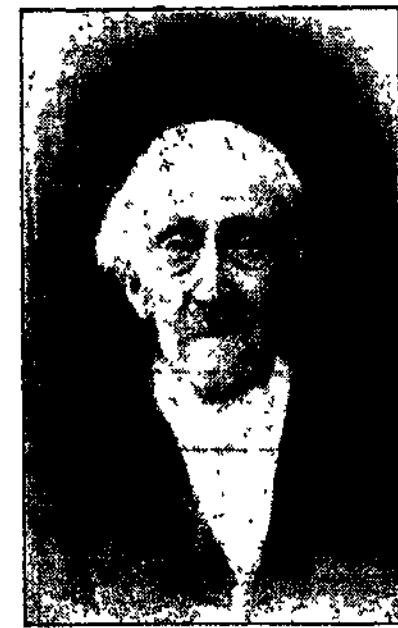
of his party in 1840, received only 7,000 votes in the country as a whole in that year, but he got 68,000 in 1844, and 16,000 of these were in New York. This defection from Clay—for most of them would probably have voted the whig ticket if Clay had been silent on the slavery issue—enabled Polk to secure a lead of 5,000 votes in New York, and to gain the presidency.

The next candidate of Clay's party, Zachary Taylor, was taken in hand by Thurlow Weed, John J. Crittenden and the rest of the whig party managers immediately after his nomination in 1848. He was allowed to neither talk nor write except under the direction of his managers, and he was comparatively silent throughout the canvass. One Louisiana whig slaveholder, who was afraid that Taylor, if elected, would fall under the influence of the abolitionists, addressed Taylor in something like this language: "I am the owner of 100 slaves, and wish to know whether my property will be endangered by your election." Taylor immediately responded thus: "My dear sir, I am the owner of 300 slaves." That answer may be presumed to have at once removed all the Louisiana slaveholder's misgivings, and he probably cast his ballot for "Old Rough and Ready."

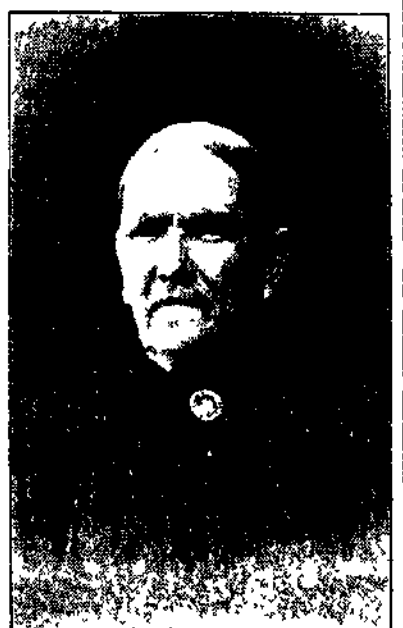
That other Mexican war hero, Scott, the whig candidate of 1852, the last canvass in which that party appeared as a great organization, was not so intelligently coached as Taylor had been, and said many things in the few speeches which he made that covered him with ridicule. In attempting to gain the favor of the foreign vote, which, in those days, was almost wholly given to the democratic party, Scott made some silly remarks. Nothing delighted him, he said, so much as to listen to the "rich old Irish brogue," while the "musical German accent" threw him into raptures. This blarney was caught up by the democratic press and stump orators, and set the country laughing at the whig candidate. And thus the "conqueror of Santa Anna" was overwhelmingly defeated by one of his subordinates, Pierce, who won no military glory whatever in the war.

The character of Douglas' speeches in the campaign of 1860 would have seriously injured his chances for election if he had any changes. Douglas was as positive and aggressive as Roosevelt is. Anything which looked like an attempt to intimidate or coerce him he would resent with promptness and vigor. He would not take a "stump" from anybody on anything. Buchanan, at the beginning of his administration, in 1857, when he heard that Douglas was going to oppose the administration's Kansas pro-slavery policy, had a stormy interview with Douglas, in which Buchanan threatened him with the fate of Tallmadge and Bives, who were read out of the democracy for opposing the policy of the Jackson regime. Douglas flamed out in indignation at this threat of coercion, and exclaimed, "Mr. President, I want you to understand that General Jackson is dead." As a consequence of Douglas' fierce fight on the administration's plan to force slavery on Kansas, Douglas' friends in federal appointive posts were turned out by Buchanan, and in the contest with Lincoln in 1858 for United States senator, in which Douglas was re-elected after a struggle which was memorable for the vigor with which it was conducted on both sides, Douglas said, "I am fighting two sorts of enemies in this canvass, the black republicans and the democratic administration in Washington."

It was inevitable that a man with a disposition of such combativeness and audacity as Douglas would say many things on the stump which could be used against him with effect by his political enemies. Douglas made a tour of a large part of the country in the canvass of 1860, in which he was the candidate of the northern branch of the democracy; Breckinridge was the nominee of the southern end of that party, John Bell was the head of the ticket of the constitutional unionist negotiators, and Lincoln was the republican standard bearer. While he was speaking in Norfolk in September of that year, the head of the Breckinridge electoral ticket for Virginia put this question to him: "Lincoln is elected president, will southern states be satisfied with the result?" Douglas was



JOHN C. DECKER.



MRS. JOHN C. DECKER.

been passed within the borders of Allen county. He was born in Center county, Pa., March 10, 1817, and came to Allen county from Canton, O., arriving here April 16, 1837. With him were his father, a brother, Henry, and two young sisters, Catherine and Lydia. All are now dead, and the father and brother sleep side by side in the Bullard cemetery. The younger sister was the wife of Octavius Phelps, who is yet living in Whitley county.

Previous to leaving Ohio Mr. Decker had entered 160 acres of timbered land lying in Abotie township, his government deeds bearing the signature of Andrew Jackson as president. The trip to Indiana was made in a covered wagon, overlaid through rough country, where there were practically no roads, and five long, weary weeks were occupied in the trip from Stark county. Arriving in the early spring the Decker family was domiciled the first night at the home of John Ditto. The land entered by Mr. Decker was 160 acres very near the geographical center of Abotie township, and here he resided for fifty-eight years, until in 1894 he removed to Fort Wayne.

The first duty of the pioneer settlers was to cut away the saplings to make a place for their log cabin, about 13 feet square, which was the residence of the family for many years. Wild game was plentiful, deer came close to the cabin to browse and at night the howling of wolves was slumber's accompaniment. Of the population, the vast majority were Indians, and the business interests of Fort Wayne were confined within the limits of what is now, as it was then, Columbus street.

EARLY BUSINESS MEN.

Mr. Decker's recollection of the pioneer business men of Fort Wayne is vivid, and he refers in intimate terms to Allen Hamilton, Samuel Hanna, James Barrett, Francis Compere and others who were prominent in the pioneer history of Fort Wayne. The crop yield in those days was heavy, and Mr. Decker is of the opinion that the cereals grew with less work than now. He sold wheat in the Fort Wayne market for 25 cents per bushel in trade, oats and corn for about 10 cents per bushel, butter for 4 cents per pound and eggs for 2 cents per dozen. Money was a scarce article, and the farmer was content with "trade." After the construction of the canal, however, there was an improvement in this direction, and prices were materially raised.

Looking backward in imagination the picture is apt to startle one, even to a long period of

watching the approach of the eternal sunset.

Six children were born to them, and five are yet living. Henry, the oldest son, was a soldier in the civil war, and died some years ago in Michigan. Alfred, another son, resides in Chicago. Oliver resides with his parents, and is a shoemaker on Harrison street. Of the daughters, Mrs. Rachel Gouty resides at Oakland street and Archer avenue; Mrs. Annie J. Huffman is the wife of a farmer near Boone, and Mrs. Malinda Gouty, who married a brother of her sister's husband, lives at Springfield, Ill.

Both the aged people still enjoy life to an unusual degree, though both are somewhat afflicted with rheumatism. Mr. Decker retains the warmest interest in public affairs. "I began buying an occasional copy of The Sentinel in 1837," said Mr. Decker, "for I wanted the news of the political campaign of Van Buren and Harrison. I paid eight and ten cents a copy for the paper in those days. Then in 1839 I subscribed and my name has never been off the list since that date. I still think it is the best paper published, and I watch for it as anxiously as I did fifty years ago. I have always been a democrat, and have never missed voting at a presidential election since I became of age, with one exception. That was in 1864, when General McClellan was the democratic nominee, and I was prevented from voting then because I was confined to my bed with typhoid fever."

Mr. Decker very kindly granted a sitting for The Sentinel's photographer, and the portrait appearing herewith is from that photograph. The first he has had taken since he was thirty-six years of age. After the struggles, the toils and the trials of a pioneer life, lightened and brightened by the joys that only pioneers knew, this most kindly and estimable couple are enjoying the ease and quietude of the closing years, waiting for the summons that will beckon them to an eternal rest.

PROTECTED BY INSURANCE.

The late duke of Edinburgh's life was insured for \$300,000, and that huge sum will have to come out of the coffers of the insurance societies. Scarcely a single English insurance company was without some interest in Prince Alfred's life, but the critical state of his royal highness' health during the past four years—given the companies ample war—has given the day of reckoning.

Words that Killed.

(Continued from Page Nine.)

this question my answer is emphatically no," said Douglas. "The election of a man to the presidency by the American people, in conformity with the constitution of the United States, would not justify any attempt at dissolving this glorious confederacy."

But the Breckinridge man did not have enough yet. "If the southern states secede from the union on Lincoln's inauguration, before he commits an overt act against their constitutional rights, will you advise or support resistance to their secession?" was asked. Douglas' response came as promptly as before: "I answer emphatically that it is the duty of the president of the United States, and all others in authority under him, to enforce the laws of the United States as passed by congress and as the supreme court expounds them. And I, as in duty bound by my oath and fidelity to the constitution, would do all in my power to aid the government of the United States in maintaining the supremacy of the laws against all resistance to them, come from what quarter it might. In other words, I think the president of the United States, whoever he may be, should treat all attempts to break up the union by resistance to its laws just as Old Hickory treated the South Carolina nullifiers of 1832."

It is easy to see that after such pointed and aggressive talk as this Douglas would get no secessionist votes. No voters in the whole career of the United States were ever in such humor wooed before or since by any presidential candidate. Douglas' speeches, or that part of them which condemned secession, were published all over the country. He denounced disunion and defied the disunionists with greater vigor than did any of the republican stump speakers in the campaign of 1860. As a consequence, his vote was insignificant in all of the slave states except Missouri, which he carried by a small plurality over Bell. In every other state this candidate of a minor party was far ahead of Douglas, while Breckinridge, of course, in all of them, except Missouri, had a long lead over him. Douglas' promises were transmuted into deeds when the time for action came.

After Douglas no other presidential candidate went on the stump or took an active interest in his own canvass until Greeley. During the canvass of 1872 Greeley, the candidate of the liberal republican and democratic coalition, made a tour through New England, New York and several of the western states, and made a series of short speeches which were models of conciseness, vigor and point. No speeches heard during any canvass since Douglas was traversing the country a dozen years earlier at all approached Greeley's talks in concentration and general effectiveness. For a time, too, it seemed that Greeley was going to carry the country. The tide began to turn, though, just about the time that North Carolina, then one of the early states, voted. When the elections took place in the October states the current was seen to be against him. Greeley's speech-making was kept up until the closing weeks of his canvass, and attracted vast crowds wherever he went, but long before the campaign ended republican success was seen to be certain. Not only were Greeley's speeches brilliant, but they were discreet. Thus they united qualities not often seen in combination in a political canvasser.

Very little talking was done by any presidential candidate after Greeley until Blaine appeared. Neither Hayes nor Tilden took the stump in 1876, nor did Garfield, though an effective orator, take any such active part in his canvass in 1880 as was taken by Douglas and Greeley in theirs. Hancock did a little talking in an interview, but this was almost as unfortunate as Scott's palaver was in 1852. Hancock said the tariff was a "local issue," and this excited so much ridicule that he was denounced for his ignorance of this elemental issue in American politics, although the tariff had not been discussed with any great amount of vigor in any campaign preceding that of 1880 since the republican party was founded. There was very little tariff discussion in 1856 and 1860, although there was a tariff plank in the republican platform of the latter year. A tariff expression reappeared in the republican platform of 1872, and the subject has been discussed in every canvass since that time. In 1880, though, the question assumed an interest never accorded to it before in any presidential campaign in republican days, and Hancock's expression undoubtedly cost him votes.

A thoughtless remark in the campaign of 1884 probably was one of the causes of Blaine's defeat, though the candidate himself was not its author. Blaine made many speeches and most of them were brilliant and effective. He made a tour of several of the Western states, and in the

west he was especially popular. No other candidate since Clay aroused the affection of his supporters to anything like the extent which Blaine did. His success seemed decidedly probable until a few days before the election, when an incident occurred which suddenly oppressed the Republicans and encouraged the Democrats. This was at a "ministers' meeting" in New York, held in Blaine's interest, when Samuel D. Burchard, a preacher of that city, in a speech stigmatized the Democracy as the party of "rum, Romanism and rebellion." These unfortunate words undoubtedly offended many who supported or would have otherwise supported Blaine. The candidate himself disavowed and denounced the sentiment shortly after it was uttered, but the disclaimer probably had little effect. The Democratic campaign managers intimated that the phrase was indorsed by Blaine, and that it represented the sentiment of the leaders of his party. A change of 600 votes from Cleveland's side to Blaine's in the state of New York in that canvass would have given Blaine that state's electoral vote and the election. There is a decided probability that Burchard's silly remark cost Blaine at least that many votes.

Now every presidential candidate who talks or writes much can do this with safety. In these days, when the press on each side is vigilant, and when there is an incentive on each side to distort the words of the opposing candidate, there is peril in the exercise of fluency on the part of candidates with tongue or pen. Probably Bryan's characterization, in the canvass of 1896, of the east as "the enemy's country" cost him some votes, though, of course, it was not the cause of his defeat. Quay's injunction to a Pennsylvania Republican gubernatorial candidate of long ago, "Dear Beaver, don't talk," is the sort of counsel which campaign managers usually like to give candidates. In general, however, except in this particular interest, the words of the candidates of 1896 and 1900 have been discreet enough to please the most cautious and critical of partisan censors.

TO SAVE YOUR SKIRTS.

The girl who is traveling gave me a new idea the other day. It was an idea in petticoats, and I grasped it thankfully, says a writer in the Kansas City Journal.

She had had a silk skirt, of course, and it was one she had made herself, which is no so much a matter of course.

There was nothing unusual about it from the outside. It was an ordinary taffeta skirt, made with ruffles and a yoke. But when she took it off I saw that it had a deep facing of some sort of thin stuff around the hem and that the front breadth was likewise lined.

"What's this?" said I, eager for information. You can pick up any amount of knowledge if you only keep your eyes and your ears open. I would trust a person who had never had a day's schooling in her life to turn out in the end a well-educated woman if she only went around using her senses like feelers. Mind you, I say this of a woman, not of a man. I don't believe men are so quick to acquire that sort of education as women are. However, that is not the point. We were talking petticoats, not personalities.

The girl who is traveling showed me how she kept her silk skirts from cutting into ribbons. It was by means of this facing, and the facing was made of pongee.

"Pongee," she said, "is very light. It doesn't soil easily, and it's not as expensive as you would think. Two yards were all I needed for this. I faced the bottom of the skirt, you see, where it rubs against my shoes tops and then I thought I would put it in the front against my knees. The plan has worked admirably. Once I have taken out the facing and have had it washed."

"The skirt has already lasted twice the allotted span of a silk petticoat, and I am hoping that it may have nine lives."

RICE AND POPULATION.

In deciding whether China's population is dense or sparse it ought to be remembered that the country produces rice. Countries which produce rice yield at least two crops a year. Countries which produce corn, on the other hand, only yield one crop a year. Therefore, proportionately to its extent, a country which produces rice ought to support at least twice as large a population as a country which produces corn.—Scottish-American.

COLORS FROM COAL TAR.

Some 150 colors are now obtained from coal tar, and these have almost entirely supplanted vegetable and animal dyes. In fact, only two of the vegetable class, indigo and logwood, are still of any considerable importance. Coal yields a large amount of coloring matter, the magenta obtained from a ton being sufficient to dye 500 yards of flannel; the aurine, 120 yards; the vermilion scarlet, 2,500 yards; and the alligatorine, 325 yards.—New York Herald.

IS THE HOTTEST IN TOWN

Yuma, Ari., Has the Proud Distinction of Being the Nation's Most Torrid Place.

Fancy an everyday temperature varying from 105 to 125 degrees in the shade for four or more months at a stretch. Imagine a village of several hundred adobe, stone and brick squat one-story houses and store buildings, all with clumsy porches in front, strewn along a dreary red brown roasting bank of a drowsy, muddy stream; where rude thoroughfares struggle up and down a naked hill shimmering under the fiercest, emptiest sky you ever saw.

Such is a phase of Yuma, famous as the literally hottest town in the Union. Imagine a region thousands of square miles in area, of yellow sand, quaint cacti, whitened mountains, not one commanding mountain or shapely prominence—a desolate, ghastly desert waste under a fiery sun—and you have the setting of Yuma. Imagine yourself on some vantage spot and looking over a frontier town paralyzed in overwhelming sunlight, where scantily clad, swarthy Indians sprawl fast asleep on hot earth in a patch of shade, no white person in sight, not a sign of activity anywhere, stores shut, houses bolted and blinded, not a sound heard save a rustling of dried sage-brush. And that is life in Yuma during a midsummer afternoon.

For fifty years Yuma, on the Rio Colorado, in southwestern Arizona, has been the banner hot town of the country. It has no rivals. The old town and its fiery summers have been fruitful topics for newspaper humorists. Numberless jokes on the Pacific coast concerning communities where the mercury climbs high, and regarding spirits that have found Hades agreeably cool, have been worn threadbare at Yuma's expense.

The people in the states who complain of Sol's darts these days may find satisfaction in learning something about this season's temperature in Yuma. The summer has been an average one. From May 14 to May 30 the temperature every afternoon ranged from 93 degrees to 101. Then there was a week of comparative coolness; the mercury never rose above 90. From June 7 to June 25 the mercury varied from 105 to 112 degrees. Old Sol then settled down to business. The desert sand dunes had become baked, and the foothills were glowing. For six weeks the mercury never was below 102, and from that it has gone to 122 degrees twice. From July 3 to July 20 the average afternoon temperature here was 115 degrees. During nights the mercury has sunk slowly to an average of 105 at about 4 a. m. With the rising of each sun the mercury has climbed steadily until about 3 o'clock.

And the warmest weeks of the year are yet to make their records. Last summer the hottest day in Yuma was Aug. 26, when the mercury touched 127. In September there were several days when the temperature was at 121 and a few nights when the thermometer never registered red lower than 108 degrees. In 1896 Yuma's red letter hot day occurred. It was Aug. 16, when extra hot winds blew from off the desert. Between dawn and noon the mercury rose from 110 to 123, and by 4 o'clock it rose to 129. Several deaths among children occurred during the heated spell.

Topographically Yuma is situated for the making of high solstitial records. As far as the eye can reach, and miles and miles farther, in any direction, there is nothing but profound aridity, through which the Colorado drowsily meanders to the Gulf of California. From some points nothing is in sight but a vast crumpled sea of yellow sand and the horizon. Yuma is the heart of a region of extinct volcanoes, barren hills and sterile canons; a region of mirages, Gila monsters and reptiles that thrive amid burning alkali wastes and deadly thirsts, where not a green thing in nature may be seen as far as vision sweep except a few sparse cottonwood trees at the railway stations, where a withering white sunshine blazes from out a cloudless sky twelve hours a day, months at a time; where inflamed eyes and even blindness from the intense sunshine are common; where the earth is so hot that while people can scarcely walk upon it with thin shoes, and where tough range cattle sicken and die in a few weeks.

No one lives in Yuma for enjoyment. The trading and teaming from the mines, some uncommonly rich in copper, silver and lead, out in the mountains and foothills, keep the old town prosperous. There are 3,200 people in the village. One-third of them are Mexicans; the rest are Americans. Some have braved the climate, been enterprising and have accumulated snug fortunes. At night the whole population sleeps out of doors, and many people slumber under the open heavens ten months in the year. In mid-summer even the old timers cannot endure the heat and closeness of an

apartment at night. The scene that one looks upon as he gazes across Yuma at any dawn in mid-summer is unique. Everybody in town—men, women and children—lie sleeping out of doors. There are cots on the flat roofs, cots on the porches, cots in the back and front yards, and cots out in the streets, where the perspiring, feverish people have tried to find the least bit of stirring air. Some men and women are stretched out with the lightest sheets over them; some are wearing their thin cotton clothes, and children slumber with only the sapphire sky over their innocence.

It is hard for people who live in a region of green hills, fields of waving grain, brooks, gardens, forests, and where rain falls occasionally, to realize the barrenness of life in a desert town like Yuma. The people here lead the plainest lives. No one does a whit more work than is actually necessary. Through the six warmest months the people get up at early dawn. Stores open, wagons of merchandise for the mines are loaded, housewives do their cooking and work for the day, and Mexicans go from house to house delivering barrels of lukewarm water. At 6 o'clock the heat of the day's duties is done. At 8 o'clock all work is finished for a time. The sun is far up and is blazing hotter. Every one who can be is under cover. The heavy board window blinds are drawn to the stores and saloons are shut, and all outdoors is abandoned to the friendly Indians.

At 6 o'clock at night a general resurrection takes place. Stores and houses are reopened. The temperature may have cooled to 109 or 112 degrees. When the sun has gone down the people go about the village and perform more household and business duties. Often the town is up practically all night. A few of the merchandise stores do their largest business between 8 p. m. and 3 a. m.

Imagine a place of confinement where guards are a superfluity. Such is the Arizona penitentiary at Yuma. For, while the cells are like the hot rooms in a Russian bath, they are far, far better than the trackless, arid, torrid desert that surrounds Yuma.

Unlock every door of the prison, and whence can the inmates go? To run away simply means to court death by sunstroke or to perish miserably in the alkali wastes of this.

SENT TO STUDY MECHANICS.

One of the interesting things in Germany this summer is the remarkable exodus of Germans to the Paris exposition, says a Paris correspondent in the Brooklyn Eagle. There has been an enormous flow of travel across the Rhine all summer, so that all the railways leading to Paris from Germany have had to increase their passenger train service; and besides this many extra trains have been run. Recently such a train carried 400 students of German technological institutions to Paris. In many cases funds have been appropriated by municipalities and manufacturing companies for carrying high-class artisans to Paris to study the mechanical progress shown there.

In Paris, as the German correspondents report, there are swarms of Germans, and everywhere they are in evidence. The evidence, as the correspondents admit, is not of a kind to flatter the national vanity of Germans—it consists of oddities of dress and mustache. The sober, slow-going German, who spends his life at a desk and never goes hunting, thinks he must don a huntsman's garb when he goes off traveling, and so one of the unwelcome sights of Paris this summer is the German in a baggy suit of dull green and wearing a small conical green hat with a feather in it.

The German of another type is also much in evidence through his over-trained mustache, of the style which originated with Haby and was first made famous by the Kaiser. And the German woman, alas, is conspicuous for her ill-fitting dress, bad in taste as to color and style. So say the correspondents, and every American of some experience in Germany will easily believe the correspondents.

WAR COMES IN WAVES.

From Waterloo, in 1815, to the Mexican war, in 1845, there were thirty years of peace. Between 1845 and 1870 one war quickly followed another. There was conflict almost all the time, and then came twenty-seven years of comparative peace. Now, again, wars are treading upon each other's heels. Is the world entering upon another succession of wars?—Kansas City Star.

Edward Spencer, a well-to-do farmer living near Trenton, N. J., of a deeply religious turn and insists that it is his duty, according to the Bible, to whip his wife when she needs correction. Mrs. Spencer agrees with him in the general proposition, but is unable to see that she ever has deserved such punishment. Therefore, when Edward layed on the horsewhip a day or two ago she had him arrested and he has been sent to jail for six months.

THE MISTAKE OF CHINA.

WAS PERSUADED TO ACCEPT BUDDHISM AT A TIME WHEN CHRISTIANITY WAS SOUGHT.

China and the Chinese against the military powers of the world, all because that nation has been murderously intolerant of Christian missionaries, reads like a national tragedy in the light of the statement that more than 1,500 years ago that nation sent out its wise men in search of the Messiah of the Christians.

More than 400 years before the Buddha had stirred India profoundly, Buddha worship was accepted, and for centuries in India he had been the incarnated god. That it was not this religion which started the wise men of China on the quest, Professor Samuel Beal points that the movement was prompted by a vision, said to have been seen by Emperor Ming-ti, in which an angel came with a message for him to search for the incarnated God; further, that this move began only thirty-two years after the death of Christ. From this the professor reasons that the circumstance of the vision could not have been of Chinese origin; that it had the stamp of the Christian faith. Then, by implication, he leads to the conclusion that had the Chinese missionaries A. D. 65 missed Buddha and continued on 1,500 miles to Palestine they would have been ripe for the acceptance of the faith of the Messiah, which the Chinese people of today so sturdily resist as a nation. **WERE READY FOR A CHANGE.**

Ten years ago Professor Beal, of London, voiced these theories in an address at South Place Institute. Today they have much more significance in the light of the situation in China. Eighteen hundred years ago that nation was on the verge of disruption caused by the vitiation of the philosophical teachings of Laou-tseu and Confucius. Today it is strong in the religion of Buddha and of Confucius, and holding out against the innovations of that Christianity which it sought so keenly nearly 1,500 years ago.

Two hundred years before the coming of Christ some of the barbarous people living to the north and west of the Chinese empire were involved with the Chinese in wars. Several times Chinese military men were sent against these Tartar hordes, but more or less ineffectually.

In the year 123 B. C. the Emperor Wu-ti sent the celebrated General Ho-ku-ping to operate against the barbarians. This general made some great military movements, penetrating some 200 miles or more beyond the borders of Turkestan. From this successful campaign against Chinese invaders he returned 120 B. C., bringing with him the story of his battles, the story of a people who worshiped at the shrine of a once human manifestation of deity, and finally a golden image of this man-God, now considered to be the person of Buddha.

Following this great victory for the Chinese, it is supposed the story of Buddha made only a casual impression on the Chinese administration. But soon thereafter affairs of government and people began to go wrong. A spirit of moral and physical decadence was abroad. Emperor Wu-ti allowed things to drift, and when he was succeeded by Emperor Ming-ti that ruler found his kingdom in chaos.

STATE OF RELIGIOUS DOUBT.

This condition had come from Taoism, the doctrine of Laou-tseu, and the ceremonies of the followers of Confucius. Laou-tseu had advanced an obscure system of transcendental philosophy. He is conceded to have been a great awakener of thought, but the system has been described as politico-ethical rather than religious. He was for harking back to the primitive before such things as form and ceremonials existed. Compassion, economy and humility were bases of his theories, and through the practice of these virtues the follower might hope to return to the heaven of Tao as it had existed before. Principles of simplicity and wisdom in their purest forms were the things he sought for the people. He opposed educational activities, and sought to point man to the unalloyed simplicity of original perfection.

Chinese are sluggish in thought and movement. They are especially tenacious of old customs. Confucius, their national teacher, was a conservative. He originated few things. There was no religion in his doctrine; he avoided all reference to religion in his teachings. He looked upon the existing life about him as a study, and upon man simply as a member of society in the present realistic world. He aimed to show that man by giving full and sincere development to his nature, might become equal to the cosmos of heaven and earth. He modeled things after the times of Yao and Shun, and as a leader was a revisionist. His reforms were based upon rites and ceremonials.

Until the year 209 B. C. China under these philosophical leaderships had made great material progress. The famous Yu had drained the

waters of the Yellow river, reclaiming a vast area of rich swamp lands. The great canal, 700 miles in length, with its embankments, floodgates, and bridges, was a marvel of engineering skill. Tillage of the ground and the elaborate schemes for watering the high-level fields are still wonderful in contemplation. And to these must be added the crowning effort in the building of the great wall. This great piece of masonry will stand for all time as an example of what persistent, dogged industry may accomplish, even when exhibited by a puny, inferior race of men.

But after all these the empire, at the time of the ascension of Ming-ti was in a bad way. It is conceded that the story of the gilded image of Buddha was not forgotten. That the idea of an incarnated deity had some sort of credence in the kingdom at this time. Then came the story of the Christ. It may have come through Persia into China, but that it came more or less true to the ears of Emperor Ming-ti is conceded by Professor Beal. That the story carried with it the settlements of the early Christians is supposed to be shown in the manner of Ming-ti's vision.

In this vision the emperor beheld an angel of gold flying through space with glittering wings. It alighted at the gate of the palace and entered his chamber. It was described as about nineteen feet tall, with a halo brighter than that of the sun. This messenger spoke, commanding the emperor to send wise men of his kingdom to the west in search of the incarnated God and of books and images. Relics of whatever character possible were to be brought back.

Heading this royal commission were Ts'ai Yin, Tsing King and Wang Tsun, with fifteen attendants. Searchers after the new truth, they started westward. The guiding spirit was the hope that somewhere beyond the empire's bounds they should find alive the prophet who should come and teach them—the wise one who had raised the dead to life and touched the leper and made him whole.

In this hope of finding the prophet alive is another proof that the envoys were not seeking the Buddha of the story told 175 years before. And the fact that the carrier on expected to find the Messiah alive is evidenced by the fact that they carried a rich offering of gold and silver and the finest fabrics and the rarest delicacies of a mighty empire. Incessant and precious stones made weight for the camel train that moved out of the Chinese capital, and coolies followed in scores as attendants upon the royal party.

HEARD STORY OF BUDDHA.

On beyond the boundaries of the empire the great cavalcade went, spreading the story of the Christ as it had come to them. On into India it went, days and weeks out of the capital. It was in India that the first news was heard of the man-God. The story of Buddha was told to the anxious seekers. Yes, he had lived, but he had died, long ago. His birthplace had been on an island to the south. There were relics and the spirit of the great Buddha was in them.

In boats the ambassadors set sail for Ceylon. Landing, they found the people full of the story of the all-wise Buddha. He was dead, but at his shrine they found something more acceptable than the dead philosophies of the Chinese teachers. They left their offerings at the shrine of the Messiah and went back to China with the new creed, not knowing in Palestine, 1,500 miles away, was the real lodestar of the expedition—the man-God whose story, reaching the ears of Emperor Ming-ti, had led to his offering a kingdom to the new prophet.

Going back, the envoys took with them books and images and two teachers. Saddharmar and Kosyapa Matanga. These teachers took up their residence at Loyang and translated several books from the Indian into Chinese. Two of these books were the "Sutra of Forty-two Paragraphs" and "The Life of Buddha."

MISTAKE WAS COSTLY.

But they had missed the story of Jesus of Nazareth—the story which the Chinese nation refuses to receive today, save as individuals are proselytized in the face of governmental and social opposition. The situation is consistent and logical, showing that the mistake made by the envoys was unavoidable. They had gone blindly to the west, seeking a man of supernatural power. In India they found that man, with no further word of a newer prophet beyond. So they had returned, satisfied. As a result China has 35,000,000 Buddhists today, when under kinder fates it might have been the greatest Christian nation under the sun.

Translating and compiling the

works of Buddha, the Indian teachers in China gave out the "Paragraphs" as an epitome of Buddhist ethics. It was purely ethical and practical. It urged the doing of good and the avoidance of evil; the banishment of impure desires, a progression in the path of righteousness. Other duties of man toward men and toward society at large were urged. In each case at the beginning of a paragraph Buddha was quoted as an authority.

Fahien, the Chinese pilgrim to India, tells of an announcement which he heard made by an eloquent man in Ceylon. This man, mounted on a gaily caparisoned elephant and dressed in the apparel of royalty, spoke as follows:

"Our Bodhisattava (Buddha in a previous condition) during endless ages underwent every kind of austerity for the sake of delivering all flesh. He spared himself no personal suffering, he left his home and country, he gave up wife and children, he tore out his eyes to heal the blind, he cut his flesh to feed the dove, he gave his head in alms, he sacrificed his body to feed a tiger, he grinded with his marrow nor his brain. Thus he endured every sort of anguish for the good of others. After he became a Buddha he lived in the world forty-nine years to teach and convert men. He gave rest to the wretched. He saved the lost. Then he died. The eyes of the world were put out and all living things were filled with sorrow. After ten days his relics will be brought forth; let all persons come and do them reverence."

LARGE SCOTCH PATRIMONY.

The prince of Wales draws considerable revenue in the shape of "feu duties" from lands in Scotland, consisting partly of what was at one time the patrimony of the celebrated Bruce family, and partly of the forfeited estates of Lords Boyd and the lords of the Isles. These lands were in 1496 created into a permanent principality for the benefit of the eldest son of the Scottish monarch; and this tenure gives the prince his Scottish titles of prince of Scotland, duke of Rothesay, earl of Carrick, baron of Renfrew and lord of the Isles, and entitles him to vote at elections of representative peers.—Scottish-American.

TOMMY GATHERS CAT TAILS.



1. Tommy—Here's a corker! You bet yer life I know enough ter grab a good thing when I see it.



2. Whoa! There's some mistake here! Guess I'll drop it.



3. Mistake was costly.

ESTABLISHED 1833.

FORT WAYNE, IND., SATURDAY, AUG. 25, 1900.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

CAPTURE FUGITIVES

The Fleeing Court of China is Taken and Emperor Seeks Mercy of Captors.

SHANGHAI SITUATION SERIOUS

London, Aug. 25.—Street fighting broke out intermittingly in Peking, according to dispatches from Shanghai, the allies not having sufficient forces to police the vast city. As small parties of the allied troops penetrate into new districts they have to engage half-armed mobs.

A Shanghai dispatch of late date reported that the Japanese troops pursued the dowager empress and the court and overtook them eighty miles west of Peking.

The emperor, it is added, threw himself on the protection of his captors. The prisoners have not yet reached Peking.

In the engagement at Tien Tsin 1,000 Americans, British and Japanese routed 3,000 Chinese and killed 300 of them.

The viceroy of Sze-Chuen is reported at Shanghai to be sending troops to the Tientsin frontier and to be intending to fight the French at Meng-Tse.

The bulk of the German fleet recently at Shanghai has gone to Taku as an escort to the new German minister, Dr. Mumm von Schwarzenstein, who is bound for Peking. Gun fights are of daily occurrence in the Heng-Shan district.

FOREIGNERS ALARMED.

London, Aug. 25.—The foreign residents of Shanghai are alarmed at the arrival of the extraordinary number of warships and are fearful of European complications, but they have been assured by some of the naval commanders that the gathering was accidental.

AN AUTHORITY'S VIEW.

Oakland, Cal., Aug. 25.—In a lecture on the situation in China, delivered here, Consul General Ho Yow said:

"Recent advices inform me that the United States will keep troops in China. I hope it will not be so. There will be great danger in such a course.

"I fear when it is known that the Chinese capital is in the hands of foreigners there will be a terrible uprising all over China and it will take much money and many lives to ultimately suppress them.

"Would your Christ wish you to advance religion at the sacrifice of millions of lives?"

ALLIES ARRIVING AT TAKU.

[Copyrighted, 1900, The Associated Press.] Taku, Friday, Aug. 24.—Transports are pouring into Taku. Three large German vessels have arrived and are unloading. One regiment that has disembarked is on its way to Peking, and another is bound for Tien Tsin.

Three Russian vessels are also in the harbor.

The Fifteenth infantry, third artillery and 500 marines are camped at Tien Tsin awaiting orders.

Rations for forty days are being forwarded to the Peking contingent by boat. A hundred civilians have left Peking, including the customs force, and are on their way down the river.

The foreigners here desire that an expedition shall be sent against Peking-Fu to destroy the city and avenge the massacres of foreigners which occurred there.

LI STARTS FOR PEKIN.

Washington, Aug. 25.—Chinese officials expressed a belief today that Li Hung Chang, the Chinese peace envoy, had started for Peking or Tien Tsin. While there is said to be no official advice to this effect, yet it is in accordance with the expectation of China's course that the officials accept it as a fact.

If this prove to be correct it may bring about an early opportunity for personal exchanges between Earl Li and the commanders of the allies and the ministers of the respective powers.

The Chinese government has been entirely silent since the capture of Peking, except in the two communica-

tions from Li Hung Chang, and up to the present time Minister Wu has received no word responsive to the American answer sent to him by Mr. Adams last Wednesday. Three days have elapsed, and there has been ample time for Li Hung Chang to formulate his next move. In the circumstances it is felt that he accepts the American and German answers, and such others as may have reached him, as negating any present prospect of negotiations along the lines he proposed.

The opinion is expressed that this will prolong the uncertainties of the diplomatic situation, during which Earl Li will seek to meet the requirements laid down by the United States and other powers, while the latter will endeavor to reach some common ground of understanding for the future.

BOXERS DEFEATED.

Paris, Aug. 25.—General Frey, commanding the French forces at Peking, telegraphs from there under date of August 20:

"The allies have driven the boxers from all the points they occupied. The allies are camped outside the imperial palace, which was occupied by some soldiers of the regular Chinese army.

"The generals decided to march the international forces through the palace doors, which were afterwards closed."

AMERICANS LEAVE PEKIN.

London, Aug. 25.—A special dispatch from Peking, dated August 19, says:

"Early Americans, with an escort of United States troops, start for Tien Tsin tomorrow."

VANDALS LANDED IN JAIL.

GEORGE McDOWELL AND GRANT

CRICKMORE IN HOC.

Now Held on Suspicion of Having

Broken Into a Building—One

of Them Confesses.

Deputy Sheriff Bob Young went to

Zanesville, Allen county, this morning

early and arrested George McDowell

and Grant Crickmore, who are suspected

of having battered down a door in a building

owned by Kosmos Crouse, Adam Harbor and several

other prominent farmers of Lafayette

township for the purpose of storing

grain which they intended to buy. The

gentlemen decided to purchase grain

and rented the building and bought a platform

scales. The scales arrived and one night the place

was broken into and the scales were

smashed to pieces. McDowell and Crickmore

had been buying grain at times and they were

suspected, but Sheriff Melching, who was notified,

could find no evidence against them. He decided

to find the guilty parties, if possible, and deputized certain

residents of Zanesville to watch. Last night these

deputies were hidden near the warehouse and saw several

men approach the building. They overheard McDowell

and Crickmore talking about having broken into the place before. Suddenly there was a crash and the party ran down the road and were soon out of sight of the watchers. An investigation found the door of the warehouse again broken open. Sheriff Melching was immediately notified by telephone and Deputy Young went to Zanesville and arrested McDowell, who was at home in bed. The special deputies had watched the homes of McDowell and Crickmore and saw them return after the door to the warehouse had been broken open, Crickmore going to his barn, where he was found asleep by Deputy Young. Both McDowell and Crickmore denied that they knew anything about the depredations, but the evidence against

them, Sheriff Melching says, is conclusive. He suspects the men also of being implicated in the breaking of locks on freight cars which were standing on the Lake Erie and Western tracks. Crickmore weakened somewhat during the forenoon and the officers believe he will soon tell the story of the vandalism of which residents in the vicinity of Sheldon have been complaining. An effort is being made also to arrest the man who was with McDowell and Crickmore when they broke into the warehouse.

CRICKMORE CONFESSES.

This afternoon Grant Crickmore weakened and told the story of the vandalism that have been committed about Sheldon recently. He said that George McDowell broke down the door of the warehouse with an axe, and implicates five men in the destruction of the scales.

NOTABLES ARRIVE.

New York, Aug. 25.—Among the passengers who arrived here today on the steamer New York from Southampton and Cherbourg were: Geo. A. Armour, Judge E. W. Biddle, Chauncey M. Depew, Frank J. Gould, Joseph E. Widener, P. A. B. Widener, David Belasco and Mrs. Leslie Carter.

PRESIDENT MAKES DECISION

FINALLY DETERMINES NOT TO

GO TO CHICAGO.

Pressure and Importance of Public

Business Is Such He Cannot

Leave Washington.

Washington, Aug. 25.—Owing to the continued pressure of public business of immediate importance, the president has been obliged to withdraw his acceptance of the invitation to attend the national encampment of the G. A. R. at Chicago and the several other invitations incident to that occasion.

Secretary Cortelyou advised Executive Director Harper, Commander-in-Chief Shaw and others of this decision and of the keen disappointment felt by the president that he will be unable to be present during the encampment.

A FIREMAN KILLED.

Reading, Pa., Aug. 25.—The Pottsville express on the Philadelphia and Reading railroad was wrecked near here today. Samuel Williams, fireman, was killed.

FOUND DEAD IN BED.

Shortly after noon today Coroner Barnett was called to New Haven, where Henry Wagner, of that place, had been found dead in bed at his boarding place at 10:30 o'clock. Wagner has been conducting a saloon at New Haven and has been in poor health for some time. He occasionally used chloroform to relieve him from pain, and it is believed at New Haven that he took an overdose of the drug by accident. Coroner Barnett is now at New Haven investigating the case.

MISSIONARY TO TALK

Tomorrow morning at the Wayne Street M. E. church, Rev. Craven, who for twenty-five years has been a missionary in India, will speak. The occasion is the annual mite box opening of the Women's Foreign Missionary society. Rev. Craven will have much that is of interest to say concerning India and missionary work.

A DASH FOR FREEDOM.

Elmira, N. Y., Aug. 25.—Today four inmates of the reformatory, working on the lawn in front of the institution, made a dash for liberty. A guard on duty fired a shot at the fugitives and the bullet hit Henry Wheeler, who was passing the institution. The wound is not serious. The convicts were caught.

Mrs. B. L. Chappell, who has been the guest of her mother, Mrs. Mary Hockmeyer, of Washington boulevard for the past two weeks, returns tomorrow to her home in Chicago, accompanied by Miss Emma Hockmeyer, who will remain several weeks.

The Ladies' Auxiliary to the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen will not hold their regular meeting next Thursday on account of the Brotherhood's excursion to Hillsdale.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Hawkins left today for a visit of two weeks at Van Wert and other Ohio points.

WOULD KILL BRYAN

OMAHA MOULDER THREATENS

LEADER'S LIFE.

IS PLACED UNDER ARREST

PLANNED DEED FOR MEETING

THIS AFTERNOON.

SAID TO BE AN ANARCHIST

MR. BRYAN ASSISTS TO RUN IN

PICKPOCKETS.

Omaha, Neb., Aug. 25.—William W. Williams, a Welshman, employed in a smelter here, announced, it is said, to one of his fellow-workmen today that he intended to kill William J. Bryan when he came to attend the Jacksonian picnic this afternoon. The police were notified and immediately arrested Williams, who is charged by some of his fellow-workmen with being an anarchist.

Every precaution is being taken to protect Mr. Bryan here.

THE MAN RELEASED.

The police this afternoon released Williams, having failed to verify the charge. They believe the information denouncing Williams was purely malicious.

MR. BRYAN GOES TO OMAHA.

Lincoln, Neb., Aug. 25.—William J. Bryan arrived in Lincoln at 9 o'clock this afternoon from Beatrice, where he spent the night. He repaired immediately to his home, attended to some correspondence and departed at 10 for Omaha, where he will speak tonight.

BRYAN AS A THIEF-TAKER.

Beatrice, Neb., Aug. 25.—William J. Bryan stopped chasing votes yesterday afternoon so as to direct a chase after a pickpocket. The offender escaped, but not without a lively scene at the Barnston depot and an exciting episode while the Bryan train was under way.

"Look out for those pickpockets," shouted the democratic presidential nominee while he was shaking hands with admirers at Barnston. During his tour four years ago he had considerable experience with the light-fingered gentry and now he always keeps his eyes open for them. At Barnston he noticed four men moving rapidly through the crowd and promptly shouted his words of warning.

LEAPS FROM THE TRAIN.

Mr. Bryan pointed at nobody in particular, but guilty consciences prodded the criminals to make themselves scarce. Three disappeared in the confusion, but the fourth sought refuge in the train, only to fall into the grasp of Sheriff Waddington, of this (Gage) county.

The prisoner protested his innocence in vain. The sheriff took him into the car ahead of that containing the campaigners, and the signal for the train to proceed was given. When it was under fair headway the pickpocket made a dash through the crowded aisle and out upon the platform, from which he jumped before those on the platform realized what was happening.

The train was brought to a stop as soon as possible, only to find that pursuit would be unsuccessful. The culprit was seen running across a plowed field half a mile away, and thence he took refuge in a cornfield.

NINE SUSPECTS DETAINED.

When the journey was resumed Mr. Bryan entertained his party with accounts of similar experiences in 1896, and also mentioned suspicious about a number of passengers on the train. The result was that upon arrival here at 8 o'clock last night those he pointed out, nine in number, were imprisoned in the smoking car and were sent out of the state today.

MR. HANNA SAW 'EM.

Philadelphia, Aug. 25.—National Chairman Hanna came here from New York today and held a conference lasting two hours with about two dozen prominent manufacturers and business men of this city. The conference was held in the offices of W. W. Gibbs, the eastern Pennsylvania member of the advisory board of the republican national committee. After the conference Senator Hanna left for New York.

ALDERMEN INSPECTING.

This afternoon a party composed of Detroit aldermen and other city officials arrived in the city over the Nickel Plate and inspected Fort Wayne's handsome new court house. The gentlemen are making a tour inspecting furniture in public buildings.

CENSUS BULLETINS.

Washington, Aug. 25.—The population of New Orleans as announced by the census bureau today is 287,104, against 242,039 in 1890, an increase of 45,065, or 18.62 per cent. The population of Kansas City, Mo., as just announced by the census bureau, is 163,752. The population for 1890 was 132,716. This is an increase of 31,036, or 23.39 per cent. The population of Kansas City, Kas., also just announced, is 51,118, against 38,316 in 1890. This is an increase of 13,102, or 34.19 per cent.

The population of Newark, N. J., as announced today by the census department is 248,070, as against 181,830 for 1890. This is an increase of 66,240, or 35.33 per cent. The population of Allegheny City, Pa., according to the count of the twelfth census just completed is 129,890, as against 105,287 in 1890. The increase during the past ten years was 24,603, or 23.37 per cent.

RECEIVE SPANISH MINISTER

DUKE D'ARCOS THE GUEST OF

CHICAGO.

Encampment Proves a Deep

Disappointment.

Chicago, Aug. 25.—The Duke D'Arcos, Spanish minister, accompanied by the Duchess D'Arcos, reached Chicago from Washington over the Lake Shore road at 11:30 today. The distinguished visitors were met at the station by Gen. John C. Black at the head of the citizens' committee, and welcomed on behalf of the veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic. Escorted by the Denver life and drum corps, the party was driven to the Auditorium Annex, where apartments had been reserved. At the hotel an informal reception was held, during which the Ladies of the Grand Army tendered the duchess an invitation to a luncheon at the Annex at 2 o'clock Monday.

The president's final decision that the gravity of the eastern situation will not allow him to attend the encampment was received with disappointment at G. A. R. headquarters as well as at the Hamilton club, where he was expected to be the chief guest Tuesday night.

"There are thousands of veterans who had hoped to meet the president during the encampment," said Commander Shaw when told of the president's decision, "and they will be disappointed. They are not the ones, however, to wish the president to leave his duties during the present grave period."

It is estimated that 20,000 veterans have already arrived here and are quartered about town, most of them with friends or at the hotels.

The encampment proper does not begin until the sunrise camp Monday, but visitors already here will witness the preliminary illumination of the court of honor and the Avenue of Fame, as well as the dedicatory exercises at the new coliseum tonight.

MR. BOUTELLE IMPROVES.

Bangor, Me., Aug. 25.—Advices received here by the Boutelle family physician from a sanitarium in Waverly, Mass., state that the condition of Congressman Charles A. Boutelle, who has been there for some months past for treatment, is now better than at any time since he entered the institution. Mr. Boutelle hopes to resume his seat in congress at the opening of the next session.

FAIRBANKS' PROGRAM.

Chicago, Aug. 25.—United States Senator Fairbanks will shortly begin a campaigning tour under the auspices of the republican national committee, which will embrace the states of Kansas, Colorado, Utah, California, Oregon, Washington, Montana, North and South Dakota, Nebraska and Illinois. The time after the senator's return will be spent in speaking in Indiana.

YOUTSEY VERY ILL.

Georgetown, Ky., Aug. 25.—The condition of Henry Yousey, in jail here on the charge of complicity in the assassination of Governor Geobal, was unchanged today.

IMPATIENT FOR NEWS

Washington Government Urges General Chaffee to Make a Full Report.

SITUATION TO MOULD POLICY

Washington, Aug. 25.—The war department has not yet received from General Chaffee the report requested of him a few days ago upon conditions in Peking. In fact several recent cablegrams of inquiry addressed to General Chaffee have not been answered.

In this situation it was found necessary to call upon General Chaffee again for a full report for the guidance of the officials of this government. It is supposed that the uncertainty of communication between Peking and Tien Tsin is responsible for General Chaffee's silence.

The wires have been cut between the capital and Tien Tsin and it is probable that the messages were sent by courier to Peking.

It is regarded as very unfortunate that there should be such difficulty of communication at this time. The department is depending in large measure upon General Chaffee for information to guide the administration in the movements of the immediate future.

It is not believed at the war department that the two consuls lately, one dated at Tien Tsin the 21st, and the other the 23rd, were sent by General Chaffee in person. It is thought that his name was signed as a matter of form.

More than a week ago two dispatches were received from General Chaffee, but they were in such shape that they cannot be deciphered at the department.

They are regarded as very important from the fact that they relate to conditions in Peking, the number of persons under the protection of the allied forces, and the supplies for the army, as well as for these people. While it is known that they relate to these subjects, the fact that they cannot be deciphered prevents the department from determining just what General Chaffee means.

Orders have been sent him to repeat the messages. The war department has also taken up the matter of cable communication and has asked the cable companies to see if the Chaffee messages can be straightened out, and also to ascertain if the messages sent to General Chaffee can reach him, and if they cannot be delivered, why. It is of course recognized that the boxers are interrupting the line constructed by the signal corps from Tien Tsin to Peking.

At the same time, with communication by cable to Shanghai, thence overland to Che Foo, by cable to Taku, and a protected line to Tien Tsin, it is felt at the department that communication should be more expeditious.

It was stated today that Admiral Remy had informed the navy department that it was reported the Russian commander had forbidden any communication between his troops and the Chinese. These reports were carried in the press dispatches from Peking with the addition that the Russian commander considered a state of war existing between Russia and China.

The note to the ambassadors and ministers representing countries having interests in China, decided upon at the cabinet conference yesterday, has been prepared and forwarded to our ministers for their guidance in communicating with foreign governments relative to future action by the powers in China.

CHAFFEE SAYS GET OUT.

New York, Aug. 25.—A special to the Herald from Washington says: Major General Chaffee has recommended that the United States troops now in China be withdrawn as soon as all the Americans in Peking have reached places of safety.

His cable dispatch advising this and accumulating evidences of lack of harmony among the powers were the main subjects of discussion at Friday's cabinet meeting. The president and all the members of the administration are anxious to get the troops out of China at the earliest possible date, but it can be said on authority that there will be no immediate withdrawal of American forces unless there is an immediate change in conditions.

There is a disposition in administration circles to believe that General Chaffee's recommendation was based on military considerations alone, and that he did not take political conditions in account when making it, though there is reason to think that his dispatch was sent after consultation with Minister Conger.

Withdrawal of American troops will be considered permissible when the restoration of order and obtaining those guarantees for the protection of American life and property contemplated by Secretary's Hay's note of July 3, can proceed with out their presence.

The withdrawal of the troops will be required if, through the declaration of war against China by one or more of the powers, conditions should arise which would, temporarily at least, interfere with the accomplishment of the objects which the United States had in view in co-operating with other nations.

CONSULS TO RETURN.

Washington, Aug. 25.—The state department is taking steps to have all of the American consuls in China return to their several posts as soon as immediate danger from anti-foreign outbreaks is passed. The attention of the department has been called to statements emanating from various consuls to the effect that they leave their posts at the direction of the department. The officials say this is not correct; that the consuls merely were permitted by the department to leave their posts on their own responsibility if they considered their lives in danger.

Now that the danger is passing the department is getting ready to have them go back to their posts and take up their routine work.

FORMING A BRYAN BATTERY

MOULDERS AT BASS FOUNDRY

ARE ORGANIZING.

Guns Will Boom for the Democratic

Leader—Some of the Old-

cers Chosen.

Something new in the way of political organizations is promised from the Bass Foundry and Machine works. This is a Bryan battery of light artillery which is being formed from among the ranks of the moulders at the big works.

The proposition was started but a few days ago and has not yet reached a state of maturity, but members are being secured rapidly and there is no doubt of the movement being a success. Ed Kramer will be in command of the battery, and William Klingerman is to be secretary.

It is proposed to secure a complement of guns and take part in the political demonstrations of the campaign. The men expect to become thoroughly drilled and be in position to create a favorable impression whenever they appear to contribute to the general enthusiasm for the democratic nominees.

AMERICAN OARS WIN.

Paris, Aug. 25.—The eight-oared crew of the Vesper Boat club, of Philadelphia, won their trial heat today by fifteen lengths, defeating a crew of the Nautical club, of Franco. The distance was one mile and 153 yards. The Vesper's time was five minutes and fifty-two and one-half seconds. The final heat will be rowed tomorrow.

Mrs. Clara Diana Stacy left today for a visit of ten days in Chicago.

ASK YOUR NEIGHBOR.

Hundreds of Fort Wayne Citizens
Tell You All About It.

Home endorsement, the public expression of Fort Wayne people, should be evidence beyond dispute for every Fort Wayne reader. Surely the experience of friends and neighbors, cheerfully given by them, will carry more weight than the utterances of strangers residing in far-away places. Read the following:

Mrs. J. W. Hartman, of 25 June street, says: "Before I obtained Doan's Kidney Pills from Meyer Bros. & Co.'s drug store and used them, I was a great sufferer from kidney trouble. My back ached night and day and I could only get rest and sleep by assuming the same position in bed each night. As soon as I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills I improved and soon felt as though I had never known what kidney trouble was. My husband also took the remedy and received great benefit. He was troubled with backache and when he stood up after sitting a few minutes he could not straighten his back. The kidney secretions were also highly discolored, but this, as well as the other symptoms, gave way to Doan's Kidney Pills."

Doan's Kidney Pills for sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box.

Doan's Ointment is a specific for all itching skin diseases, piles, eczema, chilblains, chafing, any irritation and all itches of the skin. Gives instant relief. We mail a free sample box on application. Address, Foster-McIlburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

\$10, \$20, \$50, \$100.00 LOANS MADE

or any amount you may wish on your furniture, piano, bureau and wagon, or other like security on easy payments. Everything is left in your possession and you have the use of both. Money and Goods. Persons momentarily embarrassed who desire above everything else to avoid publicity are the ones we desire especially to serve. All our dealings are confidential, prompt and courteous. You get the full amount of the loan.

No charges taken on advance. Loans also made to relieve people holding permanent positions with responsible and well established concerns or corporations without endorsement. We will cheerfully give you further information on calling at our office. Do not fail to call before you borrow, for we will surely save you money. It pays to borrow of us.

Indiana Mortgage Loan Co.,
Room 2, Arcade upstairs. Open
Saturday evenings from 7 to 8:30.

DR. S. H. HAVICE,

Practice Limited to

Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat

Office hours: 8:30 to 12 m. and 2 to 5 p. m.

22 W. Wayne St. Telephone 252.

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NEW YORK, 310 Broadway.
CHICAGO, 53 Wabash Ave.

A. C. KATT,
84 Clinton St., Fort Wayne, Ind.

BUTCHERED BY SAVAGES.

San Francisco, Aug. 25.—An outbreak of latent savagery in two aboriginal Blacks, who had lived for years in close association with whites, is reported from Sydney, N. S. W., by the steamer Mariposa. The outbreak resulted in the slaughter of eleven persons. At Breelong, in New South Wales, the Mawby family offended two natives known as Governor and Underwood, who in revenge broke into the Mawby house, armed with tomahawks and war clubs. In the house were Mrs. Mawby, her two daughters, Grace and Hilda; her niece, Elsie Clark; Miss Kerse, a school teacher, and three boys, Percy, aged 13; George, 12; and Albert, 8. Of these only the two youngest boys escaped by hiding. After butchering these defenseless people the Blacks fled across the country to the Queensland mountains. At Gulong they killed Alex Mackay and his wife, Mrs. Obrien and her young child at Meruwa, and Kevin Fitzpatrick, an old man, at Mudge. The mounted police were unable to affect their capture.

Deputy Recorder Gillette, Theodore Schulte, Edith Nyroth, of St. Louis, and Lydia Butler, of New Haven, will spend Sunday in Detroit.

Misses Mollie Laughlin and Nellie and Rose Nolan, of the South Side, have returned from a visit to Detroit and Cleveland.

THEN HE DANCED

FITZ LEFT THE PRIZE RING FOR
THE BALLROOM.

SHARKEY'S SCALP WAS HIS

THE SAILOR BOY KNOCKED OUT
IN SECOND ROUND.

THE FIGHT SHORT BUT HOT

FITZSIMMONS FARED BADLY IN
FIRST ROUND.

New York, Aug. 25.—Fifteen minutes after the Fitzsimmons-Sharkey fight last night, Fitzsimmons, the winner, returned to his home at Bergen Beach and went to a dance with his wife.

This morning he went for a stroll along the board walk near his home, followed by a large crowd. He showed no sign whatever of having been engaged in a glove contest.

Sharkey went to his home in Sheepshead Bay after the fight, retired and was out at 8 o'clock this morning. He had little to say.

Fitzsimmons' comparatively easy victories within two weeks over Rubin and Sharkey, both strong, heavy men, has put the former Australian in a position where he has a right to expect another contest with Jeffries, but it is not certain yet that he will challenge the boilermaker at present. Both men have theatrical engagements to fill and are desirous of making what money they can in that way. The law permitting glove contests in this state has been repealed to take effect September 1 and it is hardly likely that Fitzsimmons would be willing to enter the ring before that date. Notwithstanding his sensational performance in disposing of two men heavier than himself in two weeks, it is not believed that he would try to put out a third, and that one the champion and heaviest of all, within the month.

The gate money for a Fitzsimmons-Jeffries contest in Madison Square garden, this city, probably would break all records, and the fighters knowing this, may decide to wait until after the meeting of the next legislature in the hope that a law legalizing boxing may be passed by it. However, both men are in good condition, and the managers of several boxing clubs will try and arrange a match between them for an early date.

There was much comment among the followers of the ring today over the fact that Fitzsimmons knocked out Rubin in six rounds and Sharkey in two, while Jeffries some time ago boxed a twenty-round draw with Rubin and more recently failed to stop Sharkey in twenty-five, although he was given the decision over the sailor.

STORY OF THE FIGHT.

New York, Aug. 25.—Bearing the brunt of a bruising battle like the seasoned veteran that he is, Bob Fitzsimmons last night met and whipped Tom Sharkey in less than two rounds. Brief as the battle was, there was fighting enough in it to suit the most critical connoisseurs in ring contests and to stir all the animal passions of those who were not experts in pugilism.

The finish came two minutes and six seconds after the opening of the second round, and it was a finish so complete and decisive as to leave no room for doubt as to which was the better man. Fitz met Sharkey at his own game and not only outspurred him, but outfought him. It was his clean, hard punching that landed his share of the \$25,000 purse for him. When the battle had been won and lost and the cheers of the crowd still remained in the ears of the victor, he walked over to Jim Jeffries, who was sitting at the ringside, and, clasping his hand heartily, said, "Now, I want you."

There was some delay in getting the men into the ring, but once in it no time was lost in settling down to business. Sharkey started off in his old rushing style and in the first round did amazingly well. In fact, just before the gong sounded the close of this period he felled Fitzsimmons with a terrific blow and the latter just regained his feet at the close of the round.

Fitz went to his corner in anything but good condition, but he came up strong and cool for the next round, while Sharkey seemed to be nervous and overanxious to finish the job. Sharkey started right off with right and left swings, but Fitz was content to evade the blows and let the sailor wear himself out. Then a minute after the opening of the round Fitz began to meet the sailor's rushes with straight right and left punches and soon he had him groggy.

LEFT TO THE JAW WINE.
Sharkey ran into a right punch and

he went down in a heap. When he got up he was groggy and Fitz, with set jaws and flashing eyes, sailed in for the finishing. The sailor sprawled blindly with left and right. Fitz bided his time, which came all too quickly for Sharkey. Two minutes and six seconds of the second round had passed when Fitz drove his right to the body and, bringing his left over with a sort of half hook, landed on the sailor's jaw. That left hook settled the fight. Sharkey went down as though he had been felled with a hammer and he still was sprawling on the ground when Referee White finished his count of ten.

Thus was wiped out for good and all that fracas which happened in San Francisco on the night of December 2, 1896, when Wyatt Earp decided that Fitz had lost to Sharkey on a foul. In that mill Fitz claimed and still claims that he was robbed; that he was the victim of a job. Sharkey insisted and still insists that Fitz struck him low and that the referee acted properly in deciding in his favor. The result of last night's contest proves beyond a shadow of doubt, foul or no foul, Fitzsimmons is far and away the better fighter.

SAILOR APPEARED AS TYRO.

In last night's fight Fitzsimmons simply waited for Sharkey. He allowed him to set the pace from start to finish, but he always was there with his deadly left and right, and, better than that, all his blows almost invariably went true to the mark. Sharkey, on the other hand, fought wildly and loosely. It was a case of a master of the art against a tyro at it. By the side of Fitzsimmons, Sharkey, with his terrible strength and bull-like rushes, was made to seem like a raw beginner. Had he fought more carefully or had he been capable of fighting more carefully the result might have been different, but as the men now are and as they probably will continue to be, Fitzsimmons must be the master of Sharkey.

FIGHT BY ROUNDS.

Round 1—Sharkey rushed and swung his left for the body, but Fitzsimmons jumped out of reach. Sharkey rushed again, but Fitzsimmons jumped away. Sharkey rushed again, but Fitzsimmons met him with a heavy right on the body. Sharkey missed a right swing. Fitzsimmons easily stepped out of reach. Sharkey swung his left, but Fitzsimmons got away and the blow landed on his back. Fitzsimmons tried right and left for head, but Sharkey ducked and then Fitzsimmons landed left hook on neck. Sharkey swung wildly for the head, but Fitzsimmons ducked and sent his right to Sharkey's jaw. Sharkey clinched. Sharkey swung a heavy left for the head, but Fitzsimmons blocked it. Sharkey rushed wildly, landing a left on the shoulder, and Fitzsimmons went to the floor, Sharkey falling over him. The bell rang with Fitz on the floor, and the referee rushed between them.

Round 2—Sharkey rushed to close quarters, swinging left and right without landing. Fitzsimmons rushed, sending his right to body and left to neck. Both swung wildly with rights and lefts. Fitzsimmons stepped in with a right body and left to head. Sharkey was wild, but Fitzsimmons sent him to the floor after a succession of rights and left on the face. Sharkey took the count and got up groggy and staggered back to the ropes. Fitzsimmons went after him and hooked his left to the jaw. Then he sent a right and left to the head, and Sharkey was unable to protect himself. Then Fitzsimmons sent a hard right to the body, and as Sharkey was staggering he hooked his left to the jaw, sending Sharkey down the second time. Sharkey struggled to regain his feet, but fell over on his face and hands. He struggled gamely, attempting to get up, but the right on the body and the left on the jaw had done the work, and Sharkey was counted out by the referee.

When Fitzsimmons was declared the winner the crowd surged before the ring, but the police got ahead of them and drove them back. Fitzsimmons was congratulated by those nearest to his corner, and then he ran over and grasped Sharkey by the gloved hand. Fitzsimmons almost danced with delight when stepping back from Sharkey's corner, and as he walked to his dressing room he was loudly cheered. Sharkey in the meantime had recovered very quickly from his punishment, and was able to leave the ring as soon as Fitz.

The secretary of the interior has issued an order withdrawing from entry at the land office 300 square miles of territory in New Mexico. The section includes most of the more important cliff dwellings thereabouts, the intention being to make of it the Pajarito Cliff Dwellers' National park.

A new industry which has now assumed considerable importance in Italy is the manufacture of carbide of calcium, which is used chiefly for making acetylene gas. The United States and France occupy the first and second places as producers of carbide, Italy coming next.

The present season is reported to have been the finest for rose-growing in England for many years.

TROOPS TO REMAIN

MORE TROUBLE IS FEARED AT
AKRON BY GOVERNOR.

LAWLESSNESS MUST SUBSIDE

BITTER FEELING AGAINST CITY
OFFICIALS.

PECK SENTENCED FOR LIFE

THE OUTWITTED MOB MAY BE
AGAIN INCENSED.

Cleveland, Ohio, Aug. 25.—Governor Nash fears there may be further rioting at Akron. For that reason troops will be held there until Monday at least. This decision was reached today at a conference here between the governor and Assistant Adjutant General Adams.

Governor Nash said he should keep the troops on duty until he was absolutely satisfied that the lawless element would make no further trouble.

The ill-feeling among the Akron citizens who participated in the riots seems to be directed especially against the city officials," said the governor. "I am afraid that when the lawless element fully realizes that the negro was taken into the city and sentenced and then taken away again without their knowing the slightest thing about the matter the trouble may rise up again."

"The state will protect life and property at Akron as long as necessary." Speaking concerning the punishment of the rioters the governor said the state officials will take no hand in the prosecution. "From what I learn," said the governor, "the civil authorities there are capable of taking care of the law breakers and unless they should express to me their inability the state will take no part in the matter. The local authorities are gathering evidence against those persons who were guilty of the rioting which culminated in the deaths of innocent persons and the destruction of thousands of dollars worth of property."

QUIET AT AKRON.

Akron, Ohio, Aug. 25.—There was no indication of any trouble in this city last night and with the exception of the presence of soldiers the city has resumed its wonted quiet.

Colonel Adams, the assistant adjutant general, has not returned from Cleveland, where he consulted with Governor Nash, and until he does nothing will be decided about the retention of the military.

QUICK JUSTICE FOR PECK.

Akron, Ohio, Aug. 25.—Within a few hours yesterday Louis Peck, the negro whose crime caused Wednesday's riots, was indicted by the grand jury, was brought from Cleveland under heavy guard, was arraigned before Judge Nye, pleaded guilty to the charge of criminal assault, was sentenced to imprisonment for life and landed in the penitentiary at Columbus.

The machinery of the law worked too quickly for the mob, even if there had been any intention to renew the trouble when the prisoner should be brought back here. In sentencing Peck Judge Nye ordered that the first thirty days of his term should be spent in solitary confinement, and indicated that he regretted that the law would not allow him to fix a more severe penalty for the crime.

On the way here from Cleveland Peck showed signs of the greatest fright, begging Prison-keeper Washburn to shoot him instantly if another attempt should be made at Akron to

lynch him. The prisoner was taken from the train to the courtroom under a guard of militiamen and back to the train for Columbus before many people of the town knew of his presence.

DEATH'S RECORD OF THE DAY

CHARLES MEYER SUCCUMBS
AFTER LONG ILLNESS.

Increased Mortality Among the
Children—The Deaths and
Funeral Notices.

Charles Meyer, formerly a machinist at the Electric works, died at 4 o'clock this morning at 148 Taylor street, where he has made his home for many years. Death was due to uremic convulsions. Mr. Meyer has been in poor health for several years. He was forty-six years of age and unmarried.

Funeral services will be held from the residence Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock, under the auspices of Concordia lodge, I. O. O. F., of which the deceased was a member.

HORNBECK.

Iris Hornbeck, an inmate of the Indiana School for Feeble Minded Youth, died at the institution Friday evening from pulmonary tuberculosis at the age of 16 years and 17 days.

The funeral is to be held today.

LUTZ.

Henry Lutz, the little son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lutz, of 7 Wiebke street, died at 2 o'clock this morning from brain fever, after an illness of one week. The child's age was five years.

Funeral services will be held from the residence Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

REFFELT.

Bertha Reffelt, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Reffelt, of 96 Clay street, died this morning from inflammation of the bowels at the age of four years.

Funeral services are to be held Sunday afternoon at 4 from St. Mary's Catholic church.

COLLINS.

Donna L. Collins, the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Collins, of 144 High street, died at 5:30 o'clock Friday evening from pneumonia, at the age of 13 months.

The funeral services will be held Monday afternoon at 1:30 from the residence and at 2 o'clock from Calvary U. B. church.

FUNERAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Koehl.—Funeral services of Mrs. Jacob Koehl will be held Monday morning at 8:30 from the residence, 125 East DeWald street, and at 9 o'clock from St. Peter's Catholic church.

Amstutz.—Funeral services of Mrs. Peter Amstutz will be held from the residence, 35 John street, Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Interment at Lindenwood.

Minnich.—Funeral services of Philip Minnich will be held Monday morning at 9 o'clock from the residence, 52 North Harrison street, and at 9:30 from the Church of the Precious Blood.

Snyder.—Funeral services of Mrs. Mary Snyder will be held from the residence, 103 Lafayette street, Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Fehling.—Funeral services of Lawrence Fehling will be held Sunday afternoon at 1:30 from the residence and at 2 o'clock from Emanuel's Lutheran church.

Paul.—Funeral services of Luella Paul will be held Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock from the residence and

Bromo not the same as **Bromide**

In buying
Laxative Bromo-Quinine
TABLETS.
the old standard remedy which
Cures a Cold in One Day
be sure that it is labeled **Bromo** and not
Bromide. At all druggists. 25 cents.

C. C. Schlatter & Co.,

Have the largest and best selected stock of

Hardware

in Fort Wayne for you to select your building material from. Sherwin-Williams Mixed Paints, White Lead, Threshers' Pure Boiled Oil, Varnishes, and all kinds of Paint Brushes.

38 and 40 East Columbia Street.

Fort Wayne, Ind.

MANSON BICYCLES, \$20, \$25, \$31.50 AND \$35.

DEFECTIVE PARTS ARE FOUND IN
THE MANSON BICYCLE
WE WILL REPLACE FREE AND PAY ALL EXPRESS CHARGES

S. & W. Bicycles, \$12 to \$18.
Speed Roadsters, \$15 to \$20. Lincoln Racers, \$20 to \$25. Single Tube Tires, \$1.50. Double Tube Tires, \$2.00. Inner Tubes, 75c. Gas Lamps, \$1.50. Second-hand Bicycles, \$4 to \$10.

BROSIOUS & BROSIOUS, "MANSON" AGENTS, 31 Clinton Street.

On All Bicycles!

Special inducements will be made
for SPOT CASH. New Bicycles
from \$12.00 up.

CLOSING OUT SALE,

No. 84 Clinton St. Opp. Post Office.

at 3:30 from Emanuel's Lutheran church. Rev. Gross will officiate.

LOCAL LINES.

Miss Theresa Bott has returned from a visit at Dayton and Cincinnati.

Mr. and Mrs. George Crosby leave tomorrow for Duluth, Minn., to visit friends.

Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Mason have returned from a visit with friends in Warsaw.

The Misses Margaret and Katherine Stetzer left today for a visit at Detroit.

Albert G. Scholz and Frank Jenney leave tomorrow for a few days' visit in Chicago.

Josephine and Martha Whittles, of this city, will spend Sunday with friends in Highland.

Miss Katie Hitzeman, of the Home Telephone office, is spending a two weeks' vacation at Petoskey.

Mrs. Peter Stetzer and daughter, Emma, have returned from a visit of four weeks at Pittsburgh.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Wyatt leave tomorrow for Chicago to attend the national G. A. R. encampment.

The Misses Mattie Lochner and Bertha Fry have returned from a visit Buffalo, Niagara Falls and Toronto.

Mrs. Henry Leikauf has gone to Chicago for a visit with relatives and friends. She will be absent several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Foster, of Lovina street, went to Chicago today to be the guests of Mrs. Foster's brother, Al Dent.

A BUSY MOUNTAIN.

Captain J. T. Elard of the Brazilian Pacific railroad survey reports the results of his exploration in the volcanic region of Ecuador, and men-

tions that the crater of Mount Sargay averages 60 cluder eruptions an hour, and that the explosions and smoke-whirls are almost continuous. The liveliest volcano of the Old World, "ever-smoking Stromboli," can barely equal that record, and has to pump up its lava to an elevation of only 2,800 feet, while Mount Sargay rises 17,300 feet above the level of the Pacific.—Indianapolis Press.

Mrs. Will Moore and son, of Michigan avenue, left today for Chicago to visit her husband, who is in the employ of G. F. Swift & Co.

The state of Colorado and the cattlemen, working together, are offering \$37.50 for every coyote scalp presented.

The most curious newspaper is the Stereo Revue, published at Paris. This newspaper gives the news of the week, not in type, but in instantaneous photographs on a film, like that of cinematograph. A bubble of the film is the journal, and the subscriber put it through a portable stereoscope, like a field glass, and looks at the pictures, thereby reading the news.

E. H. Brown

This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets, the remedy that cures a cold in one day.

We "transmogrify" old pianos and organs into new ones at 92 West Jefferson street.

22-23-25 PIANO HOSPITAL.

SPRING CHICKEN DINNER.

The best family dining room in the city. Metropolitan Cafe, 32 E. Wayne St.

ADOLF HONENBERGER,
Chef of the Actor House,
New York, writes:
"After testing
EGG
Baking
Powder
I can say that as a leaven-
er it cannot be equalled.
It is economical and does
better work."
At all grocers.

The Evening Sentinel.

BY E. A. K. HACKETT.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1900.

READERS OF THE SENTINEL,
WHEN TAKING THEIR SUMMER
VACATIONS, CAN HAVE THE
PAPER SENT TO THEM FOR TEN
CENTS A WEEK. THE ADDRESS
WILL BE CHANGED AS OFTEN AS
DESIRED.

TONIGHT.

Street Railway Employees—Regular
meeting of Association No. 136, at
Shanrock hall, midnight.
Lodges—Mad Anthony Hiv. No. 27,
Ladies of the K. O. T. M.; Rath-
bone Sisters, No. 31.

The milk dealers of New York
have formed a million dollar trust.
It is an open question which
will contain the most water, the
trust's stock or its milk.

The Horton boxing law is rapidly
nearing its end in New York and
with it are passing a fine procession
of pugilistic reputations. The
doughty Prof. Robert Fitzsimmons
may be able to clean the board if the
matchmakers are diligent enough.

In a speech at Sedalia, Mo., the
other day, Mr. Stevenson, the dem-
ocratic vice presidential candidate, re-
ferred to the Boers as "our allies in
a foreign country." This does not,
of course, mean that the story about
President Kruger's big contribution
to the democratic campaign fund is
after all true.

It is pretty clearly demonstrated
by recent events that a mob can as
quickly be formed in the north as in
the south under the same provoca-
tion. This does not excuse the south
any more than the north is excused
by the fact that in the south the mob
rises oftener. The south has more
provocations, but the north does not
seem to overlook any that it has.

Near the place where P. T. Barnum
lived when he was a young man has
been found an immense snapping
turtle weighing at least a hundred
pounds, on the back of which is cut
"P. T. B.—1830." This makes the
turtle seventy years old at least, which
is perhaps not unlikely, but somehow
one thinks at once of Barnum's fa-
mous saying: "The public likes to be
humbugged."

The London Times is now thunder-
ing denunciations of English railway
methods and urging that American
methods be adopted. A few years
ago even the most liberal of Eng-
lishmen would have laughed at the
suggestion that this country had any-
thing to learn from Americans in the
matter of railway management, but
now the most conservative of all Eng-
lish newspapers frankly admits it.
Englishmen live and learn after all,
the only trouble being that some-
times it takes a lot of living to ac-
complish a very little learning.

Variety makes the spice of life, and
there can be little question that ex-
istence in the average American city
leads to furnish all the experience
the most ardent devotees of change
can desire. An event which tends to
confirm this occurred a day or two
ago in a St. Paul hotel where a guest
declined to eat the plate of beans the
waiter set before him. Thereupon a
stranger sitting at a high-top table
whipped out a pistol and forced the
fastidious diner to swallow every
bean on the plate. The bean cham-
pion then disappeared with the sher-
iff in pursuit. Apart from its bear-
ing on the excitement of life in our
big towns, it would be interesting to

know if the stranger hailed from Bos-
ton.

Behold the evil that lurks in a
great industrial strike. St. Louis,
a good and growing city, expected
the census to show her possession of
three quarters of a million popula-
tion, whereas the returns show only
375,000. Now the dissatisfied citi-
zens of the southwest metropolis de-
clare that the disappointing exhibit
is entirely due to the great street
car strike. It is averred, and with
great reasonableness, that at the
time the census enumerators were
making their canvass the sheriff's
officers were scouring the city to
raise a posse comitatus to quell dis-
order and that thousands of citizens
mistaking the federal enumerators
for the minions of the shirivally re-
fused to be seen and so were not
counted.

The importance of the conference
held today at the city hall by the
Allen County Agricultural and Har-
icultural society to discuss the best
means of escaping the ravages of the
Hessian fly deals with a question of
almost concern to all wheat-growers.
Whenever all the farmers of any
considerable community agree upon
and carry out some concerted plan of
campaign against the destructive fly
immense good will come of it. The
meeting today should not be the last
held for such purpose. The farmers
of Allen county can save themselves
many thousands of dollars every
year by inauguration of some such
plan as that now under considera-
tion by the Allen County Agricul-
tural society, a plan that has the ap-
proval of the best scientific agricul-
turalists in the land. The proceedings
of today's meeting will be found
elsewhere.

The Wednesday evening concert
given at Swinney park by the City
band and Elmhurst Singing society
have proved very successful and en-
joyable affairs. Many thousands of
people have resorted to Swinney park
on the occasion of these concerts, fur-
nishing proof not only that good
music is loved in Fort Wayne, but
that the park is an exceptionally
popular breathing place. All of
which suggests that the city council
should make a larger appropriation
for the parks during the coming year
than was given this year. It will
strike many persons as rather ab-
surd to know that Fort Wayne, a
city of 50,000 people and great
wealth, is trying to maintain and im-
prove five public parks on the sum of
\$10,000 per year. It simply cannot
be done and done right. There is
nothing the people are so willing to
be taxed reasonably for and for which
they get returns that they enjoy
more than public parks. Swinney
park is especially in need of greater
attention. Better accommodations
are needed for the thousands who go
there. There should be more lights,
more seats, more places of shelter and
above all a handsome and commodi-
ous pavilion at the flowing well. The
river bank from the footbridge clear
around to the main approach is sore-
ly in need of improvement and the
river itself should be dredged of long
accumulations of debris. In short,
Swinney park ought to be fixed up
in a manner to meet the desires of
the people who go there and this good
city in general.

OPPORTUNITY FOR A LESSON.

The authorities of Akron are at-
forded a fine opportunity to teach
the mobbists of that city an impres-
sive lesson. Even moderate effort
would serve to disclose who were the
ringleaders and chief participants
in the shameful riotousness that pre-
vailed there Wednesday night. Ar-
rests and prosecution ought promptly
to follow. Conviction would be as
of course.

The case has some singular fea-
tures to distinguish it from mob
outrages in general that will greatly
aid prosecution and conviction of the
guilty. The first purpose of the mob
was to seize and put to death the
rapist Peck. In this the mob failed
and in this the authorities will find
unusual opportunity to punish the
rioters. Had the mob succeeded in
its purpose there would have been
bred a sympathetic condition of the
public mind as potent as it is diffi-
cult to understand. Peck was ac-
cused of a heinous crime and the pub-
lic, while expressing itself as deeply

shocked at the violent, summary and
lawless manner of his death, would
have viewed him "as a loathsome
wretch removed from earth, fully de-
serving the horror of his fate. Con-
viction of those concerned in his
death would be, in the light of all
precedent cases, practically impossi-
ble.

But the mob did not get the vic-
tim had elected to lynch. He is safe and sound bodily. The mob-
bists spent their fury in bloody con-
flict with the police, in dynamiting
public buildings and consigning
them to the flames. They resisted
authority. They destroyed property.
They looted private premises. They
committed housebreaking. They
committed burglary. They are guilty
of conspiracy against the public
peace and order, of riot, of theft, of
arson, possibly of murder. It is idle
to say the ringleaders and others
most chiefly concerned in this orgy
of crime are unknown and cannot be
found. They must be known and
being known arrested. The decent
people of Akron must be impatient
for punishment of the guilty, for
vindication of their city's hitherto
good name. If the rioters of that
town are not speedily seized and a
salutary lesson to their kind promp-
ly administered then Akron, in the
state of Ohio, must confess itself a
lawless community.

ITALIANS MAKE A PROTEST

THEY WANT REV. DR. BOUCHET
DISCIPLINED.

Vicar General of Louisville Diocese
Refused to Conduct Services
for King Humbert.

Washington, Aug. 25.—A protes-
tation has been sent to the papal legation
here by the leading Italians of Louis-
ville, Ky., against the recent action
of Very Rev. Dr. Bouchet, vicar gen-
eral of that diocese, in refusing to
conduct a solemn requiem service in
honor of King Humbert's memory.
It appears that Father Bouchet had
consented to offer a simple low mass
for this purpose, but declined to hold
any more elaborate service.
It is not generally known that the
present bishop of Louisville, Dr.
William McCloskey, was formerly
connected with the American college
in Rome, and, therefore, has decided
views on the differences existing be-
tween the vatican and the general
since 1890. Whether his feelings on
this question have prompted him to
support Father Bouchet's attitude
against paying extreme honors to
King Humbert's memory is not
known, but the fact that he sustains
his vicar general's contention leads
many Italians to infer so.

Archbishop Martinelli enjoys the
right in this country of disciplining
any priest or prelate for breach of
duty, but since the present action of
Dr. Bouchet is no infraction of the
normal law, it is evident that neither
himself nor his local superior, Bishop
McCloskey, will incur any severe pen-
alty.

POWERS OBJECTS TO IRONS.

Louisville, Ky., Aug. 25.—"I want
you to say that you found me hand-
cuffed like a beast of the field," said
ex-Secretary of State Caleb Powers,
convicted on the charge of being an
accessory to the murder of William
Gorel, when he talked to reporters
at the county jail. "This, too," he
continued, "after I told my guards I
would give them my word I would
make no attempt to escape. Such an
attempt would have been not only
useless, but foolish. If I had made
an attempt to escape it would have
ruined my chance for another trial.
If I were turned loose on the street
this minute I would not make the
least attempt to run away." Powers
was indignant because "nippers" had
been placed on his wrists. He was
brought from Frankfort, where he
spent last night, and placed in the
Louisville jail today for safe-keeping.

FROZE TO DEATH IN DETROIT.

Detroit, Mich., Aug. 25.—Joseph
Kronke, a butcher in the Polish dis-
trict, known as "King of the Poles,"
a power in local politics, was ac-
cidentally killed yesterday in his ice-
house at the rear of his store. Ac-
companied by an employee, Frank
Haas, Kronke went into the icehouse
early this morning. They had barely
begun to chop when huge chunks of
ice began tumbling down upon them.
The floor gave way and the two were
thrown into the space below. Haas,
who is slim, managed to squeeze out
between the ice blocks after an hour's
exertion, but he was chilled and
numbed with the cold. Rescuers
worked for two hours before Kronke's
body was taken out. There were no
external marks of injury, and it is
believed he froze to death.

MOB WORK HURTS

HAS A DETERMINING EFFECT ON
INVESTMENTS.

CARROLL COUNTY SHUNNED

CAPITALISTS AFRAID TO FIN-
ANCE ELECTRIC LINE.

HAPPENINGS IN HOOSIERDOM

GENERAL NEWS OF THE STATE
OF INDIANA.

Logansport, Ind., Aug. 25.—The
failure of the Indianapolis and Lo-
gansport Traction company enter-
prise is now saddled on the Carroll
county mobs, one of the local pro-
moters having received a letter from
an eastern financier firm which
says: "With reference to the elec-
tric line, I think it may be safely
said that the enterprise is dead. One
of the contributing causes is the
disposition manifested by the Carroll
county people to destroy bridges and
toll houses. I have learned that one
of the trust companies entirely de-
clined to consider the matter, upon
learning, through press reports, of
the mob violence of recent occur-
rence. The reason, and I think prop-
erly so, that as long as this lawless-
ness is tolerated by the citizens
along the line, it is as liable to man-
ifest itself against one corporation as
another."

This explains, in part, the bitter
enmity of the pike company officials
against the Carroll county opposi-
tion. If the electric line had been
built it would have meant the sale
of the road for \$10,000, George J.
Marolt, of Indianapolis, having
agreed to pay that sum, provided he
secured the funds for the project.
Attorney D. C. Justice says that he
did not call on the governor for
troops, but simply asked him if there
was a way to protect property when
the proper officials failed to do so.
Carroll county is able to cope with
the situation, were the sheriff in-
clined to do so. When the "regu-
lators" have razed the toll houses
and destroyed the bridges, it is not
unlikely that they will attack the
road with dynamite, in their de-
termination to break the spirit of
the owners. The \$25,000 reward has
tempted nobody so far, but the di-
rectors are adding names to their
suspect list, and arrests may be
made in a few days.

Mr. Justice is one of the most fear-
less and shrewdest lawyers at the
Cass county bar, and he will wage
prosecution to the bitter end. He
has made night drives over the pike
and it will be singular if he doesn't
spring a surprise shortly. The di-
rectors have not announced that
they will repair the toll house and
collect toll, but it is not probable
that repairs will be made until the
investigation has been concluded. A
number of detectives have been at-
tached by the big reward, and, un-
less the organization of the "regu-
lators" is perfect, damaging infor-
mation is certain to leak out.

A DOLEFUL EXPERIENCE.

Wabash, Ind., Aug. 25.—David
Nicom, a farmer of Wabash town-
ship, this county, whose dwelling was
destroyed by fire this week, has had
more than a fair share of experience
with the devouring element. In
1897 his house was struck by light-
ning, and torn to pieces, and what
was not demolished was burned by
the succeeding blaze. In 1899 his
barn was burned, and now comes
the destruction of his house, the
flames being started by mice nib-
bling match leads.

A RUN ON DIVORCE CASES.

Portland, Ind., Aug. 25.—There
was a run on divorce cases in the
county clerk's office yesterday, the
three complaints filed all being made
by women. The parties to the

suits are: Sarah Gibson vs. Isaac
W. Gibson; Zella Stevens vs. Oren D.
Stevens; Mary C. Klugh vs. George
M. Klugh. In one paragraph of her
complaint Mrs. Klugh accuses Klugh
of having whipped a child by a for-
mer husband so that there were
thirty-one black and blue marks on
its body.

KEEPING PEOPLE AT HOME.

Logansport, Ind., Aug. 25.—The
Logansport Commercial club, orga-
nized to keep people at home on hol-
idays, and provide means for them
to spend their money for local amuse-
ments, has elected the following of-
ficers: Walter J. Uhl, president;
W. H. Porter, vice president; S. D.
Brandt, secretary; Dr. M. A. Jordan,
treasurer.

SECOND COUSINS ELOPE.

North Manchester, Ind., Aug. 25.—
Miss Emma Freels, daughter of John
Freels, who lives five miles south of
South Whitley, and William Stewart
were married Wednesday. The bride
is aged nineteen years, while the
groom is forty-eight. Her parents
opposed the match bitterly. In or-
der to marry Stewart the girl threw
her clothes out of a window and
went across a field to meet him. The
contracting parties are second cou-
sins.

MISS EFFIE COOPER IS SAFE.

Elkhart, Ind., Aug. 25.—John
Cooper, city engineer of Goshen, has
received a letter from his sister, Miss
Effie Cooper, who is a missionary in
China, and who was supposed to have
been killed. The letter is dated
July 17, and says that she is safe,
and that if any trouble arises in her
immediate locality she can easily
reach the transports.

FATAL SPOT FOR A SPREE.

Anderson, Ind., Aug. 24.—Harvey
Kiser, of this city, aged 60, and an
unknown man of about the same age,
filled their pockets with bottles of
whiskey and sat down upon the Pan-
handle bridge crossing at White river
yesterday afternoon to enjoy them-
selves. The Cincinnati limited, an
hour late, struck the men and both
were fatally injured. They were
brought to the city and removed to
a hospital. Both were badly man-
gled and never spoke after the ac-
cident. They are thought to be dying
tonight.

BIG DIAMOND ROBBERY.

Cleveland, O., Aug. 25.—Report was
made to the police last night of a big
diamond robbery on a Baltimore and
Ohio sleeping car from the east.
Mrs. Lee McBride, wife of a promi-
nent wholesale dry goods merchant,
was the loser. She had \$5,000 worth
of diamonds in a chamois bag, which
she left in the toilet room of the
sleeper while coming to the city Fri-
day. When she discovered that the
diamonds were missing the toilet
room was searched, but the gems
could not be found. The train ar-
rived in the city early in the morn-
ing, but no report to the police was
made until midday. The jewels stolen
consisted of seven diamond rings, an
opal heart and necklace, each studded
with diamonds.

Subsequently Mrs. McBride noti-
fied the police that the jewels had
been found. She stated they had
merely been mislaid and not stolen
as at first reported.

ROME CITY COTTAGERS' TRAIN.

Commencing Thursday, June
28th, the Rome City Cottagers' Train
will leave Fort Wayne at
5:00 p. m., daily except Saturday
and Sunday. Returning, leave
Rome City at 7:00 a. m., daily
except Sunday. 2 tf

INDIANAPOLIS AND RETURN.

Sunday, Aug. 26th, via L. E. & W.
R. R. Rate, \$1.00. Train leaves at
5:00 a. m. 20-01

Detroit is one of the most beau-
tiful cities in America. You can
go there next Sunday for \$1.60
via Wabash and Steamer. Train
leaves 5:50 a. m. 2tf

IT IS A PITY SO FEW WOMEN

Are Entirely Free From Pelvic Catarrh.

Miss Anna Carsten, Clayton, Ill., says:
"Your Per-na did me so much good.
I believe I should
have been dead by
this time had I not
used it. I am feel-
ing so well now.
I have not taken
any medicine for
four or five
months. I can
cheerfully recom-
mend Per-na to
my friends."
Mrs. Henry Ellis,
Miss Anna Carsten, 602 Scott street,
Clayton, Ill.
Milwaukee, Wis.

says: "I was a most miserable sufferer
from falling of the womb, weak ovaries,
and leucorrhoea, which caused me to be
confined to my bed for a long time,
being too weak to hear my own weight
even, upon my feet. I was treated by
the most reputable physicians in our
city. They could do nothing for me. I
was most happy to say that in three
months after I began taking Per-na I
was well—entirely cured without any
appliance or support of any kind."

G. A. Froeh, New Portage, O., writes:
"My wife has been sick for about five
years. In the first place the doctor
called it leucorrhoea, and treated it about
one year, when it turned to ulceration of
the womb; she was then treated for that
for two years, when the doctor gave her
up. She could not walk for nearly two
years. She then tried your Per-na.
She has taken three bottles and it did
her more good than any other medicine."

A vast multitude of women have

found Per-na an indispensable remedy.
It meets all their irregularities, critical
periods, and peculiar weaknesses.
Mrs. Anne Randall, Caro, Mich., says:
"This letter leaves me well, I do sincerely
think, by reason of your good advice and
great medicine, Per-na. It has brought
back my health to me in my older days.
I am now a new woman, physically. I
think Per-na the best medicine in the
market."

Women are even more subject to cat-
arrh than men. The chief cause is the
delicacy of her organism, as compared
to man. This explains why, in-part at
least, so few women are entirely free
from catarrh. Catarrh of the pelvic or-
gans is generally called female disease.

Miss Sadie Marlinot, the prominent
young actress, writes to Dr. Hartman in
regard to Per-na, as follows: "It gives
me great pleasure to recom-
mend Per-na to members
of my profes-
sion. I have
found it most
helpful. I con-
sider Per-na of
special
benefit to women and particularly re-
commend it to them. My dressing table
is never without it."

Everywhere the people, especially the
women, are praising Per-na as a re-
medy for all forms of catarrhal difficul-
ties. Send for free catarrh book. Ad-
dress Dr. Hartman, Columbus, O.

Dental Work—Installment Plan.



all our work. Call at once and make
Sunday by appointment.

BOSTON DENTAL PARLORS,
74 CALHOUN STREET. DR. McALISTER, Mgr.

Everything Sold at
Lowest Cash Prices.

Until further notice, however, we shall
give off five per cent. from these Low-
est Cash Prices to all persons who
pay all cash at time of purchase.
Housekeeping Outfits a
Specialty.

Be sure you get into our store when you start out to do so. Don't
blunder into some other furniture store. A customer of ours from Whitley
county did that the other day and now, he says, he feels like kicking him-
self all over his county for his heedlessness. He never found out his mis-
take until he tried to pay us for the goods he bought in another store, sup-
posing he was in ours.
Remember our Court street entrance, as well as that upon Clinton
street, is close to the entrance to the natural gas office.

Wonderfully Handsome Carpets.

The New Fall Styles are exceedingly pretty.
Every season sees a steady improvement in Artistic Designing. Last
season's Carpets are not so pretty as those of this season.

We show the cream of this fall's designs.

Foster Furniture
and Carpet Co.

Hon. Frank B. Burke

Will Open the Campaign in Fort Wayne on

WEDNESDAY EVENING, AUG. 29

AT

—SAENCERBUND HALL

COME AND HEAR THIS ELOQUENT INDIANIAN ON

Imperialism, Trusts and the

Vital Issues of the Day.

GET A HOME!

We will sell you a home cheaper than rent. We select your own property anywhere in the State. We pay for it and you pay for it in monthly payments, without interest, only actual expenses. \$1,000 costs you \$4.50 a month, with \$4.50 on your home.

NO CAPITAL NECESSARY.
We pay for the home. Large number of people are securing homes this way. Why not you? We pay off the mortgage on property of any kind the same way. We buy either city or farm property. See our agent, or write us, and become a member of the

Fraternal Co-operative Ass'n

Rooms 21, 22, 23 Lombard Bldg.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

"A \$2,000 HOME IN TWO YEARS."
Young men, young women, why not see Mr. Teeple and have positive control of a TWO THOUSAND DOLLAR home in two years, with a very small part of your salary invested. Everybody can own a home for less than they can rent it. Call on the district manager, Thos. D. Teeple, 23 Oak street, Fort Wayne, Ind., for complete information. See him at once—time is money with him. Scores have taken this opportunity already to get a home for a minimum rent. You can do likewise.

DO YOUR TEETH NEED ATTENTION?

Now is the time. We are giving reductions on all kinds of dental work during the hot months.



You May Need a Plate
Our XYLONITE (something fine) the lightest, thinnest, most comfortable plate made. Is cooling to the mouth and guaranteed not to break.

Teeth Without Plates
Broken down teeth and old roots we can restore to beauty and usefulness by the above methods. Call and see samples of our work. All work warranted.

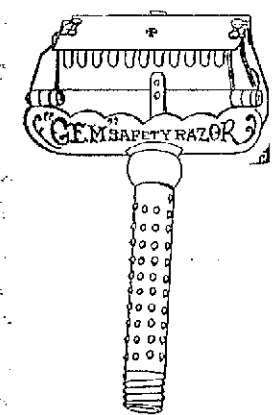
Arcade Dental Parlors,
7 ARCADE.
BARKET & LAKER,
Phone 627. Open evenings and Sundays.

J. C. Peltier,

Undertaker
and Embalmer,

17 W. WAYNE ST.

Be Your Own Barber...

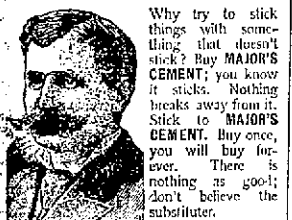


Gem and Star Safety Razors.
Henckle and Electric Razors.
Strops and Stropping Machines.
Shaving Soap, Lather Brushes.
Everything to make shaving a pleasure.

F. M. SMITH & CO.

22 CALHOUN ST.

Home Phone 204. Bell Phone 890.



MAJOR'S RUBBER AND MAJOR'S LEATHER.
Two separate companies—the best, best and lowest prices.
15 and 17 cents per roll at all drug stores.

MAJOR CEMENT CO., NEW YORK CITY.

A. Hattersly & Son,
PLUMBERS,
STEAM AND
GAS FITTERS,
48 E. MAIN STREET,
FORT WAYNE, IND.

'T WAS FAST GAME

FORT WAYNE WON IN THE ELEVENTH INNING.

ON WADSWORTH'S WILD PITCH

OPPORTUNE BATTING AND PRETTY FIELDING.

GREAT WORK AT SHORT STOP

MUD HENS LOST TWO GAMES TO DAYTONS—GOSSIP.

INTER-STATE STANDING.

	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Dayton	77	37	.675
Fort Wayne	71	45	.612
Toledo	69	46	.600
Wheeling	61	52	.540
Mansfield	54	59	.478
Anderson	51	61	.456
New Castle	40	77	.342
Marion	33	76	.303

The game at League park yesterday afternoon was one of the prettiest and most exciting played in Fort Wayne this season. There were numerous pretty fielding features and some feats of batting which are seldom seen in one game of base ball. Wadsworth, one of Pat Wright's two stars, was pitted against Erickson and the Fort Wayne boy had the best of it until he was hit on his sore finger in the fifth inning by a hard batted ball. For two innings thereafter he kept the visitors from making a hit, the first safe drive being registered by Wadsworth in the eighth inning, when a runner was on second base. The drive scored the run and tied the score. Wadsworth was effective, too, but finally lost the game in the eleventh inning by making a wild pitch. The real fine features of the game were the fast work of Krueger and Nattress at short. Nattress had the most chances and handled them all cleanly, but Krueger accepted three or four chances which were simply phenomenal plays and beat the New Castle batters out of base hits. He fielded the ball over the second bag and captured a speedy grounder near third base with one hand and nailed the runner at first base. One of the best batting feats was a hit by Brashear in the eighth inning. Krueger was on third base and Hemphill on second and one out when Brashear came to bat. He bunted the first ball pitched down the third base line and Krueger and Hemphill flew for the plate, while Wadsworth was fielding the ball to first base. Wright returned the ball to Grafius, but too late to catch Hemphill, who chased over the plate only a few feet behind Krueger. The visitors tied the score in the ninth, after two were out, on two-buggers by Lawrence and Cargo. Neither side scored in the tenth and in the eleventh Babb and Hollingsworth made singles and the Fort Wayne third baseman scored on a wild pitch for Wadsworth and ended the game. Swain pitched the last two innings and had the Quakers at his mercy. Babb had scored one run in the second inning on a Texas leaguer, Lawrence's wild throw to second, Hollingsworth's sacrifice and Kleinow's long fly to Frank. Score:

FORT WAYNE.				
	AB	R	B	PO
Helden, if...	4	0	0	2
Krueger, ss.	4	1	1	3
Hemphill, cf.	4	1	1	2
Miller, rf.	5	0	2	3
Brashear, lb.	4	0	0	15
Babb, 3b.	4	2	3	2
Holls, 2b.	3	0	1	0
Bergen, c.	4	0	1	5
Fricken, p.	3	0	0	1
Swain, p.	0	0	0	2
Totals	33	4	0	33

NEW CASTLE.				
	AB	R	B	PO
Nattress, ss.	3	1	0	3
F. Miller, 2b.	5	0	0	4
Wright, lb.	4	0	0	16
Grafius, c.	4	0	1	3
Lawrence, lf.	5	1	0	0
Cargo, 3b.	5	0	1	2
VanBuren, cf.	3	0	1	0
Frank, rf.	3	1	0	2
Wadsworth, p.	4	0	1	0
Totals	36	3	5	30

*None out when winning run was made.
Fort Wayne... 01000002001-4
New Castle... 00000002100-3
Earned runs—New Castle, 1. Two-base hits—Lawrence, Cargo, Miller. Sacrifice hits—Hollingsworth, 2; Brashear. Stolen bases—O. Miller, Frank, Kleinow, Hemphill. Innings pitched—Fricken, 9; Swain, 2. Base hits made Off Fricken, 4; Off Swain 1. First base on balls—Off Fricken, 4; Off Swain, 1; Off Wadsworth, 4. Hit by pitched ball—By Fricken, 2. Struck out—By Fricken, 2; by Wadsworth, 2; by Swain, 1. Wild pitches—Wadsworth, 2. Passed ball—Grafius. Double plays—Ber-

gen to Krueger; Nattress to Wright. Umpire—Caruthers. Time—2:15. Attendance—800.

OTHER INTER-STATE GAMES

MANSFIELD, 4; WHEELING, 0.

Mansfield, O., Aug. 25.—Score: Mansfield... 1 0 0 3 0 0 0 0 4
Wheeling... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
Batteries—Ames and Fox; Jones and Ritter. Hits—Mansfield, 7; Wheeling, 8. Errors—Mansfield, 2.
DAYTON, 6-5; TOLEDO, 2-4.

Dayton, O., Aug. 25.—Score (first game): Dayton... 0 0 0 2 0 0 3 1 6
Toledo... 2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 2
Batteries—Wicker and Donahue; Butler and Hansford. Hits—Dayton, 10; Toledo, 3. Errors—Dayton, 1; Toledo, 2.

Second game—Dayton... 0 0 0 0 0 1 4 5
Toledo... 0 4 0 0 0 0 0 0 4
Batteries—Gilpatrick and Donahue; Ewing and Arthur. Hits—Dayton, 7; Toledo, 4. Errors—Dayton, 1; Toledo, 2.

ANDERSON, 5-4; MARION, 1-5.

Anderson, Ind., Aug. 25.—Score (first game): Anderson... 1 0 2 0 2 0 0 0 5
Marion... 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 1
Batteries—Mahaffey and Beville; McCord and Lynch. Hits—Anderson, 11; Marion, 7. Errors—Anderson, 1; Marion, 2.
Second game—11 innings. Anderson... 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 1 0 2 4
Marion... 1 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 8 5
Batteries—Street and Beville; Bates and Lynch. Hits—Anderson, 11; Marion, 6. Errors—Anderson, 1; Marion, 1.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Brooklyn	58	38	.617
Pittsburg	54	48	.540
Philadelphia	49	48	.505
Chicago	48	49	.493
Boston	48	49	.493
Cincinnati	47	52	.475
St. Louis	44	51	.463
New York	39	56	.410

YESTERDAY'S RESULTS.

St. Louis, 7; Chicago, 0.
Philadelphia, 3; New York, 1.
Cincinnati, 11; Pittsburg, 2.

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Chicago	64	41	.611
Indianapolis	53	48	.547
Milwaukee	50	52	.532
Detroit	58	54	.518
Kansas City	56	56	.500
Cleveland	52	55	.481
Buffalo	50	63	.442
Minneapolis	43	60	.382

YESTERDAY'S RESULTS.

Buffalo, 6; Cleveland, 0 (10 innings).
Cleveland, 3; Buffalo, 2.
Detroit, 12; Indianapolis, 4.
Indianapolis, 9; Detroit, 1 (7 innings.)

NOTES OF THE GAME.

Wheeling will be here tomorrow and Harper will probably pitch against Pont.

Jake Beckley had on his batting loga yesterday at Pittsburg and lined out a single, a two-bagger and a home run.

Jess Barker is making more hits now than any other player in the league and will finish among the first five big batters.

Boston is after Pitcher Charles Crowe, who formerly played with Youngstown and is still under contract to Manager Finn.

Dayton's two victories yesterday added "cinched" the pennant for the "Old Soldiers." Fort Wayne is a strong second and the Toledoos will have to play some to get back in the place.

There have been forty extra inning games played in the Interstate league this season, including every number from ten to eighteen except fourteen and seventeen. Double figures were scored in only three of these games, indicating the fast character of base ball that is being played in the Interstate.

Brashear made another attempt to turn a trick when Fricken made his wild throw to first base to catch Nattress napping. Brashear held him momentarily, but would not have gotten away with the play had Cargo not scored, as Caruthers was looking at the two men and saw the interference. Brashear would be a star in the Interstate if he would cut out the tricks.

The best ball played here this season has been put up by New Castle and Mansfield. The prettiest and most hotly contested games were those with New Castle and it is beyond the comprehension of a Hoosier base ball "fan" to know that Pat Wright's great team is not properly supported. True, the team loses most of its games, but the victor always knows that a game has been played. Real lovers of the game would be satisfied with the character

of high-class ball the team plays whether or not the team wins. Hemphill did some daring base running in the games yesterday, and kept Wadsworth busy watching him when on bases. In the tenth, after he had made a single, he stole second, making a pretty slide. He also stole third base, and Cargo missed touching him by six inches, but Caruthers called the runner out, although it could be plainly seen from the stand that he was not touched with the ball. Had he been called safe the game would have been ended in this inning, as "Doggie" Miller followed with a two-bagger. Umpire Caruthers says that a fast man like Hemphill keeps an umpire on nerves while he is on the bases, as the umpire knows that he intends to try and pilfer a base.

The Sporting News this week prints a picture of Louis Heilbroner, the Fort Wayne man who is managing the St. Louis base ball club. The likeness is a true one, but Louis is not in uniform. A portrait with Mr. Heilbroner in uniform would be a treat for his friends. The Sporting News says: "Manager Heilbroner will be honest with his employers and fair to his men. He will insist on each member of the team living up to its regulations. He will not expect them to be models in deportment, but he will insist that they cut out booze, late hours and excesses of all kinds. A man of Mr. Heilbroner's standing and sterling honesty would blame himself as much for permitting the players to give their employers the worst of it, as if he were to allow money to be diverted from the club's bank account."

HILL TO SPEAK IN THE WEST.

Chicago, Aug. 24.—Chairman James K. Jones, of the democratic national committee, said today that former Senator David B. Hill, of New York, will make some speeches in the west during the campaign, but that the times and places have not yet been determined. Senator Marion Butler will arrive in Chicago on Monday next to attend the meeting of the populist party national committee, of which he is chairman. There will probably be a conference between the two chairmen.

RACE WAR IMMINENT.

Fort Worth, Texas, Aug. 24.—A race war is imminent in Sabine county. The negroes have posted notices threatening to kill three prominent white men and are intimidating white women. Peace officers have been called from adjoining counties.

REORGANIZED SAINTS MEET.

Kansas City, Mo., Aug. 24.—At Washington park today the reorganized church of Latter Day Saints began its second annual reunion with a moderate attendance. The meetings will last ten days. Several leaders of the church, among them President Joseph Smith, of LaMuni, Iowa, will speak.

Sick pianos doctored for what ails them, at 92 West Jefferson street. 22-23-25 PIANO HOSPITAL.

G. A. R. DAYLIGHT SPECIAL TRAIN TO CHICAGO VIA PENNSYLVANIA LINES.

Monday, August 27, the Pennsylvania Company will run a special daylight train to Chicago account 34th annual encampment G. A. R. to accommodate excursionists. Leave Fort Wayne 9:50 a. m., central time, arrive Chicago 2 p. m. Excursion tickets will be sold to Chicago August 25 to 29 inclusive, with privilege of extending return limit until September 30. Ask John E. Ross, Pennsylvania Company Ticket Agent, Fort Wayne, about details. A23-41

SUMMER TOURIST RATES TO NORTHERN MICHIGAN.

Commencing June 1st and until Sept. 30, 1900, summer tourist tickets will be on sale to the Northern Michigan Resorts good to return until Oct. 31st, 1900. See that your tickets read via the Grand Rapids and Indiana railway. Descriptive matter of the Michigan resorts, time cards and full information can be had by addressing C. L. LOCKWOOD, G. P. & T. A., 9-5-11 Grand Rapids, Mich.

Go to Detroit next Sunday via Wabash and Steamer. Tickets, \$1.60. Train leaves 5:50 a. m. 21f

Go to Scottish games at Robison park next Saturday. Games open to world. Grand stand admission, 10c. Dancing and supper in evening. A Scotch pipe, will furnish music. 21,23,24

THE MARKETS.

Chicago, Aug. 25.—Leading speculative markets of the board of trade were exceedingly quiet today. In wheat trade was almost entirely confined to scalping operations on the short side. The market opened a shade higher on continued rains in the northwest, higher cables and light local receipts. September started at 74½¢ to 74½¢ and declined to 74½¢. Receipts at Minneapolis and Duluth were 364 cars, against 289 last week and 229 a year ago. Receipts here were 413 cars, 60 of contract grade.

The northwest weakness was a depressing factor here and shortly before noon September reacted to 73½¢. The close was weak, September 73½¢@74¢ lower at 73½¢@73¾¢. Corn sagged early on lack of general support. Local receipts were 137 cars. September opened unchanged at 38½¢@39¢. After a few sales at 39¢ the market dropped to 38½¢. The close was steady, September a shade lower at 38½¢. Oats were stagnant. September opened a shade lower at 21½¢, touched 21½¢@21¾¢ and then dropped back to 21½¢. Receipts were 408 cars.

Provisions were easy on moderate local selling. September pork opened 2½¢ lower at \$11.15, September lard 2½¢ down at \$6.30 and September ribs 5¢ depressed at \$7.02½.

THE CLOSE.

Prices at the close were as follows: Wheat—Aug., 73½¢; Sept., 73½¢@73¾¢; Oct., 74½¢. Corn—Aug., 39½¢; Sept., 38½¢; Oct., 37½¢. Oats—Aug., 21½¢; Sept., 21½¢@21¾¢; Oct., 21½¢@22¢. Pork—Aug., \$11.05; Sept., \$11.05; Oct., \$11.10; Jan., \$11.07½. Lard—Aug., \$6.75; Sept., \$6.75; Oct., \$6.80; Nov., \$6.75; Dec., \$6.57½; Jan., \$6.57½. Ribs—Aug., \$7.00; Sept., \$7.00; Oct., \$6.97½; Jan., \$5.90. Flax—Cash N. W., \$1.41; Cash S. W., \$1.40; Aug., \$1.41; Sept., \$1.38; Oct., \$1.37.

CHICAGO LIVE STOCK.

Chicago, Aug. 25.—Cattle—Receipts, 500; market nominally steady. Good to prime steers, \$5.40@5.60; poor to medium, \$4.60@5.40; stockers and feeders, \$3.25@4.75; cows, \$2.65@4.40; heifers, \$3.00@5.00; canners, \$2.00@2.60; bulls, \$2.50@4.40; calves, \$5.00@6.50; Texas fed steers, \$4.14@5.00; Texas grass steers, \$3.25@4.00; Texas bulls, \$2.50@3.25. Hogs—Receipts today, 15,000; Monday, 32,000; left over, 3,182. Market strong to 5¢ higher; top, \$5.37½. Mixed and butchers, \$5.05@5.55; good to choice heavy, \$5.15@5.45; rough heavy, \$4.95@5.10; light, \$5.15@5.57½; bulk of sales, \$5.20@5.40.

THE MONEY MARKET.

New York, Aug. 25.—Money on call steady at 1½¢ per cent; prime mercantile paper, 4@5 per cent; sterling exchange steady with actual business in bankers' bills at \$4.87½; for demand and at \$4.84½ for 60 days; posted rates, \$4.85@4.85½ and \$4.88½@4.89; commercial bills, \$4.83½@4.84½; bar silver, 61½¢; silver certificates, 61½¢@62½¢; Mexican dollars, 48½¢.

THE DAY ON WALL STREET.

New York, Aug. 25.—With the exception of a rise of 1½ in Lackawanna, changes in prices at the opening of the market today were small. The market was unsettled, improvements occurring in some stocks, while others were depressed. St. Louis, Southwestern preferred and Steel and Wire preferred were leaders in strength, while Brooklyn Transit, Sugar and Burlington were heavy. The usual dullness of a Saturday, coupled with a disposition to curtail ventures pending the publication of the bank statement, caused an almost lifeless market. Continued pressure against Brooklyn Transit lowered it 1½ and Rubbers sagged 1½. Some pronounced gains were made in usually dormant stocks in the last hour. Chicago and Eastern Illinois preferred and Lake Erie preferred gained a point, while St. Paul preferred figured for 1½. There were no changes of importance in the active list until the bank statement appeared. The showing was disappointing, each increasing only about \$6,000,000. General weakness followed its publication, Brooklyn Transit exceptionally losing over 2 points. Sugar lost 1½, but other stocks yielded only fractionally. The closing was weak at the lowest.

NEW YORK PRODUCE.

New York, Aug. 25.—Butter—Receipts, 3,950 pkgs; market steady; current packed factory, 14@16¢. Cheese—Receipts, 2,197 pkgs; market quiet and easy; large white, 10¢@10½¢; small white, 10½¢; large colored, 10½¢; small colored, 10½¢. Eggs—Receipts, 4,057 pkgs; mar-

WENT INTO TRAP

keel firm, western, loss off, 10@17¢; western, regular packing, at mark, 10@15¢.
Sugar—Raw, firm; fair refining, 4½¢; refined, steady; granulated, \$6.10.
Coffee—Market weak; No. 7 Rio, 8½¢.

THE BOND MARKET.

New York, Aug. 25.—State bonds easier; railroad bonds irregular; government bonds steady.
Refunding 2s, when is, reg., 103½¢
Refunding 2s, when is, coup., 103½¢
U. S. 3s registered, 109
U. S. 3s coupon, 109
U. S. 4s registered (new), 113½¢
U. S. 4s coupon (new), 113½¢
U. S. 4s registered (old), 115
U. S. 4s coupon (old), 116
U. S. 5s registered, 112½¢
U. S. 5s coupon, 112½¢

WEEKLY BANK STATEMENT.

New York, Aug. 25.—The weekly bank statement shows the following changes:
Surplus reserve, inc., \$3,331,875
Loans, inc., 2,518,700
Specie, inc., 4,606,300
Legal tenders, inc., 483,200
Deposits, inc., 7,038,500
Circulation, inc., 502,400
The banks now hold \$33,885,925 in excess of the requirements of the 25 per cent. rule.

REPORT AGAINST VACATION

OF VIEWERS.

REVIEWERS REVERSE FINDING

Recommend That the Old New Haven Road Be Not Vacated—Matter Is Not Settled.

Jerome Gloyd, Jesse Crouse and August Blume, reviewers in the petition for the vacation of the old New Haven road, have filed with the county commissioners their report, which finds against vacation. The original reviewers favored vacation, and a big remonstrance was filed with the county commissioners, who appointed reviewers. Oliver Hanna, owner of the old Nelson farm, was desirous of having the road vacated, inasmuch as it divided a few acres from the bulk of his farm. He had also given the right of way through the farm to two other roads, and believed that the road was not necessary to travel. He and several other persons in the vicinity signed the original petition. Now that there have been two reports the court may decide, but the commissioners can only act in accordance with the recommendation of the reviewers, which means that the road will not be vacated unless the courts decree otherwise.

COURT NOTES.

Affidavits have been sworn by J. K. Ross charging two clerks of Coverdale & Archer with selling oleomargarine without placing a proper label on it. The claim is also made that other grocery men bought the oleomargarine from the firm and sold it in their stores, and the entire matter has been referred to the United States authorities.
Justice France dismissed the cases against John M. Kane, who was charged by Ed Schell with provoke and profanity.

LOCAL NEWS.

Mrs. E. B. Johnson and Mrs. Fred Crall have gone to Rome City for a stay of two weeks.
Mrs. W. W. Rensington and daughters, Miss Grace and Mrs. Charles Hitzman, go to Chicago tomorrow for a visit with Mrs. Rensington's sister, Mrs. Will H. Bond.
Charles Petgen, gang foreman at the Pittsburg shops, left last evening for Silver Lake to visit his grandfather and will then proceed to Chicago and St. Paul, returning in about ten days.
At the regular meeting of Fort camp No. 758, Royal Neighbors, last evening, Hartie Miller gave the camp a generous treat of fruits and cake in honor of her birthday anniversary. The West End Zohos will give an ice cream social and concert at 122 Wilt street Tuesday evening.
Miss Edith Stonebraker, who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. Johnson, of West Washington street, has returned to Auburn, accompanied by her sister, Miss Edith Stonebraker.
Miss Maude MacBennett, stenographer at the Olds Wagon works, has gone to Chicago for a visit with friends.
Mrs. J. P. Olympus, of Denver, Col., is in the city the guest of Mrs. Michael Kirby, of 76 East Williams street.
Mrs. J. D. Chambers and Miss Dregmeyer go to Detroit tomorrow to visit friends.
Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Mohler and children are in Huntington to attend the celebration of the seventy-ninth anniversary of the birth of Mr. Mohler's father, Amos Mohler.
Subscribe for The Sentinel.

WENT INTO TRAP

BOERS DEAL SEVERELY WITH RULLER'S CAVALRY.

LIVERPOOLS LOSE MANY MEN

TEN KILLED AND MANY WERE MADE PRISONERS.

DEWET CROSSES THE RIVER

LIEUTENANT CORDUA MEETS HIS DOOM.

London, Aug. 25.—Lord Roberts has left Pretoria and has fixed his headquarters at Windfontein, the second station west of Machadodorp, where the bulk of the Boers in arms are supposed to be. Wiring from there August 24, he says:

"Buller reports the Boers laid a trap for his cavalry August 23, opening with several guns at fairly short range.
"The British guns silenced the Boers, but when the firing ceased and the pickets were being placed for the night, by some mistake two companies of the Liverpool regiment advanced fifteen hundred yards into a hollow out of sight of the main body, where they were surrounded by the Boers and suffered severely.
"The Liverpool lost ten men killed and Captain Palmer and forty-five men wounded. In addition, they had thirty-two men missing.
"General Buller's other casualties August 23 were twenty men killed, wounded or missing."
Lord Roberts also wires that General Pole-Carew occupied Belfast, near Machadodorp, August 24, without opposition.
General French, with four brigades of cavalry, is moving east of Machadodorp.
The dispatch of the commander-in-chief in South Africa also says:

"There is a welcome green over the veldt, which, I hope, means that our riding and transport animals will get grazing shortly. They have fared badly of late."

DEWET'S RUSE WORKED.

Krugersdorp, Aug. 25.—Commandant De La Rey appeared yesterday before Bank Station with a large force and asked the garrison, commanded by Lord Albermarle, to surrender, which the garrison refused to do. In the meantime DeWet took advantage of this ruse and crossed the river towards the Orange river valley.

CORDUA MEETS DEATH.

London, Aug. 25.—Lieutenant Cordua, the Boer officer convicted by court-martial as one of the ringleaders in the conspiracy to abduct Lord Roberts and to kill leading British officers, was executed at Pretoria late yesterday afternoon. Lord Roberts, to whom the verdict and sentence of the court had been referred, approved



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GREAT EXPECTATIONS

Are the incentive that often lead people to visit strange butcher stores and test the quality of their meats. There is trouble ahead for any of our patrons that try it. They will never find such tender, succulent, prime and high grade roasts, chops, steaks as we send to your order at all times.

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Business - Directory.

UNDERTAKER. ROBERT KLAHN, 39 West Main. Undertaker, LICENSED EMBALMER. Office open day and night. Telephones 1258 and 228 Main.

INSURANCE. D. C. FISHER, Insurance, Real Estate, Loans, No. 24 W. Wayne street, Fort Wayne, Ind.

BANKS. HAMILTON NATIONAL BANK. Capital \$200,000. Surplus \$20,000. The Hamilton National Bank will pay interest at the rate of two (2) per cent. per annum on certificates of deposit if left four months. President—Charles McCulloch. Cashier—John Mohr, Jr.

CAPITAL \$350,000. SURPLUS \$140,000. THE OLD NATIONAL BANK. E. W. Corner Calhoun and Berry Sts. Stephen B. Bond, President. Oliver P. Morgan, Vice President. Jared D. Bond, Cashier. Charles E. Bond, Assistant Cashier.

White National Bank, Corner Wayne and Clinton Sts. CAPITAL, \$200,000. SURPLUS, \$70,000. Safe Deposit Boxes for rent.

LAWYER, ABSTRACTOR OF TITLES, INSURANCE, COLLECTION AND LOAN AGENT. James E. Graham, Room 10, Bank Block, FORT WAYNE, IND. Stenographer and Notary Public in office. Phone 615 Main.

PHYSICIAN. DR. R. GARD—To ladies suffering from ailments peculiar to their sex may consult me free of charge at my office, 14 W. Wayne St. Telephone 845.

TRAVEL IMMENSE

GRAND ARMY BUSINESS EXCEEDS EXPECTATIONS.

RAILWAYS PUT ON EXTRAS

AND EVERY CAR SEAT HAS AN OCCUPANT.

PROMINENT MEN IN THE PARTY

GEN. MILES TO PASS THROUGH MONDAY EVENING.

The manner in which the encampment excursion business opened to-day presages the heaviest traffic in that line ever known in this territory. All the early morning trains out of this city, both on the Pennsylvania and the Nickel Plate, were crowded with passengers and each road ran special trains. The local posts had selected the Nickel Plate as the official route and for their accommodation and for the accommodation of the throngs who presented themselves for transportation the company ran the specials and placed extra cars on its regular trains. There were two specials on the Nickel Plate today and there will be two tomorrow.

On the Pittsburgh the movement began with train 15, which left the city at 3:25 o'clock this morning, loaded almost to the full standing room capacity. No. 37 also took a big crowd out of the city and No. 21 was so crowded that it was necessary to divide the train here and run it to the Windy City in two sections. The Grand Rapids road brought up 208 passengers from Richmond and intermediate points and turned them over to the Pennsylvania. These people occupied three cars, one of which bore a large streamer with the legend, "John P. Porter post, No. 83, Department of Indiana, G. A. R., Geneva." The cars occupied by the people from the Rapids road became a part of the second section of train 21. There will be two sections of Pennsylvania train No. 9 this evening and three sections of No. 15 tomorrow morning. It will also be necessary to run a few specials, one being for the purpose of picking up excursionists between Columbiana and Orville. This train will stop here tomorrow long enough to allow the passengers to get dinner at the McKinnis house. In addition to these extra trains, the Pennsylvania's regular trains each had extra cars and in some of them were distinguished men. E. Willard, assistant general manager of the Baltimore and Ohio road, occupied car 705, in train 21, this morning, and another Pullman car in that train was occupied by a hospital corps from Washington. A special car bearing Hon. W. H. Stone and party will be a part of train 15 tomorrow morning. Monday morning No. 15 will have two special cars, one bearing a number of naval cadets from Annapolis and the other carrying George C. Meade post, of Pittsburgh. Monday evening General Miles and staff will occupy a private car in train No. 9. No doubt there will be a crowd at the depot to see the distinguished gentleman.

WILL BE A BIG AFFAIR.

The Wabash shopmen are now placing their orders for tickets for the Detroit excursion next Saturday. Only a few of the men have ordered less than three tickets and several have ordered fifteen each. So far the orders call for about 200 tickets and only a small portion of the employees have been heard from. The rate to the shopmen is \$1 and no limit is placed to the number of tickets each man can purchase.

MR. CRIGHTON HURT.

William Crighton, master mechanic of the Kerr Murray works, sustained painful injury at the noon hour today. In some manner a heavy iron bar fell, catching and badly lacerating one of his thumbs. Although able to walk, the company had Mr. Crighton conveyed to his home in a hack.

RETURN OF AN OLD SHOPMAN.

Charles Barnes, of Columbus, O., combined pleasure and business in this city yesterday. In a business way he called on the Bass works and Kerr Murray works, and in a social way made visits at the Pittsburgh and other shops, where he was once employed. Mr. Barnes is now foreman of the extensive works of the Columbus Forge and Iron company. Before going to that city he operated a bolt machine in the Pittsburgh shops.

JAECKEL GOES TO ST. LOUIS.

Richard M. Jaekel, a well-known young man of the city and for several years employed as an instrument

maker at the electric works under Foreman J. J. Bauer, has accepted a much more lucrative position in St. Louis, and today tendered his resignation to Mr. Bauer. Next Tuesday morning Mr. Jaekel will go to Chicago for a brief visit with friends before assuming the duties of his new position. In this matter Mr. Jaekel took his chopmates and friends by surprise, and the regret at his action is general among them. Besides being a fine workman, he is a very companionable and clever fellow, and it was hoped he would remain here.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

Fred Rehling, boilermaker at the Wabash shops, is sick. The Bass boiler shops is receiving a new corrugated iron roof today. Nickel Plate engine 27 has gone into the Stony Island shops for repairs. Boilermaker James Murray, of the Wabash, made a business trip to Peru today.

It is alleged that the Chicago Great Western is again paying commissions to ticket agents.

Miss Fredericka Shotemeyer, of the Wabash telegraph office, will be the guest of Toledo friends tomorrow.

Mrs. J. D. Reinemeyer, wife of the Pittsburgh blacksmith, went to Chicago this morning to visit her relatives. Nickel Plate Conductor Benberger has returned from the east, where he spent a month with friends and relatives.

H. F. Jensen, of the Pittsburgh blacksmith shop, went to Plymouth this afternoon to spend Sunday with friends.

W. C. Forbes, recently of the Toledo, St. Louis and Kansas City, has been appointed superintendent of the Gulf and Brazos road.

Night Yard Master Andy Delany, of the Nickel Plate, is off on a week's vacation, which he will spend at Bellevue, his old home.

Capt. W. M. Somers, of the Logansport division of the Pennsylvania police department, was here yesterday in a business way.

Assistant Superintendent Charles Cousar and Machinist Rohan and Charles Grovener, of the Bass works, went to Chicago this morning.

Henry Durlake resumed work in the Pittsburgh planing mills this morning, after being absent on account of sickness about a week.

Emil Such, of the Rhinesmith & Simonson factory, went to Chicago this morning, accompanied by his wife, for a three or four days' visit.

Mrs. W. E. Rowe, wife of the Wabash night yardmaster, has returned home, after a two week's visit with relatives at Bluffton and Warren, Ind.

Mrs. Owen Barry and Miss Helen Barry, wife and daughter of Owen Barry, of the Pittsburgh blacksmith shop, went to Crestline this morning for a short visit.

Charles Stickle, who had been continuously employed as an engineer for fifty-two years, is dead. He ran the first train, in 1849, from Davenport to Iowa City.

The Central Passenger association lines have authorized the granting of a one-fare rate for the round trip for the industrial fair at Toronto, Ont., August 27 to September 8.

Master Mechanic P. F. Smith, of the Chicago division of the Pennsylvania, with headquarters in Logansport, arrived in the city at noon and is D. F. Crawford's guest this afternoon.

J. Guywith, of the Pittsburgh shops, is kept from his work by the illness of one of his children. J. Gans is sick and C. E. M. Bailey has gone out of the city. They also are shopmen.

The special train that carried H. R. Huntington from San Francisco to New York to attend his uncle's funeral covered the distance from New Orleans to Atlanta, 521 miles, in ten hours.

Harry Fowler, switchman at the Nickel Plate yards, left last night for Petoskey, Mich. He will visit all the important resorts in that vicinity and return home in about two weeks.

Switchman Peter Stemen, who was injured at the Pittsburgh freight house two weeks ago, has nearly recovered and will be out in a few days. His escape from death is considered miraculous.

Tomorrow afternoon William Hill, weighmaster at the Nickel Plate yards, will go to Chicago to meet and discuss old times with his army comrades. He will remain there the entire week.

J. M. Wells and David Watterson, Nickel Plate conductors, will enjoy a brief sojourn at Niagara Falls and Buffalo. They have been granted a leave of absence from their train duties for that purpose.

Tomorrow Grand Chief Arthur will address the Columbus (O.) branch of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. He is now paying visits to important railway cities, and can be expected in Fort Wayne before long.

Engineer C. E. Merriett, of the Nickel Plate, has obtained a month's leave of absence and with his wife and son will spend the vacation in Southern Ohio and Kentucky, where Mr. and Mrs. Merriett formerly lived.

While Frank Laver, a car inspector at the Pittsburgh depot, was cutting weeds in the alley at his home yesterday, his little son got in front of him and the sharp blade of the scythe came near severing one of the limbs of the little fellow. A deep and long

gash was cut in the lad's left shin, but it is believed that no permanent injury will result.

Captain H. M. Deihl, of the Pittsburgh machine shop, accompanied his wife to Winona this morning to remain over Sunday.

Engines 153 and 285 have been turned out of the Pittsburgh shops after repairs, and engines 152 and 310 have been taken in for repairs.

Firemen F. H. Rogers, F. M. Jamey and J. M. Brown of the Pittsburgh, are off duty, the two former being sick and the latter on account of the sickness of his wife.

F. A. Wiegand and Gus Gruber, of the Pittsburgh copper shop, go to Indianapolis tonight to visit Mr. Wiegand's brother, who is foreman of a stove foundry in that city.

The Wabash shops turned out three passenger engines yesterday and today. They were 1,560, from the Buffalo division; 658, from the Detroit division, and 421 from the Fifth district.

Misses Sadie and Bertha Lench, daughters of Assistant Boiler Foreman John T. Lench, of the Pittsburgh, will leave Monday for Louisville, Ky., where they will visit relatives a few weeks.

Engineers Frank Wingert and Percy VanAlstine are taking the places on yard engines of Engineers Louis and Charles Sweeney, who are off duty on account of the death of their mother.

A 1,200-light dynamo and all the station equipments to Dunkirk, Ind., and an eighty-light are machine to the Vicksburg Ice company, Vicksburg, Miss., were among the shipments from the electric light works today.

C. F. Fulton has been promoted to be superintendent of the car department of the Vandalia at Terre Haute shops, vice J. W. Robbins, resigned. Oscar Judy, late of this city, is foreman of the blacksmith department of these shops.

On account of the urgent demand at the east car shops for dressed car lumber the Pittsburgh planing mills were kept in operation all day, contrary to the usual custom. All the other departments of the shops closed down at noon.

Engineer Joseph Shelly and Fireman J. T. White are taking a vacation before resuming work in the through freight service on the Pittsburgh. They had been on the Tullahoma work train, which has been taken off the road for the season.

Ed Morrison, Nickel Plate brakeman, is taking a lay off for the purpose of entertaining some visitors, who arrived at his home a day or two ago. Brakeman F. E. Todd, of the same road, is taking a lay off also for private business.

Indications are that this fall there will be an unusually large movement of live stock for longer distances than usual, and the lines which handle much of this business are purchasing new cars and generally repairing all old cars, the latter to be used in short service.

The Nickel Plate pay car, which was due here at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon, did not arrive until after 5 o'clock. It was back of a local train which had a car off the tracks at Lat-tin, and had to wait until the obstruction was removed. The wreck crew was called out from this city.

Recevier Malott, of the Vandalia, yesterday let a contract to the American Car and Foundry company for 100 more 80,000 pound coal cars. Including the cars covered by the contract, which are to be delivered within a few weeks, he has purchased and built 961 large modern freight cars.

The Baltimore and Ohio management contemplates changing the color of its passenger coaches, excepting the cars used in the Royal Blue trains. For some time it has been experimenting with different colors. It is said that in a short time the coaches will be painted an olive green.

Dr. F. W. Brown, who for several months has been spending two or three days each week here in assisting Dr. E. F. Wagner with the Relief work, has moved here from Logansport and will devote all his time to relief work on the western division of the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago road.

D. A. Wolford, of the Pittsburgh blacksmith shop, and his wife went to North Manchester, Ind., where they will attend a camp meeting held under the auspices of the National Holiness association. Mr. Wolford had a thumb cut off while at work in the shops a few weeks ago and is still unable to work.

In commenting on the talk that the Toledo, St. Louis and Western will become a sharp competitor of the Wabash, President Ashley says: "They have been competitors of ours before, and I think whatever developments may arise the Wabash will be able to meet them. I have not heard of the Clover Leaf cutting rates of late, though in the past the road was sometimes guilty."

On Wednesday a committee of the engineers of the Toledo, St. Louis and Western called on General Superintendent Franklin and Master Mechanic Trempe and requested an adjustment of the recent schedule. They ask that their runs be so arranged that they can have their idle time at home, and that they be not subjected to overwork as for some months past. The new officials said they would do what was right in the matter as soon

as they understood the situation, and any reasonable request would be granted. Fifty or more engineers will be benefited by the change asked.

HURT IN A COLLISION.

Mrs. Thomas, wife of a farmer residing east of New Haven, was quite painfully injured on Harrison street, near Main, shortly after noon today. The lady was driving in a light wagon when the vehicle came in collision with a heavier wagon, throwing her from her seat. In falling upon the pavement several painful gashes were cut in her scalp and her left shoulder was badly bruised. She was assisted into the Niswonger drug store, where Dr. Niswonger dressed the injuries. It is believed the lady will be able to return home this evening. The wagon in which she was riding was badly wrecked, but the lady pluckily hung to the lines and restrained the horse until bystanders rushed to her assistance.

SOLDIERS WRECK A SALOON.

Hastings, Neb., Aug. 25.—There was a fight in Hastings last night which resulted in several broken heads and \$500 or \$600 worth of damage to Tyler's saloon. It was the last night of the encampment of Nebraska National Guard at this place, and a number of soldiers were in town enjoying themselves. A private of company L of the Second regiment was in Tyler's saloon and got into a fight with the bartender. His comrades interfered and a general row followed. Bricks were hurled through the plate glass windows and the furniture and fixtures demolished. The city police were helpless and a company of soldiers was brought in from the camp to restore order. The men escaped in time to avoid arrest and a guard was established to prevent further trouble.

UNDER SERIOUS CHARGE.

Oakland, Cal., Aug. 25.—E. H. Wakeman has been accused of looting the estate of Lady Yarde-Duiler, of which he is the trustee. The charges are preferred by W. H. Greenbaum, the titled woman's guardian. On the strength of allegations made in an affidavit filed by Greenbaum, Trustee Wakeman has been cited to appear before Judge Greene to show cause why he should not be prosecuted.

DR. MOELLER CONSECRATED.

Cincinnati, O., Aug. 25.—Right Rev. Henry Moeller was consecrated bishop of Columbus at the Cathedral in this city early today. Archbishop

ABBEYS MEDICAL TALKS

Sleeplessness.

At least eight hours sound, refreshing sleep is necessary in every twenty-four. Do you get it, or is your slumber disturbed by restlessness? Do you lie awake counting the hours until early morning, then to fall asleep and be awakened just as you think your eyes have closed? The body and brain require rest. If the body does not get the repose it needs, the system is weakened, and nervous depression with melancholia follow.

• ABBEY'S EFFERVESCENT SALT induces sound, refreshing sleep. It goes right to the cause of the trouble. It removes the pressure of blood from the brain, and sleep is secured. Abbey's is not an opiate or drug, nor does it stupify. It acts just the other way. Upon awakening you feel refreshed and strong, with clear brain and good appetite and best of all, there is no reaction of any kind.

One-third of your life is spent in bed, gathering strength for the other two-thirds.

Sold by most druggists, or sent by mail.
25c., 50c. and \$1 per bottle.

The Abbey Effervescent Salt Co., 9-15 Murray St., New York.
"BOOKLET" FREE ON REQUEST.

For sale by—
Meyer Bros. & Co.
An all first-class druggists.

Gocke, A. C.
Pollens & Polster, 94 Calhoun St.

Elder and the bishops of Indianapolis, Atlanta, Grand Rapids, Nashville, Covington and other dioceses, together with about 200 priests, participated in the imposing ceremony. Regrets were sent by Bishops McCloskey, of Louisville; Foley, of Detroit, and Horstman, of Cleveland. The cathedral was crowded with spectators. Very Rev. Louis F. Kearney, provincial of the dominicans at Zanesville, preached the sermon. The music was a notable feature.

34TH NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT G. A. R.

Go to Chicago by P., Ft. W. & C. R. R., who give you your choice of six trains daily, going and coming, from Aug. 25 to Aug. 29 inclusive. Rates low as the lowest. For information address John E. Ross, Ticket Agent. 22-5t

Try The Sentinel Want Columns.

THE GREAT OUTING POINT, THE OLDEST WESTERN CHAUTAUQUA, ISLAND PARK, ROME CITY, IND.

The Chautauqua program opens July 25 and will continue 21 days, closing Aug. 10. The very low rate of \$1.00, with one-day assembly privilege on ground, is made from this station.

J. E. ROSS, Agent, G. R. & I. JARISSE

Get the old, reliable Hartzell Ice Cream for picnics and socials. 22-6t

ROME CITY SUNDAY TRAINS.

Commencing Sunday, July 1st, two trains will run to Rome City, leaving Fort Wayne at 6:30 a. m. and at 8:30 a. m. 2 ft

New Railroad to San Francisco

Santa Fe Route, by its San Joaquin Valley Extension.

The only line with track and trains under one management all the way from Chicago to the Golden Gate.

Mountain passes, extinct volcanoes, petrified forests, prehistoric ruins, Indian pueblos, Yosemite, Grand Canyon of Arizona, en route.

Same high-grade service that has made the Santa Fe the favorite route to Southern California.

Fast schedule; Pullman and Tourist sleepers daily; Free reclining chair cars; Harvey meals throughout.

Beginning July 1.

General Passenger Office

The Atchinson, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway

CHICAGO.

--RURODE'S--

SHIRT WAISTS AT REDUCED PRICES.

Stylish waists, all of them, but the season is waning. Price reductions are in order. Freshen up your shirt waist supply. Six weeks of waist weather yet to come, but the chance to buy at these prices may never come again. Natty, crisp shirt waists at 19c, 48c, 75c, 98c and \$1.25, less than half their value.

Wash Goods.

Are all your wash goods needs supplied? There are good-bye prices on all wash goods. You will find some choice pickings marked so low that it will be difficult to resist buying.

Toilet Articles.

All the needful things in toilet preparations that add to your comfort in warm weather, at prices much less than you are in the habit of paying. Perfumery, toilet waters, face powders and lotions, toilet soaps, tooth powders—in fact, a complete line of the toilet articles from the best makers at special price inducements.

The Rurode Dry Goods Co.

The Opportunity of a Life-Time

To Buy First-Class Vehicles at Sacrifice Prices.

(Fully guaranteed as to style, quality and workmanship.) Having to vacate our present salerooms in a short time we are offering

Concord Wagons, Top Buggies, Runabouts, Surreys and Road Wagons,

And in fact every variety of wagon that is popular at the present time at

PRICES LOWER THAN EVER BEFORE QUOTED.

We have to sell and you will make money by seeing us. Dozens of styles to select from.

ROACH & ALBANUS,

31 E. Berry St.

62 Clinton St.

CLAIRVOYANT.

MRS. DR. BEATTIE, THE FAMOUS ENGLISH CLAIRVOYANT, PALMIST AND CARD READER, Office and Residence

63 WEST JEFFERSON STREET.

Call and consult her. Don't stumble on with bad luck and an aching heart when matters can be set right for you. She breaks evil influences, tells you what is their real trouble. Never fails on matters of law, lost affection, love, health, marriage, divorce, lost articles, missing treasure, who is your friend, enemy, lover or rival. Full satisfaction guaranteed. Office hours 10 a. m. to 8 p. m. daily except Sunday.

Ladies, 25c; gentlemen, 50c. Phone 1472 Main.

CITIZENS TRUST COMPANY.

Cor. Berry and Clinton Sts.

CAPITAL \$200,000.00.

3 Per Cent. Interest Paid on Deposits of

One Dollar

AND UP.

LOANS—Made on farm and City property at low rates.

HERE WE ARE!

New (1000) Apricots, 10c lb. Whole Apricots, 5c lb. 15-pound pull Jolly, 35c pull. Pyle's Pearline, 3 for 10c. Best Clothes Pins, 1c dozen. 12½c Pink and Blue Chamberlain, 1c yard.

EAST LEWIS ST. CASH STORE, S. Ganzer, Prop.

Phone 783.

FOR RENT.

The store room recently vacated by Kimball Piano Co., 109 Calhoun street. Kimball hall in connection. Apply 109 Calhoun street or Sentinel office. 5tf

FOR SALE.

Owing to my removal to Toledo, I offer for immediate sale my residence and business of the Wilding Coal Co. Inquire at residence, 56 Douglas avenue.

21-5t C. H. NEWTON.

FOR SALE CHEAP.

Four modern houses on South Side, from \$2,500 to \$4,000. Very best location. Every one a bargain. Come and convince yourself. LOUIS F. CURDES, 22-4t

THE NEW WAYNE HOTEL.

ROME CITY, IND.

The New Wayne hotel at Rome City has now better facilities to accommodate the public; being after the assembly and not so rushed. If you come to Rome City on an excursion stop at the Wayne for your meals and rest. If you desire recreation for a day, week or a month, write or call on us for special rates. We have several nice rooms at present. We put up fine lunches for fishing parties. Have ice cream parlor and cigar store in connection. Will secure rowing boats for you if you will let us know in time. For any particulars write to

RUDY C. REINEWALD, 23-3t Manager.

MONEY TO LOAN

On Real Estate or Personal Security. C. F. Pfeiffer, Rooms 6-7, Bass Block. 5tf

The Evening Sentinel

SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1900.

OUR TELEPHONES.

Editorial Rooms.....650
Business Office.....173

THE WEATHER.

Chicago, Aug. 25.—Forecast for Indiana—Continued warm and partly cloudy weather tonight and Sunday, with occasional showers and thunderstorms; fresh southerly winds.

LOCAL NEWS.

W. H. Hawley, of Huntington, is at the Wayne.

Mrs. H. M. Lund has gone to Chicago to visit.

Miss Anna Boyles is the guest of Chicago friends.

Mrs. Thomas Baxter is visiting relatives in Chicago.

Miss Anna Langhor is visiting friends in Chicago.

Miss Nettie Rice is the guest of friends in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Van B. Ferrine are at Clear Lake for an outing.

Mrs. Frank Stauder has returned from a visit in Defiance, O.

Miss Emma Simons, of LaOtte, is visiting friends in the city.

Miss Ida Smith has gone to Chicago to visit friends for a week.

Mrs. W. P. Cooper and son, Brown, are visiting friends in Chicago.

Miss Mabel Kelsey, of Elkhart, has returned home after a visit here.

H. B. Tobey, of Thing & Co.'s store, goes to Boston Sunday on business.

A. M. Schmidt, clerk of the board of works, went to Chicago today to visit.

Dr. J. S. McCurdy is again able to resume his dentistry practice after an illness.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Cook went to Chicago today to visit their son, E. C. Cook.

W. P. Denny returned from St. Joe, Mich., today, where he has been on legal business.

Editor B. T. Bitter, of the Farmers' Guide, Huntington, transacted business in the city yesterday.

Mrs. Augusta Sturmer and Miss Matilda Sturmer have returned from a visit with friends in Chicago.

The Misses Agatha and Una Hunter will spend Sunday in Rome City, the guest of Miss Clara DeWald.

Miss Sophia DeWald will go to Detroit tomorrow, where she will be the guest for a week of Miss Faith Orr.

The Misses Clementine and Daisy Knott, of Wilshire, O., who have been visiting in the city, have returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fry and children, of Montpelier, who has been visiting in the city, has returned home.

The Misses Josie and Nellie Cummings and Miss Louise Trautman went to Chicago today to visit friends.

Miss Lizzie Pohlmeier this morning returned to work at the J. L. Seibert jewelry store after a week's vacation.

Miss Lottie Bitner was pleasantly surprised by a party of friends last evening in honor of her birthday anniversary.

Rev. White, of Trinity M. E. church, has returned from his vacation trip and will occupy his pulpit as usual tomorrow.

Messrs. August Zigel and Ed Close will go to Chicago on Monday and will remain in the Windy City during encampment week.

Mrs. Ed Driftmeyer went to Chicago today to spend a few days with friends and attend the G. A. R. national encampment.

The ladies' auxiliary of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen will give an ice cream social on the market square this evening.

Dr. W. V. Ruhl and daughter, Georgia, go to Chicago tomorrow to spend a week with friends and to attend the G. A. R. encampment.

Mrs. Sophia Lee and daughter, Miss Mary Lee, have gone to Chicago to visit friends. They will visit in Milwaukee before returning home.

Miss Helen Rohrbach, of the J. L. Seibert jewelry store, will, Monday morning, leave on a ten days' vacation to be spent with out of town friends.

Mrs. J. R. Kretsinger and son, Neddie, left for Kalamazoo, Mich., this morning, for a visit with Mr. and Mrs. C. Kretsinger, formerly of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Wells will leave this evening for North Dakota, where their daughters, the Misses Mabel and Martha, have been spending their vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Green and children and Mrs. Hower went to Columbia City today for a visit with friends. Mr. Green is connected with Hoffmann Bros. mill.

Battery B has appointed a provost guard to round up members who do not attend the semi-weekly drills without a good excuse. Anyone found on the street who has not a good reason for not being at drill will be arrested and probably be sentenced to the guard house. The date of the social to be given by the battery has been changed from the 12th to the 13th of September, on account of the regular band concert.

Mrs. C. B. Oakley is confined to her home by illness.

Mrs. J. M. White has returned from a visit to Danville, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bott are at Rome City for an outing.

E. E. Lamont, of Patterson, La., is visiting friends in the city.

Mrs. David Myers is visiting her daughter in Columbia City.

Attorney B. I. Smith has returned from a visit in Toronto, Ont.

Oscar Zimmerman, of New York, is visiting his parents for a time.

Miss Odell Bilskey, of Bryan, O., is in the city, the guest of friends.

Mrs. E. P. Dilline, of Toledo, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Grummon.

Miss Jenn McLaughlin went to South Bend today to remain indefinitely.

Miss Grace Benoy went to Chicago this morning for a few days' visit.

Miss Agnes Ogden, of Pennville, formerly of here, is visiting in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Elwin C. Knight, of Calumet, Ill., are visiting friends here.

Dr. and Mrs. George Bowen and Miss Kate Bowen are visiting in Chicago.

Mrs. and Mrs. Victor Conrad went to Chicago today to visit friends for a week.

Mrs. Lipps Thieme has returned from a visit with her parents in Yellow Springs, O.

Mrs. E. J. Mitten and daughter, Edith, of Chicago, are visiting Mrs. George Crosby.

Thomas Pritchard goes to Chicago Sunday for a visit with his brother, Hugh Pritchard.

Major A. S. Sanford, of Jackson, Mich., is visiting his daughter, Mrs. Glenn W. Mills.

Mrs. Will Noble and Miss Elizabeth Chapin have returned from a visit in eastern cities.

Mrs. Jennie Noble and daughter, Mildred, have returned from an outing at Clear Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Passino have gone to Sheboygan and Indian River, Mich., for an outing.

Mrs. E. M. King and Miss Ida King, of Montgomery street, went to Chicago this morning.

Mrs. I. N. Patterson, of Pittsburg, who has been visiting friends in the city, has returned home.

Miss Cora and Master Clark McAtee have gone to Indianapolis to spend a few days with relatives.

Charles Gumpner and Mont Beaver left today for a visit to Chicago and Milwaukee. They will be absent a week.

John A. Scott and daughter, Miss Almira Scott, go to Chicago this evening to attend the Ingersoll memorial meeting.

The directors of the Wayne Knitting mills held a meeting this afternoon for the transaction of routine business.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wessel, sr., John Wessel, jr., and Miss Lizzie Graf, will arrive at home tomorrow from a four months' tour of Europe.

Among the arrivals at the New Avenue are Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Wilson, of Kendallville, and Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Vaughn, of Bluffton.

Among the guests at the Randall are J. A. Morrell, of Lagrange; A. E. Lyman, of Muncie; J. C. Wood, of Portland, and W. R. Walton, of Montpelier.

Mrs. J. W. Hayden leaves tomorrow for Indianapolis, and will go from thence to Crawfordsville to attend a reunion of the old settlers of Montgomery county, her former home.

The Misses Georgiana Holman and Ray Miller, of Rochester, Ind., daughter and niece of Hon. George W. Holman, former United States national bank examiner, are in the city, the guests of the Misses Myra and Louise Pellens.

Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Smyser are entertaining Mrs. C. F. Pangborn and baby Eva, of Mechanicsburg, O.

Mrs. Adam Schlager and Mrs. Eugene Jamieson have gone to Chicago and other cities in the west to visit. They were accompanied by T. A. Jamieson, who has been spending several weeks here.

Little Miss Myrtle Lerch, of 355 East Wayne street, celebrated her fifth birthday anniversary yesterday afternoon in a manner most pleasant to herself and the twelve or fifteen little guests. As a souvenir of the occasion each guest was presented with a paper hat and card, while numerous pieces of chinaware and other tokens will ever remind the hostess of the day. Mrs. Lerch served supper to the little ones at 5 o'clock and shortly afterwards they departed for their homes.

Look at your piano strings and see if they are all rusty. If so, we can cure them at 92 West Jefferson street.

22-23-25 PIANO HOSPITAL.

"THE CREAM"

All users of Globe Mills Cream Flour returning their sacks in good condition to the mill, corner of Barr and Columbia streets, will receive Green Trading Stamps in exchange.

For twenty-five 25-pound sacks, \$10.00 in stamps.

For twelve 50-pound sacks, \$10.00 in stamps.

23-end-4t

COLTS! COLTS!

Auction—I will sell at public auction Monday, August 27th, 1900, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the corner of Columbia street and Nickel Plate railroad, the old Trucking Co.'s barn, 75 head of weanling colts. The sires of these colts are the best imported Norman Clyde Percheron coach and driving horses that can be bought.

NOT BRANDED.

Also 25 head of good driving and work horses.

Terms of Sale—All sums of \$10 or less, cash. Over \$10, a credit of six months, with 6 per cent. Five per cent. discount for cash per annum. Do not fail to see this lot of colts.

H. T. STAPLEFORD,

Auctioneer.

NOTICE.

All members of Concordia Lodge, No. 226, I. O. O. F., are requested to meet at the hall of the order to make arrangements for the funeral of our deceased brother, C. H. Meyer, at 8 p. m.

J. T. GUMPPER, W. G. E. HABIG, Rec. Sec.

A CARD FROM COVERDALE.

I desire to say in reply to an article that appeared in the Journal Gazette a fith morning that I have a license to sell oleomargarine and have had such license for more than three years and I have always instructed my clerks to properly stamp every package as required by law and if any package of oleomargarine has ever gone out of the store of Coverdale & Archer unstamped it was without my knowledge or permission. I can cite to more than one hundred customers who have purchased oleomargarine who will say that it has always been stamped as such. A number of merchants in the city deal in oleomargarine and have license to do so.

A. S. COVERDALE.

Go to the Yeomen ice cream social and band concert Tuesday evening, at Swinney park. 25-2t.

COMRADES.

As the Thirtieth Indiana Veterans association will meet General Lawton post, No. 590, and unite with them in the parade of Tuesday, August 28th, in Chicago, other comrades in this vicinity whose posts are not present, are invited to join us at the Haven school, corner Washburn avenue and Fifteenth street, at 9 a. m., on above date, and march with the first day carried by Lawton's old regiment.

THEO BLEY,

M. R. JOHNSON, Commander.

Adjutant.

For rates and time of trains see ticket agent Pennsylvania company. 23-3t

ATTENTION, COMRADES!

All members of Base post and other G. A. R. men and all old soldiers wishing to go to Chicago Sunday will meet at the hall, in the Elektron building, at 12 o'clock noon, sharp. Train leaves Nickel Plate depot at 12:30 p. m.

A. W. PIERCE,

Post Commander.

J. A. SOLIDAY, A. J.

DETROIT. Never before have such inducements been offered to visit Detroit, making the round trip in a single day. Tickets, \$1.60 next Sunday via Washburn R. R. and White Star Line Steamers. Train leaves at 5:50 a. m. 2tf

Notice to the members of Henry W. Lawton camp, Spanish-American War Veterans, at Swinney park, August 30, 1900. For tickets and information call on W. W. Barnett or Frank A. Brower, Chairman.

FRANK A. BROWER,

Chairman.

ATTENTION EVERYBODY.

You are cordially invited to attend the ice cream social given by Henry W. Lawton Camp, Spanish-American War Veterans, at Swinney park, August 30, 1900. For tickets and information call on W. W. Barnett or Frank A. Brower, Chairman.

Call on Madame Wing, the only reliable clairvoyant and mind reader in the world. All correspondence promptly attended to. Office and residence, 28 Chicago street. Price, 50c. 13-1t

PATENTS.

Send rough sketch of your invention for free opinion and advice. Write for free book on patents. We procure patents and sell them. American Patent and Investment Co., Detroit, Mich. John B. Monping, local representative, Odd Fellows Block, Fort Wayne, Ind. 11eod-1t

Subscribe for The Sentinel.

TO THE PUBLIC.

To those afflicted with kidney trouble, dyspepsia, or any stomach trouble, I will make you this proposition: Buy one case of Cayuga Mineral Water and after drinking one-half case, if you do not receive any benefit, I will take the same away and refund the money. This is one of the greatest tonics and appetizers on the market. For sale by FRANK P. MENSCH, 23 W. Columbia St.

HONORED ABROAD.

Words of Praise for a Fort Wayne Reader and Author.

"EVA MAUDE WEINGARDNER."

(Martha's Vineyard Herald, Cottage City, Mass.)

"Our pleasure-loving community regret exceedingly that unavoidable circumstances prevented Miss Eva Maude Weingardner, of Fort Wayne, Ind., from taking her expected part in the Shakespearean readings at the Methodist church. Miss Weingardner has won her way rapidly with eastern audiences. Her commanding stage presence, mobile voice so skillfully trained, with perfect articulation, makes it a continual feast of pleasure to listen to her as she develops the strong points of her recitals and approaches the climax. It is as the author of 'Was it Fault or Destiny,' a tragedy, that she produces the most dramatic effects in the soul-stirring story of priest and penitent. She has been spending some time at this summer resort and attending the Emerson School of Oratory, and left yesterday for New York to fill engagements."

(Boston Herald, Aug. 8th.)

"The colony of artists who make the Vineyard their summer home has received a gifted addition this year in Miss Eva Maude Weingardner, reader and authoress, of Fort Wayne, Ind."

A FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

FORT WAYNE, Ind., Aug. 25, 1900.

Mr. ECHO:

Certain malicious, untruth-telling, calumniating persons have publicly reported that Miss E. Maude Weingardner, of Fort Wayne, Ind., was financially insolvent and that her officers were making false financial statements. We, the undersigned officers of said post, desire to make public the following true financial statement thereof, at the close of the meeting held on August 24, 1900:

Assets invested in stock of Tri State Bldg. & Loan

Assets.....\$ 300 00

Cash in hands of quarters

Master.....100 00

Invested in post furniture and fixtures.....300 00

Total.....\$1,000 00

Deduct amount of orders drawn and not yet presented.....50 00

Balance.....\$1,150 24

Deduct amount for cash in property.....\$ 300 00

Net cash on hand.....\$ 850 24

No outstanding indebtedness; all bills contracted for up to date, having been paid by the orders, heretofore stated as drawn and not presented.

A. W. PIERCE, P. C.

JASPER EDSALL, Q. M.

JAMES E. GRAHAM, Q. M. S.

L. P. HUNTOON,

THEODORE GELLER,

W. H. JACKSON, Trustees.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 25th day of August, A. D., 1900.

J. A. SOLIDAY, Notary Public.

Miss Lucy Tourgee has gone to Chicago to visit friends.

START FOR JASPER.

Quite a large delegation of Fort Wayne members of the Catholic Knights of America will leave tomorrow for Jasper to attend the state convention of that order, which convenes on Tuesday. Among the delegates are F. X. Schuler, Joseph Ramsey, Joe Freiburger, John Welsh, Louis Freiburger, T. E. Brennan, I. Freiburger, Patrick Ryan, John Fry and George Smith, and Joe Andre and Amos Rich, of New Haven.

NEW COUNCIL STARTS

ESTABLISHED 1833.

FORT WAYNE, IND., SATURDAY, AUG. 25, 1900.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

"OLDEST SUBSCRIBER."

FOR MORE THAN SIXTY YEARS JOHN C. DECKER HAS
BEEN A CONSTANT READER OF "THE SENTINEL."

To have been a continuous subscriber of one newspaper for a period of more than sixty years is a distinction that falls to the lot of but few men. Yet that honor can truthfully be claimed by John C. Decker, who has been a reader of The Sentinel since 1839 without an intermission. And Mr. Decker says with a feeling of pride that he has always paid his subscription in advance, and in advance at this time.

Mr. Decker is one of the pioneer farmers of Allen county, and after a long life rich in the activities of sturdy citizenship is now living with his wife and a son in quiet retirement at 206 High street. A reporter for The Sentinel called at the Decker home a few days ago and enjoyed a brief visit with these kindly pioneers, whose faces may show the traces of time and of toil, but whose hearts are as sunny and as cheery as when they pledged devotion in the wedding vows more than fifty years ago.

A PIONEER INDEED.
Mr. Decker is a pioneer indeed, for he has seen eighty-three years come and go, and sixty-three of them have

Martin VanBuren was president; the Mexican and civil wars were far in the future, and few would have dared to prophesy the progress and development succeeding years have wrought. "Some of those pioneer times were hard ones," said Mr. Decker, "but we enjoyed them," and his aged face lighted up with a gleam of retrospective pleasure as he spoke. His reminiscences of dealings with the Indians are particularly interesting, and through all the years no difficulty marred his dealings with the noble red man. The government had purchased their lands and made its payments to the Indians in this city each fall.

A PIONEER MARRIAGE.
Mr. Decker was united in marriage March 13, 1845, to Margaret Fulk, daughter of Frederick Fulk, another well known pioneer, who came to Allen county from Tuscarawas county, Ohio, shortly after Mr. Decker's arrival in Indiana. Through the sunshine and the shadow of more than half a century this faithful couple have borne the brunt of life's battle together, and together they are

ing. They will not, in consequence, be heavily hit by the duke's sudden death, even though the sum is one of considerable magnitude, for most of the firms had secured themselves with guarantee societies.

Royalties have ever been extensive insurers. Many of them while they enjoy practically unlimited incomes during their lives, are unable to budge anything except to their eldest sons. Insurance gives them the opportunity of making some provision for their younger sons and daughters.

King Humbert of Italy was no exception to this rule among the royal houses, and his tragic death will make a heavy call upon some of the insurance societies, who will pay out considerable sums to Queen Margherita. London underwriters are appreciably affected by his death.

Our own sovereign has been a small gold mine to the insurance companies, owing to her majesty's long life. Not only did the queen insure her own life, but hundreds of leases in the city expire with the queen, and the holders, in consequence, have all insured her majesty's life. The prince of Wales is similarly insured for large sums, but there are not many large policies on Kaiser Wilhelm.—London Daily Mail.

GREAT MEN SMOKE PIPES

[Chicago Tribune.]
There is a man in Chicago who justifies himself in smoking a pipe by declaring that great men never smoke anything else. He says the Emperor William used to smoke cigars, and that to the fact that he abandoned them for the pipe during the last few months is due his recent steadiness and statesmanlike restraint. The pipe the emperor smokes is much like that affected by all Germans. It has a China bowl and holds two ounces of tobacco. Its covering is of gold, and differs from that of his countrymen chiefly in that its long stem is decorated with gold and silver. The pipe that Bismarck smoked was more than twice as large as that of the young Kaiser.

The czar's pipe is a plain briar of the building kind. Two kinds of tobacco are liked equally well by him, cut plug and the Turkish.

The Duke of York smokes the same kind of pipe and uses bird's-eye, but his father, the Prince of Wales, has not smoked a pipe for ten years.

No one has a handsomer pipe than the sultan of Persia, who, however much he may fancy other Yankee notions, does not care for the corrob that is used in Missouri. The sultan's pipe cost \$400,000 and is well decorated with diamonds and emeralds. The mouth-piece and upper joints of the stem are of pure gold. The pipe is a hookah.

Until recently the sultan smoked a hookah, not as handsome as the sultan's, but it cost several thousand dollars. During the last few months, however, he has shown a fondness for cigarettes.

President Laubet, of France, is the only chief magistrate that country has had who has smoked a pipe. Felix Faure, his predecessor, puffed cigarettes.

President Kruger usually has a pipe in his mouth. His favorite one was of the German kind, with a big China bowl. It was given him about twenty-four years ago by one of his visitors. The story is told in South Africa that this pipe has been inseparably connected with his affairs. When the independence of the Transvaal was returned in 1881 the stem broke. Just before the Jameson raid a bit was clipped off the China bowl. When Edgar was killed, which led to the recrudescence of the uitlander depredations and culminated in the present war, the pipe fell to the ground and was smashed to fragments. Then Kruger had a pipe sent him from Berlin, like the old one.

THE TRIADS OF CHINA

A Terrible Secret Society, is an Ally of Boxers and the Terror of the Country.

The boxers of China have a valuable ally in the Triad secret society, the oldest and most infamous of the many Chinese organizations of a similar character. Its origin is so remote that the society's book of rites contains the statement that it has existed "since the foundation of the earth." The real name of the league is Tien-Ti Hway, or Hung league; the name "Triad" comes from "San-Hop Hway," the popular title given to the organization. The society's teachings are exalted to such a degree that many of them seem to come bodily out of the sermon on the mount. Unfortunately, however, their practice is different from their teachings. A more disreputable organization was never created to become a thorn in the flesh of all workers in the cause of law and order.

About 250 years ago the Ming dynasty was overthrown by the Tartars. Shortly after this event the Triads reorganized to oppose the Manchu conquerors. Since that time the league has enjoyed a reputation for lawlessness unparalleled even in the history of China. Its members spread over the whole of the far east. Manila knew her, to her sorrow. The Dutch colonies suffered from their depredations.

EXPULSION FROM MANILA.
At length, when the residents of Manila had endured long enough the outrages of the society (which had made necessary many times the calling out of the garrison), members of the Triad league were by law forbidden to come into the colony. The Dutch followed the example of the Spanish without loss of time. Thus driven out from their former happy hunting grounds, the Triads looked for fresh fields, and found them, as they supposed, in Sarawak.

They descended 4,000 strong on the Malays, burned their houses, seized their ships and were about to embark on what promised to be a career of bloody piracy when Rajah Brooke appeared with a force of Dyaks and defeated them. Singapore has suffered as severely as any colony from the outrages of this society, and more than once the Triads have taken possession of the city. They were officially suppressed in 1878, but practically existed until a much later time. In Hong-Kong they were from the foundation of the colony forbidden to enter, but they have from time to time crept in, and have required the full force of the law before they could be restrained.

DUE TO TRIADS.
There is practically no doubt that the Tai-Ping rebellion was due to the Triads. About the time of the instigation of the rebellion the Triads had so openly opposed the government that armed resistance was the only course open to them. They were then as lawless a band as at any period of their history, but the leader of the revolt, Hung Su-Tsun, obtained some knowledge of Christianity and endeavored to purify the society and to urge the establishment of a dynasty which should rule according to the high principles of Jesus and Confucius.

"King of the heavenly kingdom of universal peace" was the title he gave himself. To his standard flocked enthusiasts and malcontents of all classes; to prevent desertion these were branded on the cheeks with the words "Tai-Ping." But the good resolutions of the leader came to naught, as history tells. The morals of his followers and the ill success of his armies disheartened him. He became crazed and the coming of General Gordon to command the Chinese army completed the overthrow of the rebellion.

GOVERNED BY FIVE MASTERS.
The society is governed by five grand masters, equal to one another in power. The lodges are ruled by subordinate masters, whose power is absolute. Members are required to take an oath of implicit obedience; they also promise to support one another, even against the law. Members are known to fellow members by an elaborate system of signs. These are so many and express such different meanings that communication between the members of the society is easily carried on and impossible of detection by an outsider.

During the worst riots houses were mysteriously protected by signs that the ordinary mortal could not discover, and information of the society's doings simply flies from one end of China to the other. In fact, it is impossible to exaggerate the extent and mystery of the Triads' power.

QUEUES ARE CUT OFF.
It is said on good authority that a part of the initiation ceremony con-

WORDS THAT KILLED.

BLUNDERS OF TONGUES AND PEN THAT HAVE LAID LOW CANDIDATES FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

(St. Louis Globe-Democrat.)

It is said that both William J. Bryan and Theodore Roosevelt are going to be particularly active on the stump this year. Both are to begin early and to continue late. It may be said, in fact, that both have begun already with their speech-making, though each is expected to be far busier in the closing four or five weeks of the campaign than they have been thus far. It is not expected that Bryan will equal his record of speech-making in 1896, in which canvass he addressed over 600 audiences. No other presidential candidate ever spoke so often in a campaign or visited so many states. He far exceeded the record of Douglas, Greeley and Blaine in this respect, although each of these candidates took a very active part in the canvass in which he participated. In the earlier days of the government presidential candidates deemed it beneath the dignity of the office to which they aspired to go upon the stump and appeal for the votes of their fellow-citizens. William Henry Harrison made a few speeches in 1840, though neither he nor any other candidate previous to 1860 ever made a speech-making tour of the country. Even Clay, who was the most effective political orator of his time and who did a good deal of traveling throughout the country and conferring with leaders of his party, never formally took the stump in any of the canvasses in which he was a candidate.

Clay's electioneering activity took a different direction, however. He wrote almost as many letters as Jefferson, but, unlike the case of Jefferson, all of them which were calculated to damage him were published at inopportune times. Some of his letters written in the campaign of 1844 were probably responsible for his defeat in that year. Two letters written by him to Stephen F. Miller, a whig, in Tusculum, Ala., created a great excitement all over the country. "Personally, I could have no objection to the annexation of Texas," said Clay in the first of these letters, "but I should certainly be unwilling to see the existing Union dissolved or seriously jeopardized for the sake of acquiring Texas." Texas' annexation was the burning issue of the canvass of 1844. Polk, the democratic candidate, was an avowed and pronounced annexationist. Van Buren's opposition to annexation defeated him for the nomination in the democratic convention of 1844, and the candidacy, after a long contest, went to Polk. The democratic party as a whole favored annexation, the southern end being ardent champions of that idea. So were most of the northern whigs. The whigs of the north were against it, partly because they thought it would bring a war with Mexico, but chiefly because they knew it would add largely to the slavery area of the country. Clay was rather more favorable to that of his own section, though he tried to placate the southern whigs and said very little about the question to the northern element of his party. Miller, the Tusculum whig, was not quite satisfied with Clay's answer to his request for his candidate's views, and Clay wrote him another letter. "I have no hesitation in saying that, far from having any personal objection to the annexation of Texas, I should be glad to see it, without dishonor, without war, with the common consent of the Union, on upon just and fair terms. I do not think that the subject of slavery ought to affect the question, one way or the other."

This settled the question of Clay's chances for election. These letters were made public, contrary to their writer's expectation, and they were published throughout the north by the anti-slavery press. Joshua R. Giddings and Cassius M. Clay, Henry Clay's cousin, were booked to address a whig meeting in Cleveland on the day that printed copies of these letters were placed in their hands, and they instantly saw that the concessions made therein would be fatal to their candidacy in the north. The surrenders which Clay made to the slavery interest enraged the more radical portion of the whigs, and sent enough of them over to the liberal party, which had abolition for its creed, and which had James G. Birney for a standard bearer, to give the state of New York, which was decisive that year, as several times before and often since, to Polk, and with it the presidency. Birney, who was also the candidate

of his party in 1840, received only 7,000 votes in the country as a whole in that year, but he got 32,000 in 1844, and 16,000 of these were in New York. This defection from Clay—for most of them would probably have voted the whig ticket if Clay had been silent on the slavery issue—enabled Polk to secure a lead of 5,000 votes in New York, and to gain the presidency.

The next candidate of Clay's party, Zachary Taylor, was taken in hand by Thurlow Weed, John J. Crittenden and the rest of the whig party managers immediately after his nomination in 1848. He was allowed to neither talk nor write except under the direction of his censors, and he was comparatively silent throughout the canvass. One Louisiana whig slaveholder, who was afraid that Taylor, if elected, would fall under the influence of the abolitionists, addressed Taylor in some thing like this language: "I am the owner of 100 slaves, and wish to know whether my property will be endangered by your election." Taylor immediately responded thus: "My dear sir, I am the owner of 300 slaves." That answer may be presumed to have at once removed all the Louisiana slaveholder's misgivings, and he probably cast his ballot for "Old Rough and Ready."

That other Mexican war hero, Scott, the whig candidate of 1852, the last canvass in which that party appeared as a great organization, was not so intelligently coached as Taylor had been, and said many things in the few speeches which he made that covered him with ridicule. In attempting to gain the favor of the foreign vote, which, in those days, was almost wholly given to the democratic party, Scott made some silly remarks. Nothing delighted him, he said, so much as to listen to the "rich old Irish brogue," while the "musical German accent" threw him into raptures. This blarney was caught up by the democratic press and stump orators, and set the country laughing at the whig candidate. And thus the "canqueror of Santa Anna" was overwhelmingly defeated by one of his subordinates, Pierce, who won as military glory whatever in the war.

The character of Douglas' speeches in the campaign of 1860 would have seriously injured his chances for election if he had any changes. Douglas was as positive and aggressive as Roosevelt is. Anything which looked like an attempt to intimidate or coerce him he would reject with promptness and vigor. He would not take a "stump" from anybody on anything. Buchanan, at the beginning of his administration, in 1857, when he heard that Douglas was going to oppose the administration's Kansas pro-slavery policy, had a stormy interview with Douglas, in which Buchanan threatened him with the fate of Tallmadge and Rives, who were read out of the democracy for opposing the policy of the Jackson regime. Douglas flamed out in indignation at this threat of censure, and exclaimed, "Mr. President, I want you to understand that General Jackson is dead." As a consequence of Douglas' fierce fight on the administration's plan to force slavery on Kansas, Douglas' friends in federal appointive posts were turned out by Buchanan, and in the contest with Lincoln in 1858 for United States senator, in which Douglas was re-elected after a struggle which was memorable for the vigor with which it was conducted on both sides, Douglas said, "I am fighting two sorts of enemies in this canvass, the black republicans and the democratic administration in Washington."

It was inevitable that a man with a disposition of such combativeness and audacity as Douglas would say many things on the stump which could be used against him with effect by his political enemies. Douglas made a tour of a large part of the country in the canvass of 1860, in which he was the candidate of the northern branch of the democracy; Breckinridge was the nominee of the southern end of that party, John Bell was the head of the ticket of the constitutional unionist negotiators, and Lincoln was the republican standard bearer. While he was speaking in Norfolk in September of that year, the head of the Breckinridge electoral ticket for Virginia put this question to him: "If Lincoln be elected president, will the southern states be justified in seceding from the union?" Douglas' response was prompt and pointed. "To

(Continued on Page Ten.)

TREES PROTECT RIVER BANKS.
The planting of trees along the banks of streams to prevent erosion has been undertaken in a number of instances. Thus, in Arkansas, one man has planted red birch, native willows and soft maple for two miles along a stream to prevent the washing of the banks. The plants were seedlings about two years old and were taken from the woods. Similar work has been done near Mahwah, N. J., on the estate of Theodore Havemeyer.—Washington Star.

TO HEAR WELL WHEN 90
Do you want to be able to hear well, even if you live to be ninety or a hundred? Then keep the outside ear clean and let the inside alone. Nature has furnished a cleaning apparatus for the ear passages. Don't tamper with them. The entrance to the auditory canal is guarded by fine hairs that keep out dirt and insects. In the lining membrane of the canal is an oily, yellow wax that is bitter to the taste. On account of this bitter wax no insect will of its own accord enter the canal. It is only by accident that an insect ever gets in the ear. The quickest way to get rid of it is to drop in a little sweet oil. This will either drown it or frighten it out.

The wax in the ear is absolutely necessary to keep it in a healthy condition. Never try to get it out. Always remember that nature will not let the inner ear become dirty. Never insert the end of a wet towel or cloth into the ear to try to wash out the wax. Washing the auditory canal with soap and water is also injurious, as in this way the wax is moistened and more easily collects dust and dirt. It is dangerous—and if persisted in surely produces deafness—to scratch the ear canal with pins, toothpicks or hairpins.

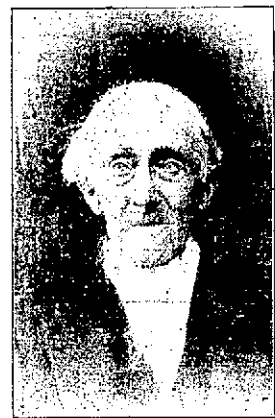
Never put cold water or any other cold liquid in the ear. When going in swimming insert cotton, or what is still better, a little wool, in the ear. When out in a cold wind or snowstorm it is best to protect the ears. Avoid blowing the nose violently in case of cold. This sometimes causes the inflammation to spread into the Eustachian tube and causes deafness.

Children's ears should never be boxed. A blow on the ear often drives the air with such force against the drumhead that it is ruptured by the shock.

Measles and scarlet fever occasionally leave the auditory canal in a diseased condition. The wax then accumulates in dry lumps. It can be removed by dropping a little warm sweet oil into the ear and allowing it to remain until the wax becomes softened. Then wash out the ear with a fountain syringe, using about a pint of warm water.—Dr. Henry J. Malone in New York World.

A LOSING EXPOSITION.
Expositions are costly playthings. The Paris Exposition attendance thus far has not exceeded an average of 150,000 a day. It has been estimated that to make it a financial success would require a total attendance of 80,000,000 paid visitors, or an average of over 300,000 a day, nearly double the attendance at the Exposition of 1889, when the admissions numbered 32,354,111. The showing thus far indicates a large deficit at the close, and the closing of 32 enterprises of the Midway kind already is a straw showing which way the wind blows.—Chicago Tribune.

WARSHIPS CONDEMNED.
The third-class cruisers Satellite and Rapid and the sloops Wild Swan, Pelican and Gannet have been condemned as unfit for further service, and are ordered to be struck off the effective list of the Royal Navy. The Wild Swan and Pelican were built in 1877, the Gannet in 1878, the Satellite in 1882 and the Rapid in 1884, and all have served several commissions on foreign stations.—London Daily Mail.



JOHN C. DECKER.



MRS. JOHN C. DECKER.

been pased within the borders of Allen county. He was born in Center county, Pa., March 10, 1817, and came to Allen county from Canton, O., arriving here April 10, 1837. With him were his father, a brother, Henry, and two young sisters, Catherine and Lydia. All are now dead, and the father and brother sleep side by side in the Bullard cemetery. The younger sister was the wife of Octavious Phelps, who is yet living in Whitley county.

Previous to leaving Ohio Mr. Decker had entered 160 acres of timbered land lying in Aboite township, his government deeds bearing the signature of Andrew Jackson as president. The trip to Indiana was made in a covered wagon, overland through rough country, where there were practically no roads, and five long, weary weeks were occupied in the trip from Stark county. Arriving in the early spring the Decker family was domiciled the first night at the home of John Dittoe. The land entered by Mr. Decker was 160 acres very near the geographical center of Aboite township, and here he resided for fifty-eight years, until in 1894 he removed to Fort Wayne.

The first duty of the pioneer settlers was to cut away the saplings to make a place for their log cabin, about 18 feet square, which was the residence of the family for many years. Wild game was plentiful, deer came close to the cabin to browse and at night the howling of wolves was slumber's accompaniment. Of the population, the vast majority were Indians, and the business interests of Fort Wayne were confined within the limits of what is now, as it was then, Columbus street.

EARLY BUSINESS MEN.

Mr. Decker's recollection of the pioneer business men of Fort Wayne is vivid, and he refers in intimate terms to Allen Hamilton, Samuel Hanna, James Barrett, Francis Compant and others who were prominent in the pioneer history of Fort Wayne. The crop yield in those days was heavy, and Mr. Decker is of the opinion that the cereals grew with less work than now. He sold wheat in the Fort Wayne market for 25 cents per bushel in trade, oats and corn for about 10 cents per bushel, butter for 4 cents per pound and eggs for 2 cents per dozen. Money was a scarce article, and the farmer was content with "trade." After the construction of the canal, however, there was an improvement in this direction, and prices were materially raised.

Looking backward in imagination the picture is apt to staple one. Sixty years is a long period of time.

watching the approach of the eternal sunset.

Six children were born to them, and five are yet living. Henry, the oldest son, was a soldier in the civil war, and died some years ago in Michigan. Alfred, another son, resides in Chicago. Oliver resides with his parents, and is a shoemaker on Harrison street. Of the daughters, Mrs. Rachel Gouty resides at Oakland street and Archer avenue; Mrs. Annie J. Huffman is the wife of a farmer near Roanoke, and Mrs. Melinda Gouty, who married a brother of her sister's husband, lives at Springfield, Ill.

Both the aged people still enjoy life to an unusual degree, though both are somewhat afflicted with rheumatism. Mr. Decker retains the warmest interest in public affairs. "I began buying an occasional copy of The Sentinel in 1837," said Mr. Decker, "for I wanted the news of the political campaign of Van Buren and Harrison. I paid eight and ten cents a copy for the paper in those days. Then in 1839 I subscribed and my name has never been off the list since that date. I still think it is the best paper published, and I watch for it as anxiously as I did fifty years ago. I have always been a democrat, and have never missed voting at a presidential election since I became of age, with one exception. That was in 1864, when General McClellan was the democratic nominee, and I was prevented from voting then because I was confined to my bed with typhoid fever."

Mr. Decker very kindly granted a sitting for The Sentinel's photographer, and the portrait appearing herewith is from that photograph, the first he has had taken since he was thirty-six years of age. After the struggles, the toils and the trials of a pioneer life, lightened and brightened by the joys that only pioneers knew, this most kindly and estimable couple are enjoying the ease and quietude of the closing years, waiting for the summons that will beckon them to an eternal rest.

PROTECTED BY INSURANCE.

The late duke of Edinburgh's life was insured for \$300,000, and that huge sum will have to come out of the coffers of the insurance societies. Scarcely a single English insurance company was without some interest in Prince Alfred's life, but the official state of his royal highness' health during the past four years had given the companies ample warning that the day of reckoning was approach-

Words that Killed.

(Continued from Page Nine.)

this question my answer is emphatically no," said Douglas. "The election of a man to the presidency by the American people, in conformity with the constitution of the United States, would not justify any attempt at dissolving this glorious confederacy."

But the Breckinridge man did not have enough yet. "If the southern states secede from the union on Lincoln's inauguration, before he commits an overt act against their constitutional rights, will you advise or support resistance to their secession?" was asked. Douglas' response came as promptly as before: "I answer emphatically that it is the duty of the president of the United States, and all others in authority under him, to enforce the laws of the United States as passed by congress and as the supreme court expounds them. And I, as in duty bound by my oath and fidelity to the constitution, would do all in my power to aid the government of the United States in maintaining the supremacy of the laws against all resistance to them, come from what quarter it might. In other words, I think the president of the United States, whoever he may be, should treat all attempts to break up the union by resistance to its laws just as Old Hickory treated the South Carolina nullifiers of 1832."

It is easy to see that after such pointed and aggressive talk as this Douglas would get no secessionist votes. No voters in the whole career of the United States were ever in such humor would before or since by any presidential candidate. Douglas' speeches, or that part of them which condemned secession, were published all over the country. He denounced disunion and defied the disunionists with greater vigor than did any of the republican stump speakers in the campaign of 1860. As a consequence, his vote was insignificant in all of the slave states except Missouri, which he carried by a small plurality over Bell. In every other state this candidate of a vulgar party was far ahead of Douglas, while Breckinridge, of course, in all of them, except Missouri, had a long lead over him. Douglas' promises were transmuted into deeds when the time for action came.

After Douglas no other presidential candidate went on the stump or took an active interest in his own canvass until Greeley. During the canvass of 1872 Greeley, the candidate of the liberal republican and democratic coalition, made a tour through New England, New York and several of the western states, and made a series of short speeches which were models of conciseness, vigor and point. No speeches heard during any canvass since Douglas was traversing the country a dozen years earlier at all approached Greeley's talks in concentration and general effectiveness. For a time, too, it seemed that Greeley was going to carry the country. The tide began to turn, though, just about the time that North Carolina, then one of the early states, voted. When the elections took place in the October states the current was seen to be against him. Greeley's speech-making was kept up until the closing weeks of his canvass, and attracted vast crowds wherever he went, but long before the campaign ended republican success was seen to be certain. Not only were Greeley's speeches brilliant, but they were discreet. Thus they united qualities not often seen in combination in a political canvasser.

Very little talking was done by any presidential candidate after Greeley until Blaine appeared. Neither Hayes nor Tilden took the stump in 1876, nor did Garfield, though an effective orator, take any such active part in his canvass in 1880 as was taken by Douglas and Greeley in theirs. Hancock did a little talking in an interview, but this was almost as unfortunate as Scott's palaver was in 1852. Hancock said the tariff was a "local issue," and this excited so much ridicule that he was denounced for his ignorance of this elemental issue in American politics, although the tariff had not been discussed with any great amount of vigor in any campaign preceding that of 1880 since the republican party was founded. There was very little tariff discussion in 1856 and 1860, although there was a tariff plank in the republican platform of the latter year. A tariff expression reappeared in the republican platform of 1872, and the subject has been discussed in every canvass since that time. In 1880, though, the question assumed an interest never accorded to it before in any presidential campaign in republican days, and Hancock's expression undoubtedly cost him votes.

A thoughtless remark in the campaign of 1884 probably was one of the causes of Blaine's defeat, though the candidate himself was not its author. Blaine made many speeches and most of them were brilliant and effective. He made a tour of several of the Western states, and in the

west he was especially popular. No other candidate since Clay aroused the affection of his supporters to anything like the extent which Blaine did. His success seemed decidedly probable until a few days before the election, when an incident occurred which suddenly oppressed the Republicans and encouraged the Democrats. This was at a "ministers' meeting" in New York, held in Blaine's interest, when Samuel D. Burchard, a preacher of that city, in a speech stigmatized the Democracy as the party of "rum, Romanism and rebellion." These unfortunate words undoubtedly offended many who supported or would have otherwise supported Blaine. The candidate himself disavowed and denounced the sentiment shortly after it was uttered, but the disclaimer probably had little effect. The Democratic campaign managers intimated that the phrase was indorsed by Blaine, and that it represented the sentiment of the leaders of his party. A change of 600 votes from Cleveland's side to Blaine's in the state of New York in that canvass would have given Blaine that state's electoral vote and the election. There is a decided probability that Burchard's silly remark cost Blaine at least that many votes.

Now every presidential candidate who talks or writes much can do this with safety. In these days, when the press on each side is vigilant, and when there is an incentive on each side to distort the words of the opposing candidate, there is peril in the exercise of fluency on the part of candidates with tongue or pen. Probably Bryan's characterization, in the canvass of 1896, of the east as "the enemy's country" cost him some votes, though, of course, it was not the cause of his defeat. Quay's injunction to a Pennsylvania Republican governorship candidate of long ago, "Dear Beaver, don't talk," is the sort of counsel which campaign managers usually like to give candidates. In general, however, except in this particular interest, the words of the candidates of 1896 and 1900 have been discreet enough to please the most cautious and critical of partisan censors.

TO SAVE YOUR SKIRTS.

The girl who is traveling gave me a new idea the other day. It was an idea in petticoats, and I grasped it thankfully, says a writer in the Kansas City Journal.

She had on a silk skirt, of course, and it was one she had made herself, which is not so much a matter of course.

There was nothing unusual about it from the outside. It was an ordinary taffeta skirt, made with ruffles and a yoke. But when she took it off I saw that it had a deep lining of some sort of thin stuff around the hem and that the front breadth was likewise lined.

"What's this?" said I, eager for information. You can pick up any amount of knowledge if you only keep your eyes and your ears open. I would trust a person who had never had a day's schooling in her life to turn out in the end a well-educated woman if she only went around using her senses like feelers. Mind you, I say this of a woman, not of a man. I don't believe men are so quick to acquire that sort of education as women are. However, that is not the point. We were talking petticoats, not personalities.

The girl who is traveling showed me how she kept her silk skirts from cutting into ribbons. It was by means of this facing, and the facing was made of pongee.

"Pongee," she said, "is very light. It doesn't soil easily, and it's not as expensive as you would think. Two yards were all I needed for this. I faced the bottom of the skirt, you see, where it rubs against my shoe tops and then I thought I would put it in the front against my knees. The plan has worked admirably. Once I have taken out the facing and have had it washed."

"The skirt has already lasted twice the allotted span of a silk petticoat, and I am hoping that it may have nine lives."

RICE AND POPULATION.

In deciding whether China's population is dense or sparse it ought to be remembered that the country produces rice. Countries which produce rice yield at least two crops a year. Countries which produce corn, on the other hand, only yield one crop a year. Therefore, proportionately to its extent, a country which produces rice ought to support at least twice as large a population as a country which produces corn.—Scottish-American.

COLORS FROM COAL TAR.

Some 150 colors are now obtained from coal tar, and these have almost entirely supplanted vegetable and animal dyes. In fact, only two of the vegetable class, indigo and logwood, are still of any considerable importance. Coal yields a large amount of coloring matter, the magenta obtained from a tan being sufficient to dye 500 yards of flannel; the aniline, 120 yards; the vermilion scarlet, 2,560 yards; and the alizarine, 225 yards.—New York Herald.

IS THE HOTTEST IN TOWN

Yuma, Ari., Has the Proud Distinction of Being the Nation's Most Torrid Place.

Fancy an everyday temperature varying from 105 to 125 degrees in the shade for four or more months at a stretch. Imagine a village of several hundred adobe, stone and brick squat one-story houses and store buildings, all with clumsy porches in front, strewn along a dreary red brown roasting bank of a drowsy, muddy stream; where rude thoroughfares struggle up and down a naked hill shimmering under the fiercest, emptiest sky you ever saw.

Such is a phase of Yuma, famous as the literally hottest town in the Union. Imagine a region thousands of square miles in area, of yellow sand, quiet cacti, whitened bowl-dunes, not one commanding mountain or shapely prominence—a desolate, ghastly desert waste under a fiery sun—and you have the setting of Yuma. Imagine yourself on some vantage spot and looking over a frontier town paralyzed in overwhelming sunlight, where scantly clad, swarthy Indians sprawl fast asleep on hot earth in a patch of shade, no white person in sight, not a sign of activity anywhere, stores shut, houses bolted and blinded, not a sound heard save a rustling of dried snake-brush. And that is life in Yuma during a midsummer afternoon.

For fifty years Yuma, on the Rio Colorado, in southwestern Arizona, has been the banner hot town of the country. It has no rivals. The old town and its fiery summers have been fruitful topics for newspaper humorists. Numberless jokes on the Pacific coast concerning communities where the mercury climbs high, and regarding spirits that have found Hades agreeably cool, have been woven thence at Yuma's expense.

The people in the states who complain of Sol's darts these days may find satisfaction in learning something about this season's temperature in Yuma. The summer has been an average one. From May 14 to May 30 the temperature every afternoon ranged from 93 degrees to 101. Then there was a week of comparative coolness; the mercury never rose above 90. From June 7 to June 25 the mercury varied from 105 to 113 degrees. Old Sol then settled down to business. The desert sand dunes had become baked, and the foothills were glowing. For six weeks the mercury never was below 102, and from that it has gone to 122 degrees twice. From July 3 to July 20 the average afternoon temperature here was 115 degrees. During nights the mercury has sunk slowly to an average of 105 at about 4 a. m. With the rising of each sun the mercury has climbed steadily until about 3 o'clock.

And the warmest weeks of the year are yet to make their records. Last summer the hottest day in Yuma was Aug. 26, when the mercury touched 127. In September there were several days when the temperature was at 121 and a few nights when the thermometer never registered red lower than 108 degrees. In 1895 Yuma's red letter hot day occurred. It was Aug. 16, when extra hot winds blew from off the desert. Between dawn and noon the mercury rose from 110 to 123, and by 4 o'clock it rose to 129. Several deaths among children occurred during the heated spell.

Topographically Yuma is situated for the making of high solstitial records. As far as the eye can reach, and miles and miles farther, in any direction, there is nothing but profound aridity, through which the Colorado drowsily meanders to the Gulf of California. From some points nothing is in sight but a vast crumpled sea of yellow sand and the horizon. Yuma is the heart of a region of extinct volcanoes, barren hills and sterile canyons; a region of mirages. Gila monsters and reptiles that thrive amid burning alkali wastes and deadly thirsts, where not a green thing in nature may be seen as far as vision sweep except a few sparse cottonwood trees at the railway stations, where a withering white sunshine blazes from out a cloudless sky twelve hours a day, months at a time; where inflamed eyes and even blindness from the intense sunshine are common; where the earth is so hot that while people can scarcely walk upon it with thin shoes, and where tough range cattle sicken and die in a few weeks.

No one lives in Yuma for enjoyment. The trading and teaming from the mines, some uncommonly rich in copper, silver and lead, out in the mountains and foothills, keep the old town prosperous. There are 3,200 people in the village. One-third of them are Mexicans; the rest are Americans. Some have braved the climate, been enterprising and have accumulated snug fortunes.

At night the whole population sleeps out of doors, and many people slumber under the open heavens ten months in the year. In mid-summer even the old timers cannot endure the heat and closeness of an

apartment at night. The scene that one looks upon as he gazes across Yuma at any dawn in mid-summer is unique. Everybody in town—men, women and children—lie sleeping out of doors. There are cots on the flat roofs, cots on the porches, cots in the back and front yards, and cots out in the streets, where the perspiring, feverish people have tried to find the least bit of stirring air. Some men and women are stretched out with the lightest sheets over them; some are wearing their thin cotton clothes, and children clamber with only the sapphire sky over their innocence.

It is hard for people who live in a region of green hills, fields of waving grain, brooks, gardens, forests, and where rain falls occasionally, to realize the barrenness of life in a desert town like Yuma. The people here lead the plainest lives. No one does a whit more work than is actually necessary. Through the six warmest months the people get up at early dawn. Stores open, wagons of merchandise for the mines are loaded, housewives do their cooking and work for the day, and Mexicans go from house to house delivering barrels of lukewarm water. At 6 o'clock the heft of the day's duties is done. At 8 o'clock all work is finished for a time. The sun is far up and is blazing hotter. Every one who can be is under cover. The heavy board window blinds are drawn to the stores and saloons are shut, and all outdoors is abandoned to the friendly Indians.

At 6 o'clock at night a general resurrection takes place. Stores and houses are reopened. The temperature may have cooled to 109 or 112 degrees. When the sun has gone down the people go about the village and perform more household and business duties. Often the town is up practically all night. A few of the merchandise stores do their largest business between 8 p. m. and 3 a. m.

Imagine a place of confinement where guards are a superfluous. Such is the Arizona penitentiary at Yuma. For, while the cells are like the hot rooms in a Russian bath, they are far, far better than the trackless, arid, torrid desert that surrounds Yuma.

Unlock every door of the prison, and whence can the inmates go? To run away simply means to court death by sunstroke or to perish miserably in the alkali wastes of thirst.

SENT TO STUDY MECHANICS.

One of the interesting things in Germany this summer is the remarkable exodus of Germans to the Paris exposition, says a Paris correspondent in the Brooklyn Eagle. There has been an enormous flow of travel across the Rhine all summer, so that all the railways leading to Paris from Germany have had to increase their passenger train service; and besides this many extra trains have been run. Recently such a train carried 400 students of German technological institutions to Paris. In many cases funds have been appropriated by municipalities and manufacturing companies for carrying high-class artisans to Paris to study the mechanical progress shown there.

In Paris, as the German correspondents report, there are swarms of Germans, and everywhere they are in evidence. The evidence, as the correspondents admit, is not of a kind to flatter the national vanity of Germany—it consists of oddities of dress and mustache. The sober, slow-going German, who spends his life at a desk and never goes hunting, thinks he must don a huntsman's garb when he goes off traveling, and so one of the unwanted sights of Paris this summer is the German in a baggy suit of dull green and wearing a small conical green hat with a feather in it.

The German of another type is also much in evidence through his over-trained mustache, of the style which originated with Haby and was first made famous by the Kaiser. And the German woman, alas, is conspicuous for her ill-fitting dress, had in taste as to color and style. So say the correspondents, and every American of some experience in Germany will easily believe the correspondents.

WAR COMES IN WAVES.

From Waterloo, in 1815, to the Mexican war, in 1845, there were thirty years of peace. Between 1845 and 1870 one war quickly followed another. There was conflict almost all the time, and then came twenty-seven years of comparative peace. Now, again, wars are breaking upon each other's heels. Is the world entering upon another succession of wars?—Kansas City Star.

Edward Spencer, a well-to-do farmer living near Trenton, N. J., is of a deeply religious turn and insists that it is his duty, according to the Bible, to whip his wife when she needs correction. Mrs. Spencer agrees with him in the general proposition, but is unable to see that she ever has deserved such punishment. Therefore, when Edward layed on the horsewhip a day or two ago she had him arrested and he has been sent to jail for six months.

THE MISTAKE OF CHINA.

WAS PERSUADED TO ACCEPT BUDDHISM AT A TIME WHEN CHRISTIANITY WAS SOUGHT.

China and the Chinese against the military powers of the world, all because that nation has been murderously intolerant of Christian missionaries, reads like a national tragedy in the light of the statement that more than 1,500 years ago that nation sent out its wise men in search of the Messiah of the Christians.

More than 400 years before the Buddha had stirred India profoundly, Buddha worship was accepted, and for centuries in India he had been the incarnated god. That it was not this religion which started the wise men of China on the quest, Professor Samuel Beal points that the movement was prompted by a vision, said to have been seen by Emperor Ming-ti, in which an angel came with a message for him to search for the incarnated God; further, that this move began only thirty-two years after the death of Christ. From this the professor reasons that the circumstance of the vision could not have been of Chinese origin; that it had the stamp of the Christian faith. Then, by implication, he leads to the conclusion that had the Chinese missionaries A. D. 65 missed Buddha and continued on 1,500 miles to Palestine they would have been ripe for the acceptance of the faith of the Messiah, which the Chinese people of today so sturdily resist as a nation. WE'RE READY FOR A CHANGE.

Ten years ago Professor Beal, of London, voiced these theories in an address at South Place Institute. Today they have much more significance in the light of the situation in China. Eighteen hundred years ago that nation was on the verge of disintegration caused by the vitiation of the philosophical teachings of Lao-tseu and Confucius. Today it is strong in the religion of Buddha and of Confucius, and holding out against the innovations of that Christianity which it sought so keenly nearly 1,900 years ago.

Two hundred years before the coming of Christ some of the barbarous people living to the north and west of the Chinese empire were involved with the Chinese in wars. Several times Chinese military men were sent against these Tartar hordes, but more or less ineffectually.

In the year 123 B. C. the Emperor Wu-ti sent the celebrated General Ho-ku-ping to operate against the barbarians. This general made some great military movements, penetrating some 200 miles or more beyond the borders of Turkestan. From this successful campaign against Chinese invaders he returned 120 B. C., bringing with him the story of his battles, the story of a people who worshiped at the shrine of a once human manifestation of deity, and finally a golden image of this man-God, now considered to be the person of Buddha.

Following this great victory for the Chinese, it is supposed the story of Buddha made only a casual impression on the Chinese administration. But soon thereafter affairs of government and people began to go wrong. A spirit of moral and physical decadence was abroad. Emperor Wu-ti allowed things to drift, and when he was succeeded by Emperor Ming-ti that ruler found his kingdom in chaos.

STATE OF RELIGIOUS DOUBT. This condition had come from Taoism, the doctrine of Lao-tseu, and the ceremonies of the followers of Confucius. Lao-tseu had advanced an obscure system of transcendental philosophy. He is conceded to have been a great awakener of thought, but the system has been described as politico-ethical rather than religious. He was for hurrying back to the primitive before such things as form and ceremonies existed. Compassion, economy and humility were bases of his theories, and through the practice of these virtues the follower might hope to return to the heaven of Tao as it had existed before. Principles of simplicity and wisdom in their purest forms were the things he sought for the people. He opposed educational activities, and sought to point man to the unalloyed simplicity of original perfection.

Chinese are sluggish in thought and movement. They are especially tenacious of old customs. Confucius, their national teacher, was a conservative. He originated few things. There was no religion in his doctrine; he avoided all reference to religion in his teachings. He looked upon the existing life about him as a study, and upon man simply as a member of society in the present realistic world. He aimed to show that man by giving full and sincere development to his nature, might become equal to the cosmos of heaven and earth. He modeled things after the times of Yao and Shen, and as a leader was a revisionist. His reforms were based upon rites and ceremonials.

Until the year 209 B. C. China under these philosophical leaderships had made great material progress. The famous Yu had drained the

waters of the Yellow river, reclaiming a vast area of rich swamp lands. The great canal, 700 miles in length, with its embankments, floodgates, and bridges, was a marvel of engineering skill. Tillage of the ground and the elaborate schemes for watering the high-level fields are still wonderful in contemplation. And to these must be added the crowning effort in the building of the great wall. This great piece of masonry will stand for all time as an example of what persistent, dogged industry may accomplish, even when exhibited by a puny, inferior race of men.

But after all these the empire, at the time of the ascension of Ming-ti was in a bad way. It is conceded that the story of the gilded image of Buddha was not forgotten. That the idea of an incarnated deity had some sort of credence in the kingdom at this time. Then came the story of the Christ. It may have come through Persia into China, but that it came more or less true to the ears of Emperor Ming-ti is conceded by Professor Beal. That the story carried with it the settlements of the early Christians is supposed to be shown in the manner of Ming-ti's vision.

In this vision the emperor beheld an angel of gold flying through space with glittering wings. It alighted at the gate of the palace and entered his chamber. It was described as about nineteen feet tall, with a halo brighter than that of the sun. This messenger spoke, commanding the emperor to send wise men of his kingdom to the west in search of the incarnated God and of books and images. Relics of whatever character possible were to be brought back.

Heading this royal commission were Ts'ai Yin, Tsing King and Wang Tsun, with fifteen attendants. Searchers after the new truth, they started westward. The guiding spirit was the hope that somewhere beyond the empire's bounds they should find and alive the prophet who should come and teach them—the wise one who had raised the dead to life and touched the leper and made him whole.

In this hope of finding the prophet alive is another proof that the envoys were not seeking the Buddha of the story told 175 years before. And the fact that the commission expected to find the Messiah alive is evidenced by the fact that they carried a rich offering of gold and silver and the rarest fabrics and the rarest delicacies of a mighty empire. Incense and precious stones made weight for the camel train that moved out of the Chinese capital, and coolies followed in scores as attendants upon the royal party.

HEARD STORY OF BUDDHA. On beyond the boundaries of the empire the great caravan went, spreading the story of the Christ as it had come to them. On into India it went, days and weeks out of the capital. It was in India that the first news was heard of the man-God. The story of Buddha was told to the anxious seekers. Yes, he had lived, but he had died, long ago. His birthplace had been on an island to the south. There were relics and the spirit of the great Buddha was in them.

In boats the ambassadors set sail for Ceylon. Landing, they found the people full of the story of the all-wise Buddha. He was dead, but at his shrine they found something more acceptable than the dead philosophies of the Chinese teachers. They left their offerings at the shrine of the Messiah and went back to China with the new creed, not knowing in Palestine, 1,300 miles away, was the real lodestar of the expedition—the man-God whose story, reaching the ears of Emperor Ming-ti, had led to his offering a kingdom to the new prophet.

Going back, the envoys took with them books and images and two teachers. Siddharmar and Kosynapa Matanga. These teachers took up their residence at Loyang and translated several books from the Indian into Chinese. Two of these books were the "Sutra of Forty-two Paragraphs" and "The Life of Buddha."

MISTAKE WAS COSTLY. But they had missed the story of Jesus of Nazareth—the story which the Chinese nation refuses to receive today, save as individuals are proselytized in the face of governmental and social opposition. The situation is consistent and logical, showing that the mistake made by the envoys was unavoidable. They had gone blindly to the west, seeking a man of supernatural power. In India they found that man, with no further word of a newer prophet beyond. So they had returned, satisfied. As a result China has 35,000,000 Buddhists today, when under kinder fates it might have been the greatest Christian nation under the sun.

Translating and compiling the

works of Buddha, the Indian teachers in China gave out the "Paragraphs" as an epitome of Buddhist ethics. It was purely ethical and practical. It urged the doing of good and the avoidance of evil; the banishment of impure desires, a progression in the path of righteousness. Other duties of man toward men and toward society at large were urged. In each case at the beginning of a paragraph Buddha was quoted as an authority.

Fahien, the Chinese pilgrim to India, tells of an announcement which he heard made by an eloquent man in Ceylon. This man, mounted on a gaily caparisoned elephant and dressed in the apparel of royalty, spoke as follows:

"Our Bodhisattava (Buddha in a previous condition) during endless ages underwent every kind of austerity for the sake of delivering all flesh. He spared himself no personal suffering. He left his home and country, he gave up wife and children, he tore out his eyes to heal the blind, he cut his flesh to feed the dove, he gave his head in alms, he sacrificed his body to feed a tiger, he grinded with his marrow nor his brain. Thus he endured every sort of anguish for the good of others. After he became a Buddha he lived in the world forty-nine years to teach and convert men. He gave rest to the weleched. He saved the lost. Then he died. The eyes of the world were put out and all living things were filled with sorrow. After ten days his relics will be brought forth; let all persons come and do them reverence."

LARGE SCOTCH PATRIMONY.

The prince of Wales draws considerable revenue in the shape of "four duties" from lands in Scotland, consisting partly of what was at one time the patrimony of the celebrated Bruce family, and partly of the forfeited estates of Lords Boyd and the lords of the Isles. These lands were in 1496 created into a permanent principality for the benefit of the eldest son of the Scottish monarch; and this tenure gives the prince his Scottish titles of prince of Scotland, duke of Rothesay, earl of Carrick, baron of Renfrew and lord of the Isles, and entitles him to vote at elections of representative peers.—Scottish-American.

TOMMY GATHERS CAT TAILS.



1. Tommy—Here's a corker! You bet yer life I know enough ter grab a good thing when I see it.



2. Whoo! There's some mistake here! Guess I'll drop it.



3. I I I

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

OUR MATERIAL POSSESSIONS HAVE SMALL VALUE WHEN WEIGHED AGAINST THE SOUL.

Washington, Aug. 19.—From Berlin, where he preached in the American church to a great congregation, comprising many of his countrymen, who are traveling through Europe, Dr. Talmage made this discourse, in which, by original methods, he enlivened spiritual values and urged higher appreciation of things religious. The text is Mark viii. 36: "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Men of all occupations are to be found in the assemblies of the house of God, but in these days of extensive business operations a large proportion are engaged from Monday morning to Saturday night in bargain making. In many of the families, across the breakfast table and at the tea table, are discussed questions of loss and gain. You are every day asking yourself: "What is the value of this?" You would not think of giving something of greater value for that which is of lesser value.

MAKING BARGAINS.
You would not think of selling that which cost you ten dollars for five dollars. If you had a property that was worth fifteen thousand dollars you would not sell it for four thousand dollars. You are intelligent in all matters of bargain making. Are you as wise in things that pertain to matters of the soul? Christ adapted his instructions to the circumstances of those to whom he spoke. When he talked to fishermen, he spoke of the gospel net. When he talked to farmers he said: "A sower went forth to sow." When he talked to shepherds he told the parable of the lost sheep. And now I do not right in speaking to an audience made up of bargain makers that I address them in the words of my text, asking: "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

I propose, so far as possible, to estimate and compare the value of the two properties.

First, I have to say that the world is a very grainy property. Its flowers are God's thoughts in bloom. Its rocks are God's thoughts in stone. Its dew drops are God's thoughts in pearl. This world is God's child—a wayward child; indeed, it has wandered off through the heavens. But about nineteen hundred years ago, one Christmas night, God sent out a sister world to call the wanderer back, and it hung over Bethlehem only long enough to get the promise of the wanderer's return, and now that lost world, with the soft feet of light, comes trampling through the heavens.

THE BIRD ORCHESTRA.

The hills, how beautiful they billow up, the edge of the wave white with the foam of crocuses! How beautiful the rainbow, the arched bridge on which heaven and earth come and talk to each other in tears after the storm is over! How nimble the feet of the lamplighters that in a few minutes set all the dome of the night ablaze with brackets of fire! How bright the net of the saffron cloud that rows across the deep sea of heaven! How beautiful the spring with the bridal blossoms in her hair! I would that it is that heats time on a June morning for the bird orchestra. How gently the harbell tolls its fragrance on the air! There may be grander worlds, swarther worlds than this, but I think that this is a most exquisite world—a magnificence on the beam of immensity! "Oh," you say, "take my soul! give me the world! I am willing to take it in exchange." I am ready now for the bargain. It is so beautiful a world, so sweet a world, so grand a world.

But let us look more minutely into the value of this world. You will not buy property unless you can get a good title to it. After you have looked at the property and found that it suits you, you send an attorney to the public office, and he examines the book of deeds and the book of mortgages and the book of judgments and the book of liens, and he decides whether the title is good before you will have anything to do with it. There might be a splendid property and in every way suitable to what you want; but if you cannot get a good title you will not take it.

SECURING GOOD TITLES.

Now, I am here to say that it is impossible to get a good title to this world. If I settle down upon it, in the very year I so settle down upon it as a permanent possession, I may be driven away from it. Ay, in five minutes after I give up my soul for the world I may have to part with the world; and what kind of a title do you call that? There is only one way in which I can hold an earthly possession, and that is through the senses. All beautiful sights through the eye, but the eye may be blotted out; all captivating sounds through the ear, but the ear may be deafened; all consciousness of fruits and vlands through my taste, but my taste may be destroyed; all appreciation of culture and of art through my mind, but

I may lose my mind. What a frail hold, then, I have upon any earthly possession!

"In courts of law, if you want to get a man off a property, you must serve on him a writ of ejectment, giving him a certain time to vacate the premises; but when Death comes to us and serves a writ of ejectment, he does not give us one second of forewarning. He says: 'Off of this place! You have no right any longer to the possession.' We might cry out, 'I gave you a hundred thousand dollars for that property!' the plea would be of no avail. We might say, 'We have a warranty deed for that property!' the plea would be of no avail. We might say, 'We have a lien on that warehouse!' that would do us no good. Death is blind, and he cannot see a seal and cannot read an indenture. So that, first and last, I want to tell you that when you propose that I give up my soul for the world, you cannot give me the first item of title.

PLACING INSURANCE.

Having examined the title of a property, your next question is about insurance. You would not be silly enough to buy a large warehouse that could not possibly be insured. You would not have anything to do with such a property. Now, I ask you that what insurance can you give me that this world is not going to be burned up? Absolutely none. Geologists tell us that it is already on fire; that the heart of the world is one great living coal; that it is just like a ship on fire at sea, the flames not bursting out because the hatches are kept down. And yet you propose to palm off on me, in return for my soul, a world for which, in the first place, you give no title, and in the second place, for which you cannot give no insurance. "Oh," you say, "the water of the oceans will wash all over the land and put out the fire." Oh, no. There are inflammable elements in the water, hydrogen and oxygen. Call off the hydrogen, and then the Atlantic and Pacific oceans would blaze like heaps of shavings. You want me to take this world, for which you can give no possible insurance.

Astronomers have swept their telescopes through the sky and have found out that there have been fifteen worlds in the last two centuries that have disappeared. At first, they looked just like other worlds. Then they got deeply red—they were on fire. Then they got ashen, showing they were burned down. Then they disappeared, showing that even the ashes were scattered.

And if the geologist is right in his prophecy, then our world is to go in the same way. And yet you want me to exchange my soul for it. Ah, no, it is a world that is burning now.

ALL HAVE HAD TROUBLE.

Suppose you brought an insurance agent to look at your property for the purpose of giving you a policy upon it, and while he stood in front of the house, he should say:

"That house is on fire now in the basement." You could not get any insurance upon it. Yet you talk about this world as though it were a safe investment, as though you could get some insurance upon it, when down in the basement it is on fire.

I remark, also, that this world is a property, with which everybody who has taken it as a possession has had trouble. Now, between my house and my church in Brooklyn, there was a reach of land which was not built on. I asked what was the matter, and they replied that everybody who had anything to do with that property got into trouble about it. It is just so with this world; everybody that has had anything to do with it, as a possession, has been in perplexity. How was it with Lord Byron? Did he not sell his immortal soul for the purpose of getting the world? Was he satisfied with the possession? Alas! alas! the poem graphically describes his case when it says:

"Drank every cup of joy,
Heard every trumpet of fame;
Drank early, deeply drank;
Drank draughts which common mil-
lions might have quenched;
Then died of thirst, because there
was no more to drink."

Oh, yes; he had trouble with it; and so did Napoleon. After conquering nations by the force of the sword, the victor lies down to die, his entire possession the military boots that he insisted on having upon his feet while he was dying. So it has been with men who had better ambition.

WHAT THACKERAY SAW.

Thackeray, one of the most genial and lovable souls, after he had won the applause of all intelligent hands through his wonderful genius, sits down in a restaurant in Paris, looks to the other end of the room, and wonders whose is that forlorn and wretched face; rising up after a while he finds that it is Thackeray in the mirror. Oh, yes, this world is a

cheat. Talk about a man gaining the world! Who ever gained half of the world? Who ever owned a continent? Who ever owned Asia? Who ever gained a city? Talk about gaining the world! No man ever gained it, or the thousandth part of it. You are demanding that I sell my soul, not for the world, but for a fragment of it.

There is a man who has had a large estate for 40 or 50 years. He lies down to die. You say: "That man is worth millions and millions of dollars." Is he? You call up a surveyor, with his compass and chain, and you say: "There is a property extending three miles in one direction, and three miles in another direction." Is that the way to measure that man's property? No! You do not want any surveyor with compass and chain. That is not the way to measure that man's property now. It is an undertaking you need, who will come and put his finger in his vest pocket, and take out a tape-line, and he will measure five feet nine inches one way and two feet and a half the other way. That is the man's property. Oh, no; I forgot; not so much as that, for he does not own even the place in which he lies in the cemetery. The deed to that belongs to the executors and heirs. Oh, what a property you propose to give me for my soul!

VALUE OF THE WORLD.

If you sell a bill of goods you go into the counting room and say to your partner: "Do you think that man is good for this bill? Can he give proper security? Will he meet this payment?" Now, when you are offered this world as a possession, I want you to test the matter. I do not want you to go into this bargain blindly. I want you to ask about the title, about the insurance, about whether men have ever had any trouble with it, about whether you can keep it, about whether you can get all, or the ten thousandth, or one hundred thousandth part of it.

There is the world now. I shall say no more about it. Make up your mind for yourself, as I shall, before God, have to make up my mind for myself, about the value of this world. I cannot afford to make a mistake for my soul, and you cannot afford to make a mistake for your soul.

Now, let us look at the other property—the soul. We cannot make a bargain without seeing the comparative value. The soul! How shall I estimate the value of it? Well, by its exquisite organization. It is the most wonderful piece of mechanism ever put together. Machinery is of value in proportion as it is mighty and silent at the same time. You look at the engine and the machinery in the Philadelphia mint, and, as you see it performing its wonderful work, you will be surprised to find how silently it goes. Machinery that roars and tears soon destroys itself; but silent machinery is often most effective. Now, so it is with the soul of man. With all its tremendous facilities—it moves in silence. Judgment, without any racket, lifting its scales; memory, without any noise, bringing down all its treasures; conscience, taking its judgment-seat without any excitement; the understanding and the will all doing their work. Velocity, majesty, might, but silence—silence.

FOON OF YOUR HEART.

You listen at the door of your heart. You can hear no sound. The soul is all quiet. It is so delicate an instrument that no human hand can touch it. You break a bone, and with splinters and bandages the surgeon sets it; the eye becomes inflamed, the apothecary's wash cures it; but a soul off the track, unbalanced, no human power can readjust it. With one sweep of its wing it circles the universe, and over-vaults the throne of God. Why, in the hour of death the soul is so mighty, it throws aside the body as though it were a toy. It breaks through the circle of loved ones who stand around the dying couch. With one leap it springs beyond star and moon and sun and chasms of immensity. It is superior to all material things! No fire can consume it; no floods can drown it; no rocks can crush it; no walls can impede it; no time can exhaust it. It wants no bridge on which to cross a chasm. It wants no plummet with which to sound a depth. A soul so mighty, so swift, so silent, must be a priceless loss.

I calculate the value of the soul, also, by its capacity for happiness. How much joy it can get in this world, out of friendships, out of books, out of clouds, out of the sea, out of the flowers, out of ten thousand things; and yet all the joy it has here does not test its capacity. You are in a concert before the curtain holder, and you hear the instruments preparing the sharp snap of the bow across the viol. "There is no music in that," you say. It is only getting ready for the music, and all the enjoyments of the soul in this world, the enjoyment we think is real enjoyment, is only preparative; it is only anticipative; it is only the first stages of the thing; it is only the entrance, the beginning of that which

shall be the orchestral harmonies and splendors of the redeemed.

POWER OF THE SOUL.

You cannot test the full power of the soul for happiness in this world. How much power the soul has here to find enjoyment in friendships; but oh, the grander friendships of the soul in the skies! How sweet the flowers here! but how much sweeter they will be there! I do not think that when flowers die on earth they die forever. In the sunny valleys of heaven shall not the marigold creep? On the hills of heaven will not the anemone bloom? On the amethystine walls of heaven will not the jasmine climb. "My beloved is come down into his garden to gather lilies." No flowers in heaven? Where, then, do they get their garlands for the brows of the righteous? Christ is glorious to our souls now, but how much grander our appreciation after a while! A conqueror comes back after the battle. He has been fighting for us. He comes up on the platform. He has one arm in a sling and the other arm holds a croch. As he mounts the platform, oh, the enthusiasm of the audience! They say, "That man fought for us, and imperiled his life for us; and how wild the huzzas that follow huzzas! When the Lord Jesus Christ shall at last stand out before the multitudes of the redeemed of heaven and we meet him face to face and feel that he was wounded in the head and wounded in the hands and wounded in the feet and wounded in the star for us, we think we will be overwhelmed. We will sit some time gazing in silence, until some leader amidst the white-robed choir shall lift the baton of light and give the signal that it is time to wake the song of jubilee; and all heaven then will break forth into 'Hosanna! Hosanna! Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!'"

WHAT IT COST.

I calculate further the value of the soul by the price that has been paid for it. In St. Petersburg there is a diamond that the government paid \$200,000 for. "Well," you say, "it must have been very valuable, or the government would not have paid \$200,000 for it." I want to see what your soul is worth, and what your soul is worth by seeing what has been paid for it. For that immortal soul, the richest blood that was ever shed, the deepest groan that was ever uttered, all the grivels of earth compressed into one tear, all the sufferings of earth gathered into one rapier of pain and struck through his holy heart. Does it not imply tremendous value?

I argue, also, the value of the soul from the home that has been fitted up for it in the future. One would have thought that a street of adamant would have done. No; it is a street of gold. One would have thought that a wall of granite would have done. No; it is the flame of sardonyx mingling with the green of emerald. One would have thought that an occasional dextology would have done. No; it is a perpetual song. If the ages of heaven marched in a straight line, some day the last regiment, perhaps, might pass out of sight, but no; the ages of heaven do not march in a straight line, but in a circle around about the throne of God; forever, forever, tramp, tramp! A soul so bought, so equipped, so provided for must be a priceless soul, a majestic soul, a tremendous soul.

Now, you have seen the two properties—the world, the soul. One purchasable, the other immortal. One unsatisfying, the other capable of ever-increasing felicity. Will you trade? Will you trade even? Remember, it is the only investment you can make. If a man sell a bill of goods worth \$5,000, and he is cheated out of it, he may get \$5,000 somewhere else; but a man who invests his soul, invests all. Losing that, he loses all. Saving that, he saves all.

ON THE BLOCK.

In the light of my text it seems to me as if you were offering your soul to the highest bidder, and I hear you say, "What is bid for it, my breathless spirit? What is bid for it?" Satan says, "I will bid the world." You say, "Begone! that is no equivalent. Sell my soul for the world? Not begone!" But there is some one else in the audience no so wise as that. He says, "What is bid for my immortal soul?" Satan says, "I will bid the world." "The world? Going at that, going! Gone! Gone forever! What is the thing of greatest price, The whole creation?" That which was lost in Paradise, That which in Christ is found. Then let us gather round the cross, That knowledge to obtain; Not by the soul's eternal loss, But everlasting gain.

Well, there are a great many people who say, "I will not sell my soul for the world. I find the world is an unsatisfying portion." What, then, will you do with your soul? Some one whispers here, "I will give my soul to Christ." Will you? That is the wisest resolution you ever made. Will you give it to Christ? When? Tomorrow? No, now. I congratulate you if you have come to such a decision. Oh, if the eternal spirit of God would now come down upon you and show you the vanity of this world and the immense importance of Christ's religion and the infinite value of your own immortal soul,

what an hour this would be! What a moment this would be! Do you know that Christ has bought your soul? Do you know that He has paid an infinite price for it? Do you know that He is worthy of it? Will you give it to Him now?

A SAILOR'S EXPERIENCE.

I was reading lately of a sailor who had just got ashore, and was telling about his last experience at sea. He said: "The last time I crossed the ocean we had a terrific time. After we had been out three or four days the machinery got disarranged and the steam began to escape, and the captain, gathering the people and the crew on deck, said, 'Unless some one will go down and shut off that steam and arrange that machinery at the peril of his life we must all be destroyed.' He was not willing to go down himself. No one seemed willing to go. The passengers gathered at one end of the steamer waiting for their fate. The captain said, 'I give you a last warning. If there is no one here willing to imperil his life and go down and fix that machinery we must all be lost.' A plain sailor said, 'I'll go, sir,' and he wrapped himself in a coarse piece of canvas and went down, and was gone but a few moments when the escaping steam stopped and the machinery was adjusted. The captain cried out to the passengers, 'All saved! Let us go down below and see what has become of the poor fellow.' They went down. There he lay dead. 'Victims suffering! Died for all! Oh! do you suppose that those people on the ship ever forgot, ever can forget that poor fellow?' 'No,' they say; 'it was through his sacrifice that I got ashore.' The time came when our whole race must die unless some one should endure torture and sorrow and shame. Who shall come to the rescue? Shall it be one of the apostles? Not one. Shall it be an inhabitant of some pure and unfallen world? Not one.

DIED TO SAVE ALL.

Then Christ said, 'Lo! I come to do thy will, O God!' And He went down the dark stairs of our sin and wretchedness and misery and was and He stopped the peril and He died, that you and I might be free. Oh, the love! Oh, the endurance! Oh, the horrors of the sacrifice! Shall not our souls go out toward him, saying: 'Lord Jesus Christ, take my soul. Then art worthy to have it. Then hast died to save it.'

God help you rightly to cipher out this sum in gospel arithmetic: "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

AS OTHERS SAW HER.

"My wife has had her curiosity appeased in a way that will satisfy her for some time," said the newly-married man, in the Detroit Free Press. "It was my idea to make our wedding trip as quiet as possible, and do away as much as we could with the annoyance which usually attends wedding couples. But the lady said she was pained of being a bride, and she wanted to hear the comments the people would make. With this end in view she hit upon the crazy notion of playing dead and dumb, and going through a lot of monkey shins with our fingers to carry out the scheme. She reasoned that this would cause people to talk in our presence, and thus we would be able to hear what they said."

"I opposed the idiotic idea from the start, but what I said cut no figure, and I had to consent to the plan. Our first chance to try the scheme occurred in a railway station where we were waiting for a train. My wife commenced her pantomime, and I had to carry it out, feeling like a fool while I was doing it. She wobbled her fingers and I wobbled mine, and we soon had everyone staring at us. There were two women seated back of us, and the comments she desired so much to hear soon came."

"It's a newly-married couple," said one. "The poor things are deaf and dumb. Isn't it awful?" "What do you suppose he saw in her?" asked the other. "She is positively homely."

MEASURING LIGHTNING.

The width of a flash of lightning has been measured by Mr. George Runkler, of the Hamburg observatory. A photograph was secured last August as lightning struck a tower a third of a mile away, and from the distance of the tower and the focal distance of the camera objective it was possible to calculate the breadth of the discharge shown in the picture. It has been determined that the flash was one-fifth of an inch wide. Ramifications shown in the photograph on each side of the main discharge are attributed to the strong gale that was blowing, the phenomenon appearing like a silk ribbon with shreds floating in the wind.—Indianapolis Press.

Oxford has among its undergraduates a married Lancashire mill hand, twenty-three years of age, who worked his way into the university by studying after factory hours; with the help of free libraries and university extension lectures. He has won a scholarship worth £80 a year.

CHINESE POOR FOLKS

The Proportion Is a Thousand to One in the Flowery Kingdom.

A rich Chinaman wears silk, a poor one cotton. Since the proportion of rich to poor is about one in a thousand, it follows that the growth and manufacture of cotton are vital necessities. It is thought cotton culture was begun in the thirteenth century, the plant coming in from India; where it has been known for 2,000 years. In spite of her unequalled agriculture, China does not raise cotton for export—nor, in fact, enough for her own needs. In the growth and manufacture of it, as in everything else, the aim is not, as in the United States, to save hand labor, but to use as much of it as possible. There are no power-gins for taking out the seeds. Instead, the Chinese use the little hand-gin very like those still to be found in the homespun regions of the Appalachian chain. The gin is nothing more than a couple of small wooden rollers, made fast in uprights affixed to a bench. They are turned by a wooden crank, revolve one against the other, and free the cotton of seed by drawing the lint through the narrow space between. The lint is fed to them by hand, and it takes a long and steady day's work to gin five pounds of lint—which means twenty pounds of cotton in the seed.

The cotton is carded simultaneously with the ginning. A second man stands at the end of the bench beating the clean cotton with the teakling, or earth bow, into big flaky "bats." These bats the women spin in various ways. Sometimes they use the old-fashioned spinning wheel. Much oftener it is something approximating the ancient distaff. The spinner twirls it steadily, walking around and around as she twirls, thus winding the lengthening thread into very long bales. If it is spun and run into bales or spools, they are often reeled with a hand-reel. Chinese industry indeed is as inveterate as Chinese economy. Women usually work at such reeling while they stand and gossip in the alley ways between their houses. If there is no reel handy they will be sitting upon a stool, always a salable article. Bare feet are unknown in China. Even a beggar wears shoes, though he may have no other clothing than the head-bow, which serves both as a hat and to hold out when there is a chance of rain.

Nothing is wasted in China. Even grass and wheat roots are pulled up, washed, dried and used for fuel. Scraps of paper and cloth are pasted together to make the soles of shoes. Bits of wood are glued to build up either a board or a post. Women spinners and straw-plaiters earn 2c a day. The spinning, though, is most commonly like the weaving at the hand looms, only a part of unpaid household labor. Machine-made cloth and thread have of late come to bear heavily upon the cotton-workers, but that fact is in a degree offset by the growing import of raw cotton. Still some of the light yellow hand-made fabric, known the world over as nankeen, from the city of export, Nankin, is shipped abroad. It is made from a peculiar yellow-staple cotton, hence not dyed. The same yellow-staple cotton is grown and manufactured by Arcadians in Louisiana, but the fabric is so coarse it does not compete with the Chinese one.

Five dollars a year will clothe a Chinese husband and wife something more than decently. Underwear is unknown—so is fitting a garment. The only measures taken are from the hip to the ground, and from the middle of the breast to the finger tips. Fashions do not change. Winter garments and bedding are wedded with cotton. Once a year they must be ripped apart and washed, padding and all.

How needful is economy may be judged from a few figures. Unskilled laborers are paid upon an average 7c a day. Masons, carpenters and stone cutters, here as elsewhere the aristocracy of labor, get from 25c to 30c a day. Work begins at sunrise and keeps up until dark. Notwithstanding all which strikes are virtually unknown, and the Chinese laborer is the happiest and most contented in the world.

LONDON'S NEW TRAMWAYS.

The east of London's new tramways including all the necessary paving and other works in connection with them, will be £844,200. But in order to carry out this work street widenings and the acquisition of land are necessary; and the cost of this is estimated at £808,700—a subsidiary expense which is just £150,000 greater than the expense of the work itself.—Indianapolis Press.

PRODUCTS OF THE CHINESE.

The Chinese taught us the use of fish glues and fish gelatines. From the gum of a sumach tree they made the beautiful Chinese lacquers for or-

namental woodwork. They invented the color vermilion, made of one part quicksilver to two parts sulphur. Of precious stones, jade is a Chinese product. The Chinese cypress is one of our garden trees; the Chinese hemp one of the fibers used for our rope and cordage. Of precious timber they gave us the camphor wood, and of spices the cassia and cinnamon.—Chinaman Enquirer.

AFTER NEW COAL AREAS.

With the serious consideration which is now being given to the coal question lead in scientific research and the discovery of new coal areas in different parts of the United Kingdom? says the London Daily Mail. A coal expert to whom the question was put by a Daily Mail representative expressed an affirmative opinion.

"It will be found," he said, "that our coal reserves are far from being exhausted. The readily accessible seams of coal near the surface are the chief seams which have been worked in this country, and it is these which are showing signs of exhaustion."

"New sources of supply will be found at greater depths and will involve the initial outlay of much larger capital expenditure, and the establishment of shafts with appliances of much larger capacity."

"The small coal owner," he continued, "may become extinct, and there may only be room for the great capitalist, but this fact will guarantee greater efficiency in mining and less waste. Science will be sure to unite with capital and prevent any very appreciable increase in the cost of mining."

"In various parts of the country borings are being put down to thoroughly test the geology of the district, and in several cases, where upper seams have been worked, tests are being and will be made at a lower depth."

"An old-fashioned notion was that coal did not exist under the chalk, but," he pointed out, "as far back as 1856, in a paper read before the Royal Geological society, Mr. Godwin Austen concluded that coal would be found under the secondary rocks in the southeast of England, and this opinion was supported by Prof. Sir J. Prestwich at the Royal coal commission in 1871."

"The experiments which were a few years ago made by Professor Boyd Dawkins and Mr. F. Brady in Kent also proved this thing correct. The boring was put down through the chalk, and the first coal seam of two feet three inches thick was struck at a depth of 1,130 feet. Between this and 2,000 feet eight workable seams were proved."

PROSPERITY IN PALESTINE.

From the report of Mr. Dickson, our consul at Jerusalem, it seems that the general condition of Palestine is now one of considerable prosperity. Trade is improving year by year, owing to the working of the Jaffa-Jerusalem railway, to the working of conventual and philanthropic establishments in and around the latter and to the great increase in the number of tourists and pilgrims. This last is due to the growing popularity of Egypt as a winter resort, and to the great facilities for reaching the Holy City. New orange gardens are spreading in every direction inland from Jaffa, so that in the course of a few years the greater part of the plain around that town will be devoted to orange cultivation. Watermelons and sesame (the latter shipped almost wholly to Marseilles) are the chief exports.—London Mail.

ONE OF ENGLAND'S LANDMARKS.

The great estate of Mombland Hall, in England, the seat of the late Lord Revelstoke, has changed hands again, and the lands, which formerly belonged to a banker peer, are now in the hands of William Grosvenor Gray, the great shipbuilder, who has laid out a large sum of money on the property. It is a magnificent estate, which cost Lord Revelstoke more than \$1,250,000. It has been visited by royalty many times, and its native drive of some nine miles in length is of great beauty.—Detroit Free Press.

IT HELPED WIN BATTLES.

Twenty-nine officers and men wrote from the front to say that for Scratches, Bruises, Cuts, Wounds, Sore Feet and Stiff Joints, Bucklen's Arnica Salve is the best in the world. Some for Burns, Skin Eruptions and Piles. 25 cts. a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by Dr. J. C. Ross, druggist.

G. A. R. CHICAGO EXCURSIONS VIA PENNSYLVANIA LINES.

Aug. 25th to 29th, inclusive, very low rate excursion tickets will be sold from Fort Wayne via Pennsylvania Lines to Chicago for G. A. R. Annual Encampment. Apply to John E. Ross, Ticket Agent, Fort Wayne, for complete particulars, extension of return limit, etc. 16-21-23-25

A servant-girl's union has been formed in Watertown, N. Y., on a basis of "hours from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m., and wages \$4 to \$5 a week."

TOTTEN'S DREAM OF WAR

Strange Book Written by an Army Officer in 1872 Applies to China Today.

As long ago as 1892 ex-Lieutenant Totten, of the United States army, foretold several wars which have since taken place. Concerning the Chinese situation he said the other day:

"Of course, it is impossible to forecast the outcome of this uprising. The present crisis is one of the most remarkable the modern world has ever been called upon to face. We have steadily encroached upon the celestial empire, demanding concessions to our commerce, and quite as steadily have we closed our ports to reciprocation. We have never followed the golden rule in our intercourse, for there has been nothing mutual in this communion."

"Now, it stands to reason that in a nation of 400,000,000 people, opened up against their will and traditions by the encroachment of a miscellaneous body of uninvited and competing merchants, while our home governments have discriminated against Chinese immigrants, a strong party should arise whose natural determination it is to drive back the wedge that threatens the integrity of the empire. It would be a surprising thing, indeed, if no patriotic home party stood forth to defend these ancient institutions, which must be quite as dear to that vast people as our own are to ourselves. Consequently this uprising is indeed a serious one in its own possibilities."

"China was centuries old before her walls were ever seen by occidentals. And we western people never encroached thereon there might yet not have arisen any reason for the disintegration of the empire, and it would have gone on its own way as long again."

"But now all is different; we have entered the celestial precincts, and, of course, a strong reactionary home party have stood up to resist further invasions. Hence, the whole world is in a strange predicament—the entire west against the east. All the eagles are already gathered about the most ancient carcass of empire that the world contains. The military aspect is suggestive of an Armageddon upon a scale quite gigantic enough to promise us at least a tremendous type of the final conflict itself—promised to all nations."

LIKE CORTEZ AGAIN.

"In the little relief column launched at Peking seven great powers are represented, but they are advancing with but little real unanimity of purpose and with but a forlorn hope of assured success. Should China rise in might she could absorb the army of invasion in a jiffy. Upon the other hand, the very belatedness of the effort reminds one of the ancient Spanish invasion of Mexico and Peru, only China is far more than an Aztec remnant."

"Should even limited success attend our now fully undertaken armed invasion, I do not see how, upon mere human foundations and experience, the west can expect to effect more than a lodgment along the shore. We may secure chief rings of coastland and obtain a basis of operation for the coming centuries to work from. I know of no better fulfillment of the Savior's prediction than this war in China: 'I come not to place peace upon earth, but a sword.' And that is exactly what this matter means. The mission of peace has unsheathed the inevitable sword."

What Mr. Totten fears is at least a remote possibility is the question of "Target Against Ammunition," as he puts it. He means that if China should arise in patriotic "devotion" to herself as against all comers then there are not enough bullets in the horizon of all creation to overcome her! Suppose, for instance, she fought "a l'outrance," as the Boers have done, who could penetrate her coast?

To illustrate all this he cited a strange dream that crystallized in "Strategos," the American war game some twenty years ago, which by a reverse application fill the present situation, for why shouldn't Mr. Chinaman reverse the tactics in defense?

A PROPHECIC DREAM.

As far back as 1872 Mr. Totten dreamed his strangely prophetic dream, and Secretary of War Ramsey published it in 1880. This dream Mr. Totten used in a story—"Strategos." It was as follows:

"It seemed that a terrible struggle of races was in progress; it was a war l'outrance. Myriads of Mongolians had landed upon our coast and an endless fleet of junk and rude barbarian crafts of every description continually reinforced the vast army of invaders. America, fully awakened to the magnitude of the invasion and to the desperate chances involved, had arisen as one man to meet the issues. The struggle was to be one of existence, for the Mongolians had profited by their intercourse with their civilized neighbors and it was understood that, with true celestial aptitude, copied all our arts in the inventor of their closely guarded empire and were now rallying forth from the land that had at last be-

come too strait for them, armed and equipped like Europeans and in hordes as countless as the sands of the seas.

"A vast army was collected together and in the best array and commanded by the first military talent of the country had taken up its position in the interior. When the army of Mongolians at last came into view it was noticed that they had arranged themselves in a quincunx order, extending far to their rear and beyond the limits of sight. The mind instinctively carried this awful array back to the very shores of the Pacific, upon which their endless hordes were ever disembarking. Their onward movement was like that of a vast machine, a perfect horror of tactical precision and blind obedience. The vast army seemed to be actuated by the same impulse which sends an army of ants onward in spite of fire and water and smothered all opposition with the very bodies of 'forlorn hopes,' 'sacred bands' that lead the rest."

"Far back in the distance, dimly described by the best glasses in our army, one who seemed a military mandarin of highest rank at length made a signal which was quickly repeated by others throughout the mass, and from the nearest ranks a word of command was faintly distinguished by our foremost pickets. It seemed like 'Cobah' and was apparently some order similar to 'Forward' or 'Ready.'"

"On they moved with dreadful, fascinating precision. They were as yet far beyond the range of any of the weapons of the main army and seemed to pay no attention to the missiles that our skirmishers and musketeers, located far in advance, sent among them. The smoke of their friendly arms could be seen readily, but their report could hardly be distinguished on account of the distance."

"At last the irresistible advance swept over these devoted lines of skirmishers, and with direful significance to our main army, still too far back to use or waste its ammunition, the smoke of their hopeless resistance died away only to show the continued onward and unchecked movement of the barbarians."

"And now another signal was made by the central chief, and duly repeated right and left as far as the eye could reach. At this signal each celestial, without in the least altering his peculiar swinging gait, that could now be almost individually distinguished by the motion of the whole mass, turned to his weapon and borne upon the air toward us was heard a faint murmur like the word 'Ching,' repeated in unison by the myriads of the host before us. With every step they took this word was uttered—'Ching, Ching, Ching, Ching.'"

THEIR PECULIAR TACTICS.

"At the next signal from the mandarin the line of pigtailed in his immediate vicinity open fire into the air. This peculiar tactic was astonishing, but soon explained itself. The 'firing line' was just far enough in the rear to sweep a zone commencing about 800 yards in front of the most advanced line of the defending army. This zone had, from the distinctly visible fall of the projectiles, a dangerous width of some 500 yards extended back."

"Again a signal was given, at which another line, the next in front, took up this fire and then the next, and next, and with each successive addition to the widening firing line the belt of dangerous space leaped, as it were, toward us almost by bounds, while the whole pre swept by the spatter of that 'rain of death' kept constantly approaching with the onward motion of their advance."

"As the nearest ranks opened fire we could distinguish indistinctly the nature of their weapons, and excited imagination filled up the description. It flashed upon our lines almost at once. 'They all have Gatlings,' was the subdued remark muttered along the front. Then came the order, passed along our lines, to 'hold fire until the now rapidly approaching zone should get within 100 yards. Word was also passed along to encourage us that their ammunition would give out.' So with bated breath, with awful strain, we held our fire and waited."

A PASSAGE OF LINES.

"But a new change in their tactics now appeared, and one of their signifi- cance. The widening belt of their firing line had barely reached the front rank of their army when these ranks had halted, continuing, however, their fire unabated. Rearward on the distant hilltops we could see that the motion did not cease, but the low-lying smoke concealed the movements going on immediately behind the front and now stationary lines of Mongolians."

"At last someone in our ranks, catching the purport of their tactics and assisted by the wind, which for a moment carried the smoke from off a part of the field, exclaimed: 'They are effecting a passage of our lines!' And, surely enough, we soon saw, advancing between the stationary mouths of flame that marked each halted celestial, other mouths in motion. At length the new lines emerged from the intervals, continued the deadly advance as at the first, and those relieved fell back to re-

plenish their ammunition or to be in turn relieved by others farther back, in the best process of unrolling should reach them."

"The zone of death now crept toward us; the air was disturbed as by a cyclone and the sword bank beneath the hail of lead as though before a scythe. Our lines could be restrained no longer; instinctively they opened fire. It was none too soon, for with a rush like that of a tornado the hostile fire reached our ranks. The observer stationed with a group of staff officers in the rear could see the front line wither at its guns. The gaps their feeble efforts made in the ranks of the enemy were quickly filled by those continually pressing to the front, and as the remnants of our first line at length fell back upon the second it, too, in useless effort, pined the advancing hosts with shot and shell, with musketry and mitraille, and yet, amid the havoc that it wrought, it suffered worse. The wild frenzy of the battle now reached the third line. Here the same scenes were enacted and the same relentless fate doomed all its efforts useless—there were no other lines left and no reserves! WILL THE DREAM BE REALIZED?

"Bleeding beneath a gun where he had fallen, the narrator lay in a semiconscious state and heard at length the onward tread around him of the foe; heard the monotonous 'Ching, Ching, Ching,' with which they still kept unison to march and fire, and consciousness left him."

In this dream the prophetic part is hardly to be put upon that which relates to a "Battle of Dorking" with the much-abused Mongolian, but who shall say it may not faintly grasp some of the tactical possibilities of that awful warfare of future, whose deadly arms, inexhaustible supplies and relentless control of electricity and the higher explosives, and whose utilization of all the infernal mechanism of human military ingenuity shall tend toward a battle like that of Armageddon?

The military world was in a most critical transition period in 1890. It how much worse it is in 1890! Mr. Totten continues:

"While heavy artillery is straining every power of nature to fabricate enormous guns, engineering is taxed at all her skill and genius upon the counter-questions of more permanent defense. Now explosives are harnessed to new machines and the most recent clippings of the terrible torpedo brood, churning its appropriate element and exclaiming the very air itself, leaps forth upon its errand of destruction from the cannon's mouth! From the nightmare of experiment that these efforts are suggesting, the very air seeks the relief of vacuum, and the ocean, unable to escape, quivers with anticipation as monster after monster, each one more horrible in deformity and more instinct with infernal potency than its predecessor, launches with accelerating sequence into her troubled bosom."

A WORLD WAR.

"Field artillery has witnessed the successive abstraction of solid shot, canister and shell from her astonished limbers, as each in turn has been pronounced of hopeless efficiency, and now the very guns themselves, the 'single' muzzle and breech loading cannon of the best patterns, are threatened by machine guns, as but lately rifles and breech-loading small arms threatened and drove into the curiosity shop the good old 'Brown Bess' of our fathers, and as today the magazine aim threatens to displace them. Nor does the confusion end there, for infantry, still in doubt and excitement over this long-range controversy, and burdened down with an overshare far more desperate—but the pick and shovel, and to cling to them as to their rifles—as to their lives!—it almost seems as if where-with to dig, if not their graves, then, as least the very last trenches of human warfare! For where shall all this matter end short of universal demoralization? Is it not rapidly pushing us on toward the realization of the dream of the Society for the Promotion of Permanent Universal Peace toward general disarmament?"

"This was about my position way back in 1880, yet my quotation from 'Strategos' is, I guess, irregular in that by reading it over I have shaded not my notes on what. It is my position still. This war with China is now a fact, and all the world is in it. Is it Armageddon? The other day the Louisville Courier-Journal deemed it might be. I do not say it is, but Chamberlain some days after I had this matter in hand got after the way things work and called the missionaries to order. Who is right?

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.
I, FRANK J. CHENEY, being sworn, depose and say that I am the author of the book entitled "Strategos," published in 1880, and that I am the author of the book entitled "The Bull Fight," published in 1900, and that I am the author of the book entitled "The Handy S. Substitute," published in 1900, and that I am the author of the book entitled "The Prehistoric Races," published in 1900, and that I am the author of the book entitled "That Throbbing Headache," published in 1900, and that I am the author of the book entitled "The Discovery of a Slave," published in 1900, and that I am the author of the book entitled "The Prehistoric Races," published in 1900, and that I am the author of the book entitled "That Throbbing Headache," published in 1900, and that I am the author of the book entitled "The Discovery of a Slave," published in 1900, and that I am the author of the book entitled "The Prehistoric Races," published in 1900, and that I am the author of the book entitled "That Throbbing Headache," published in 1900, and that I am the author of the book entitled "The Discovery of a Slave," published in 1900, and that I am the author of the book entitled "The Prehistoric Races," published in 1900, and that I am the author of the book entitled "That 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THE BURGLAR.

Richard Johnstone, commonly known as "Dirty Dick," had made a new start in life. For the last three years he had earned his daily bread by doing odd jobs for such citizens as needed an unskilled painter. This honorable, but seriously lucrative, position was now closed to him. He had never loved work; he had a distaste for that great system of co-operation that is so marked a feature at the present day. In his own words, "he didn't want no bloomin' master nor yet no bloomin' pals." He wanted to work on his own. Nevertheless he remembered with pride that in the words of the judge, who addressed him from the bench, he had "for the last three years followed a most respectable calling."

Richard had described himself as a "lawman," and the judge had entered him on his notes as a "criminal," and was laboring under this trifling misapprehension when he addressed the prisoner before sentencing him to six months' hard labor for an aggravated assault on one of his employers.

The six months were over now, but Richard felt that this most respectable calling must of necessity be closed to an ex-convict. He had, therefore, chosen another that would enable him to gratify his passion for independent work. He was now about to enter upon this new profession. It was an important step, and Richard was too shrewd a man to take it hastily. He had made the usual enquiries, and had satisfied himself that "The Cedars" was in every way a most suitable house for a beginner. In the first place there was no dog; secondly, the master of the house was in South Africa, leaving his wife at home; thirdly, two of the three servants were absent; fourthly, there was a most tempting little balcony over the hall door; and last, but not least, there was not another house within a mile. Richard looked regretfully at his new and shining tools which had cost him nearly his last penny; they would be almost useless in a case like this; still, perhaps it was best to begin with an easy job. Even a burglar cannot expect to spring into fame and wealth at once.

He slipped over the low wall, crossed the well-kept lawn, and halted a little to the right of the porch. He arranged the various bags for the carriage of tools and booty picturesquely about his person, and started to climb the trellis-work against the house. He reached the little balcony and stepped cautiously on to it. There were two windows opening on to it; one a French window, which was closed; the other, an ordinary respectable British window, which was slightly open.

The artist in Richard was awake that night—any casual amateur could enter a house by an open window; it was a burglar's business to break in—silently, skillfully, no doubt, but still to break in. He turned to the French window and tried his new tools on it, one after the other. He burrowed into the wood like an ant, but the window was no more open at the end of his work than it had been at the beginning. There was a little sawdust on the balcony, and that was all. Richard looked again at the open window and pondered. The room was a bedroom, he knew, because when he examined the house in the morning he had noticed the back of a looking glass at the window. In Richard's philosophy an open window meant an empty bedroom; he never slept with a bloomin' wind blowing at him, not he; but perhaps some folks were fools enough to like it. Then again, it might be a trap. He tried to peer into the room, but heavy curtains obstructed the view. At last with infinite care, he put his hand through the opening and moved one of the curtains slightly. The room was nearly dark, but not quite. It seemed to him there must be a light of some kind in it, but he couldn't make out where it was. Then there came to his ears a sound—a familiar sound, that carried him back to the days of his innocent childhood and his father's room in Briggs's Buildings, E. It was a snore; a good, uncompromising British snore.

A figure crossed his field of vision, with swift, silent steps. There was a gurgling sound and then a cry. "Oh, for, mum, how you startled me!" "Hush, hush, for God's sake!" said another voice, in a hissing whisper; "you'll wake him—you were snoring."

"Well, mum, and if I was—I'm that tired!"

"Be quiet, be quiet, I tell you." Then a third voice joined in, a feeble, wailing voice. "Mother," it cried, "mother, it hurts me—oh, it does hurt me so."

That was enough for Richard; he wasn't going to intrude where he wasn't wanted. It was quite a little family party in that room. The mistress of the house was there and her little son, and the housemaid—the only servant at home that night. It was the housemaid that had snored and then called out. He knew her voice; he had thought of trying to get her to help at one time,

but, true to his rule of having no pals, he had abandoned the idea. Well, then, these were the points to consider: First, the other rooms must be empty. That was good. Secondly, all the three occupants of the house were awake. That was bad. Should he go down again and try to get in on the ground floor, or should he climb up the trellis-work to another window?

He decided on the latter course. The ground-floor windows would have shutters; besides, the people might go down to the kitchen to get drinks for the boy or something. What was all the good of his climbing as a painter if he couldn't climb now? He readjusted his discarded tools, swung himself off the balcony and started to go up the trellis-work to the next window.

In all the weary months since that sad November morning, when she saw the ship that bore her husband and his comrades thrashing its way seaward through the fog, Mrs. Thorburn had never felt her loss so keenly as she did that night. She had sent her husband to his duty with a smiling face; she had braced her nerves to bear the dreadful strain of waiting, braced herself even to hear the news of that glorious tragedy. "Killed in action," that might come to strike her heart at any moment. She was proud to be a soldier's wife. But this night—how she longed to have him back, at all costs to his country, to his honor, to have him with her now. For their son, their only son, was ill, seized in the grip of one of those sudden sicknesses that mothers know so well.

The nearest doctor lived two miles away, she had no neighbors, and there was no one in the house but the housemaid, Jane. Jane had been despatched for the doctor—had gone and found him not at home, and with a literal obedience worthy of the British army, had returned leaving no name or message because she had had no orders to do so. The boy appeared to grow easier—he was sleeping when Jane returned, and Mrs. Thorburn watching by the bed was less anxious now. She made Jane sit in the chair near the fire to be ready for any emergency. The snore that Richard heard had awakened the boy—he was in pain, restless, calling to his mother, and now and again wringing that mother's heart by crying, "Father, father." The cries grew more piteous, the child seemed weaker. "Jane," she whispered, "you must go again. Dr. Dean must be in now—go, and bring him back with you. If he is not in, go to the bell, ring them up, and make Mr. Jones drive you into Leamington. Be quick!"

"I can't, mum," was the answer. "You must. I cannot leave the boy now. Please, please go—for the boy's sake, Jane, go, and go quickly." "I'm that tired, mum, I'll drop by the way."

"Go to the nearest house, then. Go and tell them to fetch the doctor. Oh, can't you see how ill he is?"

Jane rose slowly and with many groans proceeded to the door. "Well, mum, since you will 'ave it, I'll go and put on my things."

"Thurs! Take my cloak—and Captain Thorburn's cap!"

Jane drew herself up. "No, mum," she said, haughtily; "if I must intrude on people in the dead of night, I'll do it in my 'at."

"Quick, then. Where is your hat?"

"Upstairs, mum," in a low voice, which I laid it there when I came in just now, mum. I'm to go to Plummer's, mum?"

"Yes, that is the nearest. Tell him to bring Dr. Dean here; and if he is not in, to go to on to Leamington and fetch the first doctor he can find. And, Jane—if you meet a man on the road near here bring him back and make him put the bridle on Jeremy and ride him."

"There ain't no saddle, mum."

"Never mind; do as I tell you."

"The cart's gone to be mended, mum."

"I know it has. Oh, don't stand talking here, Jane; go at once. Please go at once."

"'Ave you got the key of the stable, mum?"

"Yes, it's in my room, on the mantelpiece."

"Yes, mum. And I'm to tell Plummer to come back here and fetch Jeremy?"

"No, no, not Plummer—if you get to Plummer's tell him to start at once—but if you meet a man near here—"

"A strange man, mum? Oh, I couldn't, mum."

The boy had hold of Mrs. Thorburn's hands; she could not move; if she had been free, no sense of dignity could have saved her from personally assaulting the respectable Jane. The fat passed. "Go, please," she said quietly. "Go to Plummer and tell him to be quick."

Jane turned and left the room, banging the door behind her to prove that she was a free woman and no slave. Mrs. Thorburn gently drew one of her hands from the child's feverish clasp and laid it on his forehead. "The soft, cool touch seemed

to soothe him; the poor, frightened eyes closed; the quick, painful panting ceased—he was falling asleep. Suddenly, from the room overhead, came a wild scream that ran along the mother's nerves like a flame of fire, making the grasp of her right hand suddenly tighten on the slender little fingers that it held. The scream was followed by another and another—then came a rush of feet, the door flew open, and Jane pitched headlong in. The little boy was awake now and crying, and Mrs. Thorburn ran to the grovelling, twisting, screeching mass of drapery on the floor.

"Get up," she cried, "you miserable fool; get up." Jane got up, still screeching, with wide-open mouth and staring eyes like a fresh-caught cod. Her mistress seized her by the shoulder. "Be quiet," she said, fiercely; "be quiet, or I'll kill you!"

Jane dropped down on the floor again. "Burglars," she wailed. "Bub—bub—burglars. There's a man—man in my room."

"You wretched coward," said Mrs. Thorburn; "a man! It was the shadow of the curtain. Get up, I tell you; get up and go at once. You might have killed the child."

It was useless. Jane's screams subsided, but the slack mouth was still open, the vacant eyes still staring, while a ceaseless babble of words poured forth as she lay sack-like on the floor: "Burglars—burglars—burglars!"

The child's cries smote upon its mother's heart. What could she do? Her only messenger was useless now, shadowed by the flickering of a shadow on the wall into a mauling idiot. In God's name, what could she do?

Suddenly she heard a step, a heavy step, upon the upper staircase. Some one was there then, after all. She stood still, listening, listening. Yes, there it was again. The woman on the floor raised her head—she had heard it, too. "He's coming," she screamed, and went off into a paroxysm of whooping hysteria. But she was right. He, whoever he might be, was coming down the stairs.

Richard had found little difficulty in opening the window to which he had climbed. An ordinary, everyday clasp knife did the business; he had not yet recovered his trust in the tools that failed him so lamentably on the balcony. It was a large room that he had entered—large, and rather untidy. He examined every corner of it with his lantern; there was no one there, of course, he knew that, but it disappointed him to find that there was nothing worth taking there either. There were two beds, two dressing tables, four chairs, two wash-hand stands, everything plain but good. Obviously, he was in the servants' room. Well, there might be a shilling or two to pick up even there. He swept the bull's-eye lantern round once more; there was a curtain with pegs for dresses behind it. His inventory was cut suddenly short; a door banged somewhere below, and he heard steps coming upstairs. He hurriedly shaded the lantern, and dashed for the curtain, learning something of his trade as he did so. Always dash for the curtain first and shade your lantern afterward. Richard caught his foot on a awful crack against the bed in passing; he was wearing light gymnasium shoes, so that the pain was considerable. He kept his thoughts inside his teeth, however, and waited. The door of the room opened. It's the housemaid, he thought. "She'll only have a candle. She won't see me."

There was a click, and the room was suddenly flooded with light. It struck Richard that it was almost indecent for people who lived in a house of this kind to have electric light in the servants' bedroom. However, he said nothing, but waited quietly behind the curtain. Jane entered. Richard knew Jane by sight, for, as has been already mentioned, he had thought of taking her into his confidence. "If she finds me, it won't do any harm to make a pal of her now," he thought, secure in the power of his own attractions. Jane was muttering to herself; she picked a hat up from the bed and adjusted it carefully at one of the looking-glasses. Then she turned and came slowly and deliberately toward the curtain. Her muttering was audible now.

"The fuss she makes about that squalling brat," she said, and drew the curtain savagely aside. Richard had determined on a policy of in-gratiation; he stood stock still and moved nothing but his mouth. This was a fascinating grin. Perhaps the light was bad, perhaps the fascination was overdone. Let the cause be what it may, the effect was terrible. Jane sprang back with a frightful screech, turned, screeched again, and then fled wildly from the room, leaving the unsuccessful Lothario still standing by the pegs.

"When love rejected turns to hate" there's sure to be trouble, as the poet truly says, and Richard was angry. His self-respect had been sorely hurt; his plan had failed. His vanity was in even worse plight; he had smiled upon a woman, and she had started back and screamed as if he were a load. The screams were still

plainly audible; there was no need for concealment now. Since love had failed, he must try what terror could do. He would go down—scare the women out of their lives, make them give up what they had in the way of valuables, and then decamp. It was too late to go back now. He had been seen—possibly recognized; he might as well get something for his pains. He strode firmly to the door and descended the stairs, planting each foot heavily, to strike awe into the hearts of those below. He was guided by Jane's screams to the sick room; the door was open, and just as he reached it the electric light was turned on. All the better; it was no time for concealment now; the light would show those women that he held a pistol in his hand. He strode into the room, holding his bag of tools in one hand his new cheap revolver in the other. He glanced around. Jane was still grovelling on the floor, the little boy had raised himself in bed; his mother stood near him. The eyes of all three were fixed on Richard's face. He advanced another step; slow and inexorable as fate. It was most effective. Jane dropped her head on the floor again; the boy seized his mother's hand and began to cry; only Mrs. Thorburn was unmoved. "Well, sir," she said, "what do you want here?"

Richard made an effort, and produced a voice from somewhere in the lower region of his waistcoat—a voice hoarse and hollow—the voice of the Adelphi murderer.

"What do I want?" he said; "I want your jewels and your money, and if you don't hand 'em over quick, I want your life."

The voice was rather cracked and weak toward the end of this long sentence, but on the whole it was an admirable performance. Mrs. Thorburn looked at him in silence. Richard did not understand or like her attitude—he was gathering himself together for another effort, when she spoke.

"You have come here," she said, slowly, "because you knew that Captain Thorburn was away in Africa—because you knew that there was no one in the house but two women and a little boy. And you are a man—an Englishman! You coward, you miserable, dastardly coward!"

She stood before her like a stopped clock. What was a man to do with a woman like this? He said nothing. There was no sound in the room but the gurgling of Jane upon the floor and the cries of the little boy in the bed. These cries suddenly ceased, there was a choking sob, and then silence. Mrs. Thorburn turned to the bed; her son's head had fallen back on the pillow—he had fainted. She dashed to the cupboard, fetched a little bottle, and moistened the boy's lips with the contents. A little color came into his cheeks, his eyes opened, and he began to moan. Jane was still gurgling on the floor, while Richard watched the scene with vacant eyes.

The rules of burglary as he knew them did not deal with cases such as this. Suddenly the mother turned toward him. "Man," she cried, "he's dying; go, go; run to Dr. Dean's."

"Dr. Dean!" repeated Richard, foolishly. "Yes, yes, at Shelton—the first house in the village; run, man, run. He's dying! Oh, can't you see he's dying?"

Richard turned, dropped his bag of tools upon the floor, and was out of the room and down the stairs in three strides, had unchained and opened the front door, and was running down the road to Shelton before his brain began to work. He had gone nearly a quarter of a mile before it struck him that this was not strictly burglary. He slackened his speed for a moment. Then, "That's a fine woman!" he said aloud; "a bloomin' fine woman," and this thought occupied his mind for another mile or more. He was only half a mile from Shelton when he noticed a cottage by the side of the road—noticed the gate of that cottage and a bicycle gleaming in the moonlight by the side of the gate. He stopped, his head buzzing and thumping from the unaccustomed exercise. Here was a bicycle—he'd go quicker on a bicycle. It that he was much of a had at it; but still—he seized the machine, and, dragging it into the middle of the road, essayed to mount. Suddenly a large man came running to the gate, flung it open, and rushed toward Richard. With a last frantic effort the burglar sprang into the saddle, wobbled wildly, for three yards, and crashed into the ditch. He struggled to his feet, tramping the bicycle into spillokins as he did so, and started to run, but the large man was too quick for him.

"Stop, you scoundrel," he shouted, and seized him by the collar. Richard wrenched himself free, and the two men faced one another in the moonlight. No sound came from the cottage.

"What are you playing at?" said the large man, edging gradually nearer.

"Playin' at," said Richard; "playin' at? I'm fethin' a doctor."

The large man stood still. "A doctor?" said he. "Who wants a doctor?" Where do you come from?"

"The Cedars," said Richard, with a happy flash of memory.

"The Cedars? Mrs. Thorburn? Are you her man?"

"Yes," said Richard.

"Very good," said the large man; "and whom were you going to fetch?"

"Dr. Dean," was the answer.

"Do you know him?"

"Yes."

The large man moved another step nearer. "Now, my man," said he, cheerfully, "you will kindly come along with me. If you come quietly it will be all the better for you, but I'm afraid I must give you in charge. Don't move, now."

"What for?" said Richard, angrily. "I'm goin' for a doctor, I tell 'ee."

"Yes, you've told me quite enough. You say you're Mrs. Thorburn's man; Mrs. Thorburn's man is lying ill in that cottage. You say you know Dr. Dean—well, I am Dr. Dean. And now, will you come quietly?"

"You are Dr. Dean?" said Richard, thickly.

"Yes, I am Dr. Dean, very much at your service, and a magistrate as well as a doctor, my friend."

"Then, if you're Dr. Dean, you come along to the Cedars."

"No, no; you come along to Shelton."

"But I tell 'ee you're wanted."

"And I tell you, you're wanted. Now, no nonsense, my man; come along with me quietly."

Richard leaped back and drew his revolver. "Look 'ere," he said, fiercely; "you come back with me, or I'll blow your brains out. The boy's dyin', I tell 'ee."

"Well," said Dr. Dean, after a pause, "you seem to know something of the family. I'll come with you; but give me that pistol—not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith."

"Danged if I will," said Richard. "Then I won't come," said the doctor.

"Then I'll blow your brains out," repeated Richard, weakly.

"Much good I should be then," said Dr. Dean.

This point of view was new to Richard. He pondered for a moment, then: "Ere's the bloomin' pistol," he said, "and now come along."

"By Jove, you're speaking the truth after all, or you're cleverer than you look," said the doctor, pocketing the weapon. "Come on, we'll have to run for it; you've smashed my bicycle, confound you. I think I've got everything in this bag that will be necessary. Come on," and they started to run side by side along the lonely road.

The doctor was in better training than Richard—he reached "The Cedars" fit and cool; the burglar, who it must be admitted had run the distance twice at full speed, was almost at the last gasp. Mrs. Thorburn was at the window over the porch.

"Is that you, Dr. Dean?" she cried.

"It is, madam," said the doctor; "you want me?"

"Yes, yes; come upstairs at once," and she disappeared. The doctor turned and looked at his companion critically. "You told the truth," he said. "I beg your pardon. You had better come in and sit down; you seem fatigued. I will leave the front door open, so that if you feel in need of a walk"—he paused, and then, with meaning, "you can take your hook."

Richard followed him blindly through the hall and sat heavily down at the foot of the stairs. The doctor ran lightly up to the front room and entered. Richard could hear the faint sound of their talk in spite of the buzzing of his weary head. He was not conscious of any consecutive train of thought, but he found himself at last repeating over and over again, "I wonder 'ow the little varmint is?" He rose and walked unsteadily upstairs; he went on tip-toe to the door and peered in. The boy was awake, but quiet, and evidently not in pain. Jane was gone. Mrs. Thorburn and the doctor were talking together at the foot of the bed, and there in the middle of the room lay his bag with the tell-tale tools partially exposed. He formed a plan. He would switch off the electric light, rush in, seize the bag, and be off through the open door to rest and plant another more successful burglary. Stealthily he stretched forth his hand; the boy sat up in the bed; he was detected. He hurriedly struck down one of the two knobs and dashed forward into the room. It was only another error. No darkness came; on the contrary, a second light sprang into being above the bed. Richard stood irresolute, hopeless, in the middle of the room, hanging his head, as the doctor and Mrs. Thorburn turned toward him. There was a pause; then the doctor stepped forward.

"Ah," said he, "there is your messenger; come to see the patient, I suppose? Well, I can satisfy your anxiety—the patient is doing well. Do you know this worthy person, Mrs. Thorburn?"

The mother looked long at the man. "Yes," she said, at last; "I know him."

"He said he was working for you. Is that so?"

"Yes."

The doctor paused, looking first at

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TOTTEN'S DREAM OF WAR

Strange Book Written by an Army Officer in 1872 Applies to China Today.

As long ago as 1892 ex-Lieutenant Totten, of the United States army, foretold several wars which have since taken place. Concerning the Chinese situation he said the other day:

"Of course, it is impossible to forecast the outcome of this uprising. The present crisis is one of the most remarkable the modern world has ever been called upon to face. We have steadily encroached upon the celestial empire, demanding concessions to our commerce, and quite as steadily have we closed our ports to reciprocation. We have never followed the golden rule in our intercourse, for there has been nothing mutual in this communion.

"Now, it stands to reason that in a nation of 400,000,000 people, opened up against their will and traditions by the encroachment of a miscellaneous body of uninvited and competing merchants, while our home governments have discriminated against Chinese immigrants, a strong party should arise whose natural determination it is to drive back the wedge that threatens the integrity of the empire. It would be a surprising thing, indeed, if no patriotic home party stood forth to defend those ancient institutions, which must be quite as dear to that vast people as our own are to ourselves. Consequently this uprising is indeed a serious one in its own possibilities.

"China was centuries old before her walls were ever seen by occidentals. Had we western people never encroached upon them might yet not have arisen any reason for the disintegration of the empire, and it would have gone on its own way as long again.

"But now all is different; we have entered the celestial precincts, and, of course, a strong reactionary home party have stood up to resist further invasions. Hence, the whole world is in a strange predicament—the entire west against the east. All the engines are already gathered about the most ancient carcass of empire that the world contains. The military aspect is suggestive of an Armageddon upon a scale quite gigantic enough to promise us at least a tremendous type of the final conflict itself—promised to all nations.

LIKE CORTES AGAIN.

"In the little relief column launched at Peking seven great powers are represented, but they are advancing with but little real unanimity of purpose and with but a forlorn hope of assured success. Should China rise in might she could absorb the army of invasion in a jiffy. Upon the other hand, the very boldness of the effort reminds one of the ancient Spanish invasion of Mexico and Peru, only China is far more than an Aztec remnant.

"Should even limited success attend our now fully undertaken armed invasion, I do not see how, upon mere human foundations and experience, the west can expect to effect more than a lodgment along the shore. We may secure the ring of coastland and obtain a basis of operation for the coming centuries to work from. I know of no better fulfillment of the Savior's prediction than this war in China: 'I come not to place peace upon earth, but a sword.' And that is exactly what this matter means. The mission of peace has unheeded the inevitable sword."

What Mr. Totten fears as at least a remote possibility is the question of "Target Against Ammunition," as he puts it. He means that if China should arise in patriotic "devotion" to herself against all comers then there are not enough bullets in the horizon of all creation to overcome her! Suppose, for instance, she fought a "fourthousand," as the Boers have done, who could penetrate her coast?

To illustrate all this he cited a strange dream that crystallized in "Strategos," the American war game some twenty years ago, which by a reverse application fits the present situation, for why shouldn't Mr. Chinaman reverse the tactics in defense?

A PROPHETIC DREAM.

As far back as 1872 Mr. Totten dreamed his strangely prophetic dream, and Secretary of War Ramsey published it in 1880. This dream Mr. Totten used in a story—"Strategos." It was as follows:

"It seemed that a terrible struggle of races was in progress; it was a war a fourtrance. Myriads of Mongolians had landed upon our coast and an endless fleet of junks and rude barbarian crafts of every description continually reinforced the vast army of invaders. America, fully awakened to the magnitude of the invasion and to the desperate chances involved, had arisen as one man to meet the issues. The struggle was to be one of existence, for the Mongolians had profited by their intercourse with their civilized neighbors and it was understood that, with true celestial aptitude, copied all our arts in the interior of their closely guarded empire and were now sailing forth from the land that had at last be-

come 'too strait' for them, armed and equipped like Europeans and in hordes as countless as the sands of the seas.

"A vast army was collected together and in the best array and commanded by the first military talent of the country had taken up its position in the interior. When the army of Mongolians at last came into view it was noticed that they and arranged themselves in a quincunx order, extending far to their rear and beyond the limits of sight. The mind instinctively carried this awful array back to the very shores of the Pacific, upon which their endless hordes were ever disembarking. Their onward movement was like that of a vast machine, a perfect horror of tactical precision and blind obedience. The vast army seemed to be actuated by the same impulse which sends an army of ants onward in spite of fire and water and smothered all opposition with the very bodies of 'forlorn hopes,' 'sacred bands' that lead the rest.

"Far back in the distance, dimly described by the best glasses in our army, one who seemed a military mandarin of highest rank at length made a signal which was quickly repeated by others throughout the mass, and from the nearest ranks a word of command was faintly distinguished by our foremost pickets. It seemed like 'Cobah' and was apparently some order similar to 'Forward!' or 'Ready!'

"On they moved with dreadful, fascinating precision. They were as yet far beyond the range of any of the weapons of the main army and seemed to pay no attention to the fusillade that our skirmishers and outposts, located far in advance, sent among them. The smoke of their friendly arms could be seen readily, but their report could hardly be distinguished on account of the distance.

"At last the irresistible advance swept over these devoted lines of skirmishers, and with direful significance to our main army, still too far back to use or waste its ammunition, the smoke of their hopeless resistance died away only to show the continued onward and unchecked movement of the barbarians.

"And now another signal was made by the central chief, and duly repeated right and left as far as the eye could reach. At this signal each celestial, without in the least altering his peculiar swinging gait, that could now be almost individually distinguished by the motion of the whole mass, turned to his weapon and borne upon the air toward us was heard a faint murmur like the word 'ching,' repeated in unison by the myriads of the host before us. With every step they took this word was uttered—'Ching, Ching, Ching, Ching.'"

THEIR PECULIAR TACTICS.

"At the next signal from the mandarin the line of pigtails in his immediate vicinity open fire into the air. This peculiar tactics was astonishing, but soon explained itself. The 'firing line' was just far enough in the rear to sweep a zone commencing about 800 yards in front of the most advanced line of the defending army. This zone had, from the distinctly visible fall of the projectiles, a dangerous width of some 500 yards extended back.

"Again a signal was given, at which another line, the next in front, took up this fire and then the next, and next, and with each successive addition to the widening firing line the belt of dangerous space leaped, as it were, toward us almost by bounds, while the whole are swept by the spatter of that rain of death kept constantly approaching with the onward motion of their advance.

"As the nearest ranks opened fire we could distinguish indistinctly the nature of their weapons, and excited imagination filled up the description. It flashed upon our lines almost at once, 'They all have Gatlings,' was the subdued remark muttered along the front. Then came the order, passed along our lines, to 'hold fire until the now rapidly approaching zone should get within 100 yards. Word was also passed along to encourage us that their ammunition would give out.' So with bated breath, mid awful strain, we held our fire and waited.

A PASSAGE OF LINES.

"But a new change in their tactics now appeared, and one of boldest significance. The widening belt of their firing line had barely reached the front rank of their army when these ranks had halted, continuing, however, their fire unabated. Rearward on the distant hillsides we could see that the motion did not cease, but the low-lying smoke concealed the movements going on immediately behind the front and now stationary lines of Mongolians.

"At last someone in our ranks, catching the purport of their tactics and assisted by the wind, which for a moment carried the smoke from all a part of the field, exclaimed: 'They are effecting a passage of our lines!' And, surely enough, we soon saw, advancing between the stationary mouths of flame that marked each halted celestial, other mouths in motion. At length the new lines emerged from the intervals, continued the deadly advance as at the first and those relieved fell back to re-

plenish their ammunition or to be in turn relieved by others further back, is the best process of unrolling should reach them.

"The zone of death now crept toward us; the air was disturbed as by a cyclone and the sword bank beneath the hail of lead as though before a scythe. Our lines could be restrained no longer; instinctively they opened fire. It was none too soon, for with a rush like that of a tornado the hostile fire reached our ranks. The observer stationed with a group of staff officers in the rear could see the front line wither at its guns. The gaps their feeble efforts made in the ranks of the enemy were quickly filled by those continually pressing to the front, and as the remnants of our first line at length fell back upon the second it, too, in useless effort, plied the advancing hosts with shot and shell, with musketry and mitraille, and yet, amid the havoc that it wrought, it suffered worse. The wild frenzy of the battle now reached the third line. Here the same scenes were enacted and the same relentless fate doomed all its efforts useless there were no other lines left and no reserves! WILL THE DREAM BE REALIZED?

"Bleeding beneath a gun where he had fallen, the narrator lay in a semiconscious state and heard at length the onward tread around him of the foe; heard the monotonous 'Ching, Ching, Ching,' with which they still kept nailing us to march and fire, and consciousness left him."

In this dream the prophetic part is hardly to be put upon that which relates to a "Battle of Dorking," with the much-alarmed Mongolian, but who shall say it may not fairly grasp some of the tactical possibilities of that awful warfare of future, whose deadly arms, inexhaustible supplies and relentless control of electricity and the higher explosives, and whose utilization of all the infernal mechanism of human military ingenuity shall lead toward a battle like to that of Armageddon?

The military world was in a most critical transition period in 1880; how much worse it is in 1890! Mr. Totten continues:

"While heavy artillery is straining every power of nature to fabricate enormous guns, engineering is taxed at all her skill and genius upon the counter-questions of more permanent defense. Now explosives are harnessed to new machines and the most recent offspring of the terrible torpedo brood, shunning its appropriate element and espying the very air itself, leaps forth upon its errand of destruction from the cannon's mouth! Even the nightmare of experiment that these efforts are suggesting, the very air seeks the relief of vacuum, and the ocean, unable to escape, quivers with anticipation as monster after monster, each one more horrible in deformity and more distinct with infernal potency than its predecessor, launches with accelerating sequence into her troubled bosom.

A WORLD WAR.

"Field artillery has witnessed the successive abstraction of solid shot, canister and shell from her astounded limbers, as each in turn has been pronounced of hopeless efficiency, and now the very guns themselves, the 'single,' muzzle and breech loading cannon of the best patterns, are threatened by machine guns, as but lately rifles and breech-loading small arms threatened and drove into the curiously shop the good old 'Brown Bess' of our fathers, and as today the magazine arm threatens to displace them. Nor does the confusion end there, for infantry, still in doubt and excitement over this long-range controversy, and burdened down with an overshore far more desperate but the pick and shovel, and to cling to them as to their rifles—as if their lives!—it almost seems as if wherewith to dig, if not their graves, then, as least the very last trenches of human warfare! For where shall all this matter end short of universal demoralization? Is it not rapidly pushing us on toward the realization of the dream of the Society for the Promotion of Permanent Universal Peace toward general disarmament?"

"This was about my position way back in 1880, yet my quotation from 'Strategos' is, I guess, irregular in that by reading it over I have changed somewhat—yet after all have shamed not my notes one whit. It is my position still. This war with China is now a fact, and all the world is in it. Is it Armageddon? The other day the Louisville Courier-Journal deemed it might be. I do not say it is, but Chamberlain some days after I had this matter in hand got after the way things work and called the missionaries to order. Who is right?"

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County, I, FRANK J. CHESNEY, do hereby certify that he is the owner and proprietor of the firm of F. J. CHESNEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, Ohio, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh of the Bladder cured by the use of KIDNEY CURE.

FRANK J. CHESNEY, Notary Public.

Record to inform me and subscribed in my presence, this 24th day of December, A. D. 1895.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Kidney Catarrh is a fatal and incurable disease of the blood and mucous surface of the system. Send for testimonials from F. J. CHESNEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists.

Kidney's Family Cure is the best.

The Bull Fight.

There was a most attractive air of mystery about Samuel James Curtis, City of Mexico and New York, which was the way he signed his name at one of the big lake front hotels. Samuel wore a silk hat, a frock coat, a double-breasted white vest, grey trousers, a Roman striped four-in-hand tie, and a curious ring in the form of a coiled serpent in green gold with diamond eyes. Samuel's little mustache had a distinctively Spanish curl, and all the "boys" agreed that he had a "bad eye." That was meant to express the idea that his expression was particularly "devilish" and fascinating.

The "boys" were, of course, all thorough men of the world. To them the world was a squeezed orange. Their faded palates had been stung so often by red pepper and other stimulants that it took something exceedingly novel to startle them into even a show of interest. Consequently the arrival of Samuel James Curtis with his curious double address and his air of mystery was a noteworthy event.

Within a week, though he brought no letters of introduction and professed a previous acquaintance with no one in Chicago, he was on fairly intimate terms with the whole caterie. He seemed to have plenty of money, which he spent freely. He made his first hit by introducing a new beverage, which he called the "hacienda bender-cooler," to the composition of which went a quart of the widow's extra dry, cracked ice and other condiments. Then it developed that Samuel, in his quiet and retiring way, was a wonderful teller of good stories. He painted a picture of himself sitting under a vine covered box in the great white bull ring outside of the City of Mexico, flirting with a black-eyed senorita and looking now and then at the matadors risking their lives before the fawn-covered, sharp-horned, agile Mexican bulls. It seemed to the boys that things of that kind now and then would go far toward making existence endurable.

Then "Ernie" Edwards, who has spent much money in a vain attempt to find a remedy for chronic ennui, made a remark which all the rest of the "boys" declare is responsible for everything which happened.

"My Jove," he said, "I wish we could have something of the kind here in Chicago."

"Yes," broke in "Alfie" Provost, "I'm dead tired of going out to see prize fights. A chap gets half crushed to death getting out, and there isn't a place within half a dozen blocks where you can buy a decent high ball. But, of course, it's impossible to have a bull fight in Chicago. The cops wouldn't stand for it."

"I wonder sometimes," said Samuel James Curtis, in his softest voice and mildest manner, "if it would be quite impossible."

And with that began the spooling of the Egyptians. It developed that Samuel James Curtis had an idea that if all the arrangements were conducted with the greatest secrecy a genuine Mexican bull fight might be "pulled off" within a few miles of Chicago without the slightest danger of interruption on the part of the authorities. It would be a somewhat expensive undertaking, however, and he hardly thought it worth while to go to all the trouble.

He assured the "boys" that a bull fight was not such a terrifically exciting thing after all, and he advised them to wait until a chance came for them to visit Mexico. "Of course if, in spite of his advice, they insisted on arranging for the fight, he, Samuel James Curtis, could easily secure the services of half a dozen of the best Mexican matadors. He also happened to know of a man who had three magnificent dun fighting bulls in training. But really, in spite of the fact that there would be no danger at all of interruption if the arrangements were made in the right way and that the show might possibly be worth seeing, he would think it hardly worth while to undertake."

But the more cold water Samuel poured on his own idea the more enthusiastic the "boys" became. The idea of "pulling off" a genuine bull fight within half a dozen miles of Chicago, the attendance to be confined only to the elect, was too fascinating to be thrown aside.

"Of course," said "Ernie" Edwards, "you've seen so many that a bull fight has no particular interest for you. But it would be mighty hot stuff for our fellows."

At this point Samuel James Curtis interrupted to order another round of hacienda bender-coolers, after which the conference was renewed.

"If you are really serious about it," said Samuel, "I can easily show you how it can be arranged. I won't have time, of course, to do much about it myself, but I'll be glad to help you all I can. But don't you think it's a pretty big undertaking?"

"Ernie" and "Alfie" and all the rest of the boys were insistent. "Well, I think the best place to hold the fight is down on the Indiana sand dunes. There's plenty of vacant room there, and it'll be easy enough

to pick out a place out of sight of a house. Now the first thing you want to do is to pick out somebody to act as manager."

But none of the boys had had any experience in managing bull fights, nor had any of their acquaintances. They urged Samuel to undertake the matter himself, as a special favor to them. But Samuel's business, the nature of which was a complete mystery, forbade him undertaking it. If they really insisted, however, he would send for a friend who was thoroughly posted in the bull-fighting line. The boys were delighted.

"Now, don't let's have any misunderstanding about this matter," said the rich and artless Samuel. "I don't want you men—and at that they felt flattered—"to imagine I want to make any money out of this thing. I'll tell you what I'll do. If you carry the scheme out I'll send down and get a couple of matadors at my own expense. The money to pay for the bulls, for fixing up the ring and for giving a little purse to the matadors we can make up, I suppose, by selling tickets to the ring. Now, perhaps, you had better appoint a treasurer. I, of course, could not think of serving in that capacity."

But the "boys" felt that the generosity shown by Samuel James Curtis in bringing the matadors from Mexico at his own cost deserved some recognition, and his refusal to serve as treasurer only suggested that he should be chosen in spite of it. When it was settled that he should be appointed the crafty Samuel, well pleased, postponed immediate action, declaring that there was no necessity for a treasurer, after all, until their arrangements were nearer completion.

Late that night Samuel, in less fashionable garb, had a conference in South Clark street with a gentleman who had in his time played many parts, and who felt quite equal to appearing as a matador.

"We have money enough to last me for a week at the present gait," said Samuel, "and it will take at least two weeks to pull this job off. We'll meet you at the station about Thursday night, and then I think I'd better take a little trip to New York while you do your part."

The next few days the "boys" spent in waiting for the arrival of the man who was to manage the bull fight. Finally, on Thursday night, Samuel drove "Ernie" down to meet the Mexican at the train, while the rest of the party waited at the hotel. He came in on the through coach from New Orleans, and looked as foreign and interesting as possible.

"Let me have your baggage checks," said Samuel to his friend, thus relieving that gentleman of some embarrassment and preventing any suspicion. At the hotel the stranger proved to be a man of much modesty and politeness. He spoke English only fairly well, with a queer accent which to some of the "boys" sounded strangely familiar. He told exciting stories of bull fights, and when questions were asked which he could not understand he added to the excitement by answering with a series of profound bows. All the arrangements for the coming bull fight were put into his hands. Then Samuel James Curtis was suddenly called away to New York.

When Samuel returned everything was in readiness. The matadors were on hand and had given dress rehearsals in their picturesque clothes for the benefit of the "boys," who had invited a number of friends to be present. "Ernie" and "Alfie" had accompanied the manager out into Indiana and had assisted in the selection of the exact spot for the bull ring. It was decided, in order to avoid suspicion, that nothing should be done in the way of preparing the ground until the morning of the eventful day. Half a day's work, the manager had assured them, would be sufficient to put it into perfect order. All the "boys" had been busy selling tickets under vows of tremendous secrecy to their friends at \$10 a ticket. Something like \$2,500 was turned over to Samuel on his arrival from New York. He put the money in a big envelope, wrote his name on it, and carelessly tossed it to the hotel clerk with a request that it be put away for him.

On the evening preceding the day of the fight it was found that additional tickets had been sold, so that the total amount of money on hand was nearly \$3,000. Samuel, meantime, had arranged for a special train to take the "boys" and their friends down to the scene of action. He had brought the passenger agent for one of the railroads over to the hotel and talked the whole matter over with the boys. The \$10 was to cover the cost of transportation, refreshments of several kinds, and all other expenses.

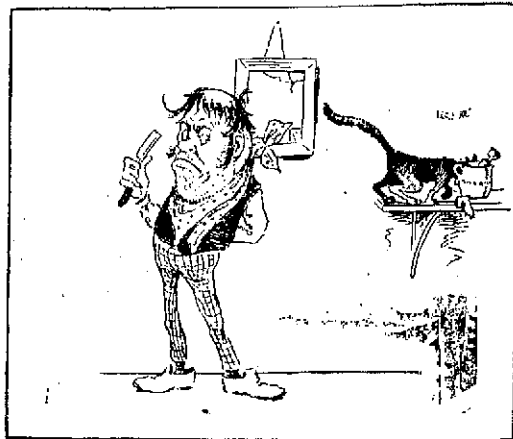
"Well, good-night, fellows," said Samuel, "I'll see you in the morning, unless I get up early and go out to the ground with Don Jose." Don Jose was the Mexican manager. "Remember our train leaves at 12 sharp."

The boys found the next morning that Samuel had apparently gone out into Indiana, as neither he nor the manager was about the hotel. Then they went down to the station. There

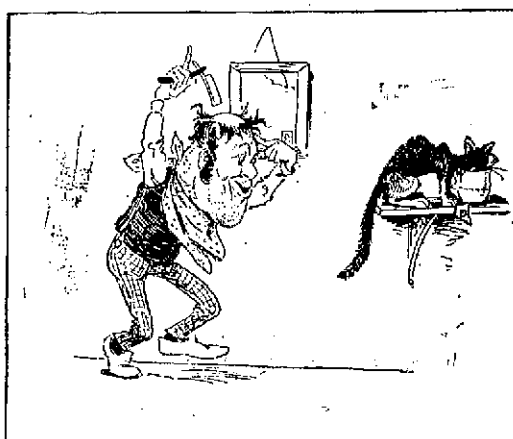
A HANDY'S SUBSTITUTE.



1. Good heavens! I've broke my razor strap.



2. What on earth shall I do?



3. An idea!



4. Ah, it works like a charm.

"Ernie" found, after some enquiry, that there seemed to be some hitch about the train. No one at the station had apparently ever heard of it. They hurried back to the hotel. "Mr. Curtis and his friend left the hotel this morning," said the clerk. "Neither of them left any address. Here's a note for Mr. Edwards."

STORY OF A SLAVE.

To be bound hand and foot for years by the chains of disease is the worst form of slavery. George D. Williams, of Manchester, Mich., says: "My wife has been so helpless for five years that she could not turn over in bed alone. After using two bottles of Electric Bitters she is wonderfully improved and able to do her own work." This supreme remedy for female diseases quickly cures nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, headache, backache, fainting and dizzy spells. It is a godsend to weak, sickly, run-down people. Cure guaranteed. Only 50c. Sold by Dreder Bros., druggists.

PREHISTORIC RACES.

The first authentic discovery of traces of a prehistoric race in Alaska was made recently by prospectors in the foothills of Mount St. Elias, who,

in prospecting for placer diggings, discovered a copper mine which had been worked ages ago. In the immediate vicinity were picked up kettles, tools, spearheads and other articles of practical use, manufactured in a crude manner out of copper. It is evident that the copper came from three of the four veins in the immediate vicinity. The spot where the discovery was made is 4,000 feet above sea level, in the foothills of the mountain peak.—Indianapolis News.

DISCOVERED BY THE CHINESE.

One of the greatest Chinese discoveries was a kind of iron ore which attracts iron—the magnet. Then they found that a bar of magnetic iron set free always points to the north. That is the mariner's compass, without which travel at sea would be almost impossible. They were the first people to dig canals, and so find a cheaper way of carrying goods than even our railway. In building they discovered the greatest of all inventions—the arch.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

THAT THROBBING HEADACHE

Would quickly leave you, if you used Dr. King's New Life Pills. Thousands of sufferers have proved their matchless merit for Sick and Nervous Headaches. They make pure blood and build up your health. Only 25 cents. Money back if not cured. Sold by Dreder Bros., druggists.

THE BURGLAR.

Richard Johnstone, commonly known as "Dirty Dick," had made a new start in life. For the last three years he had earned his daily beer by doing odd jobs for such citizens as needed an unskilled painter. This honorable, but scarcely lucrative, position was now closed to him. He had never loved work; he had a distaste for that great system of co-operation that is so marked a feature at the present day. In his own words, "He didn't want no bloomin' master nor yet no bloomin' pals." He wanted to work on "his own." Nevertheless he remembered with pride that in the words of the judge, who addressed him from the bench, he had "for the last three years followed a most respectable calling."

Richard had described himself as a "tanner," and the judge had entered him on his notes as a "carman," and was laboring under this trifling misapprehension when he addressed the prisoner before sentencing him to six months' hard labor for an aggravated assault on one of his employers.

The six months were over now, but Richard felt that this most respectable calling must of necessity be closed to an ex-convict. He had, therefore, chosen another that would enable him to gratify his passion for independent work. He was now about to enter upon this new profession. It was an important step, and Richard was too shrewd a man to take it hastily. He had made the usual enquiries, and had satisfied himself that "The Cedars" was in every way a most suitable house for a beginner. In the first place there was no dog; secondly, the master of the house was in South Africa, leaving his wife at home; thirdly, two of the three servants were absent; fourthly, there was a most tempting little balcony over the hall door; and last, but not least, there was not another house within a mile. Richard looked regretfully at his new and shining tools which had cost him nearly his last penny; they would be almost useless in a case like this; still, perhaps it was best to begin with an easy job. Even a burglar cannot expect to spring into fame and wealth at once.

He slipped over the low wall, crossed the well-kept lawn, and halted a little to the right of the porch. He arranged the various bags for the carriage of tools and booty picturesquely about his person, and started to climb the trellis-work against the house. He reached the little balcony and stepped cautiously on to it. There were two windows opening on to it; one a French window, which was closed; the other, an ordinary respectable British window, which was slightly open.

The artist in Richard was awake that night—any casual amateur could enter a house by an open window; it was a burglar's business to break in—silently, skillfully, no doubt, but still to break in. He turned to the French window and tried his new tools on it, one after the other. He burrowed into the wood like an ant, but the window was no more open at the end of his work than it had been at the beginning. There was a little sawdust on the balcony, and that was all. Richard looked again at the open window and pondered. The room was a bedroom, he knew, because when he had noticed the house in the morning he had noticed the back of a looking glass at the window. In Richard's philosophy an open window meant an empty bedroom; he never slept with a "bloomin' wind blowing at him, not he; but perhaps some folks were fools enough to like it. Then again, it might be a trap. He tried to peer into the room, but heavy curtains obstructed the view. At last with infinite care, he put his hand through the opening and moved one of the curtains slightly. The room was nearly dark, but not quite. It seemed to him there must be a light of some kind in it, but he couldn't make out where it was. Then there came to his ears a sound—a familiar sound, that carried him back to the days of his innocent childhood and his father's room in Drigson's Buildings, E. It was a snore; a good, uncompromising British snore.

A figure crossed his field of vision, with swift, silent steps. There was a gurgling sound and then a cry, "Oh, hush, hush, how you startled me!" "Hush, hush, for God's sake!" said another voice, in a hissing whisper; "you'll wake him—you were snoring!"

"Well, mum, and if I was—I'm that tired—"

"Be quiet, be quiet, I tell you." Then a third voice joined in, a feeble, wailing voice. "Mother," it cried, "mother, it hurts me—oh, it does hurt me so."

That was enough for Richard; he wasn't going to intrude where he wasn't wanted. It was quite a little family party in that room. The mistress of the house was there and her little son, and the housemaid—the only servant at home that night. It was the housemaid that had snored and then called out. He knew her voice; he had thought of trying to get her to help at one time,

but, true to his rule of having no pals, he had abandoned the idea. Well, then, these were the points to consider: First, the other rooms must be empty. That was good. Secondly, all the three occupants of the house were awake. That was bad. Should he go down again and try to get in on the ground floor, or should he climb up the trellis-work to another window?

He decided on the latter course. The ground-floor windows would have shutters; besides, the people might go down to the kitchen to get drinks for the boy or something. What was all the good of his climbing as a painter if he couldn't climb now? He readjusted his discredited tools, swung himself off the balcony and started to go up the trellis-work to the next window.

In all the weary months since that sad November morning, when she saw the ship that bore her husband and his comrades thrashing his way seaward through the fog, Mrs. Thorburn had never felt her loss so keenly as she did that night. She had sent her husband to his duty with a smiling face; she had braced her nerves to bear the dreadful strain of waiting, braced herself even to hear the news of that glorious tragedy, "Killed in action," that might come to strike her heart at any moment. She was proud to be a soldier's wife. But this night—how she longed to have him back, at all costs to his country, to his honor, to have him with her now. For their son, their only son, was ill, seized in the grip of one of those sudden sicknesses that mothers know so well.

The nearest doctor lived two miles away, she had no neighbors, and there was no one in the house but the housemaid, Jane. Jane had been despatched for the doctor—had gone and found him not at home, and, with a literal obedience worthy of the British army, had returned leaving no name or message because she had had no orders to do so. The boy appeared to grow easier—he was sleeping when Jane returned, and Mrs. Thorburn watching by the bed was less anxious now. She made Jane sit in the chair near the fire to be ready for any emergency. The snore that Richard heard had awakened the boy—he was in pain, restless, calling to his mother, and now and again wringing that mother's heart by crying, "Father, father." The cries grew more piteous, the child seemed weaker. "Jane," she whispered, "you must go again. Dr. Dean must be in now—go, and bring him back with you. If he is not in, go to the bell, ring them up, and make Mr. Jones drive you into Leamington. Be quick!"

"I can't, mum," was the answer. "You must. I cannot leave the boy now. Please, please go—for the boy's sake. Jane, go, and go quickly!"

"In that time, mum, I'll drop by the way."

"Go to the nearest house, then. Go and tell them to fetch the doctor. Oh, can't you see how ill he is?"

Jane rose slowly and with many groans proceeded to the door. "Well, mum, since you will 'ave it, I'll go and put on my things."

"Pings! Take my cloak—and Captain Thorburn's cap—"

Jane drew herself up. "No, mum," she said, haughtily; "if I must intrude on people in the dead of night, I'll do it in my 'at."

"Quick, then. Where is your hat?"

"Upstairs, mum," in a room, which I laid it there when I come in just now, mum. I'm to go to Plummer's, mum?"

"Yes, that is the nearest. Tell him to bring Dr. Dean here; and if he is not in, to go on to Leamington and fetch the first doctor he can find. And, Jane—if you meet a man on the road near here bring him back and make him put the bride on Jeremy and ride him."

"There ain't no saddle, mum."

"Never mind; do as I tell you."

"The cart's gone to be mended, mum."

"I know it has. Oh, don't stand talking here, Jane; go at once. Please go at once."

"'Ave you got the key of the stable, mum?"

"Yes, it's in my room, on the mantelpiece."

"Yes, mum. And I'm to tell Plummer to come back here and fetch Jeremy?"

"No, no, no! Plummer—if you got to Plummer's tell him to start at once—but if you meet a man near here—"

"A strange man, mum? Oh, I couldn't, mum."

The boy had hold of Mrs. Thorburn's hands; she could not move; if she had been free, no sense of dignity could have saved her from personally assaulting the respectable Jane. The fat passed. "Go, please," she said quietly. "Go to Plummer and tell him to be quick."

Jane turned and left the room, hanging the door behind her to prove that she was a free woman and no slave. Mrs. Thorburn gently drew one of her hands from the child's feverish clasp and laid it on his forehead. The soft, cool touch seemed

to soothe him; the poor, frightened eyes closed; the quick, painful panting ceased—he was falling asleep. Suddenly, from the room overhead, came a wild scream that ran along the mother's nerves like a flame of fire, making the grasp of her right hand suddenly tighten on the slender little fingers that it held. The scream was followed by another and another—then came a rush of feet, the door flew open, and Jane pitched headlong in. The little boy was awake now and crying, and Mrs. Thorburn ran to the groveling, twisting, screeching mass of drapery on the floor.

"Get up," she cried, "you miserable fool; get up." Jane got up, still screeching, with wide-open mouth and staring eyes like a fresh-caught cod. Her mistress seized her by the shoulder. "Be quiet, or I'll kill you."

Jane flopped down on the floor again. "Burglars," she wailed. "Bub—bub—burglars. There's a n—man in my room."

"You wretched coward," said Mrs. Thorburn; "a man! It was the shadow of the curtain. Get up, I tell you; get up and go at once. You might have killed the child."

It was useless. Jane's screams subsided, but the slack mouth was still open, the vacant eyes still staring, while a ceaseless babble of words poured forth as she lay sack-like on the floor: "Burglars—burglars—burglars!"

The child's cries smote upon its mother's heart. What could she do? Her only messenger was useless now, changed by the flickering of a shadow on the wall into a maddening idiot. In God's name, what could she do?

Suddenly she heard a step, a heavy step, upon the upper staircase. Some one was there, then, after all. She stood still, listening, listening. Yes, there it was again. The woman on the floor raised her head—she had heard it, too. "He's coming," she screamed, and went off into a paroxysm of whooping hysteria. But she was right. He, whoever he might be, was coming down the stairs.

Richard had found little difficulty in opening the window to which he had climbed. An ordinary, everyday clasp knife did the business; he had not yet recovered his trust in the tools that failed him so lamentably on the balcony. It was a large room that he had entered—large, and rather untidy. He examined every corner of it with his lantern; there was no one there, of course, he knew that, but it disappointed him to find that there was nothing worth taking there either. There were two beds, two dressing tables, four chairs, two wash-hand stands, everything plain but good. Obviously, he was in the servants' room. Well, there might be a shilling or two to pick up even there. He swept the built-up lantern round once more; there was a curtain with pegs for dresses behind it. His inventory was cut suddenly short; a door banged somewhere below, and he heard steps coming upstairs. He hurriedly shaded the lantern, and dashed for the curtain, learning something of his trade as he did so. Always dash for the curtain first and shade your lantern afterward. Richard caught his foot on a awful crack against the bed in passing; he was wearing light gymnasium shoes, so that the pain was considerable. He kept his thoughts inside his teeth, however, and waited. The door of the room opened. It's the housemaid, he thought. "She'll only have a candle. She won't see me."

There was a click, and the room was suddenly flooded with light. It struck Richard that it was almost indecent for people who lived in a house of this kind to have electric light in the servants' bedroom. However, he said nothing, but waited quietly behind the curtain. Jane entered. Richard knew Jane by sight, for, as has been already mentioned, he had thought of taking her into his confidence. "If she finds me, it won't do any harm to make a pal of her now," he thought, secure in the power of his own attractions. Jane was muttering to herself; she picked a hat up from the bed and adjusted it carefully at one of the looking-glasses. Then she turned and came slowly and deliberately toward the curtain. Her muttering was audible now. "The fuss she makes about that snoring brat," she said, and drew the curtain savagely aside. Richard had determined on a policy of in-gratiation; he stood stock still and moved nothing but his mouth. This was a fascinating grin. Perhaps the light was bad, perhaps the fascination was overdone. Let the cause be what it may, the effect was terrible. Jane sprang back with a frightful scream, turned, screeched again, and then fled wildly from the room, leaving the unsuspicious Lorraine still standing by the pegs.

"When love rejected turns to hate!" there's sure to be trouble, as the poet truly says, and Richard was angry. His self-respect had been sorely hurt; his plan had failed. His vanity was in even worse plight; he had smiled upon a woman, and she had started back and screamed as if he were a fiend. The screams were still

plainly audible; there was no need for concealment now. Since love had failed, he must try what terror could do. He would go down—scare the women out of their lives, make them give up what they had in the way of valuables, and then decamp. It was too late to go back now. He had been seen—possibly recognized; he might as well get something for his pains. He strode firmly to the door and descended the stairs, planting each foot heavily, to strike awe into the hearts of those below. He was guided by Jane's screams to the sick room; the door was open, and just as he reached it the electric light was turned on. All the better; it was no time for concealment now; the light would show these women that he held a pistol in his hand. He strode into the room, holding his bag of tools in one hand and his new cheap revolver in the other. He glanced around. Jane was still groveling on the floor, the little boy had raised himself in bed; his mother stood near him. The eyes of all three were fixed on Richard's face. He advanced another step; slow and inexorable as fate. It was most effective. Jane dropped her head on the floor again; the boy seized his mother's hand and began to cry; only Mrs. Thorburn was unmoved. "Well, sir," she said, "what do you want here?"

Richard made an effort, and produced a voice from somewhere in the lower region of his waistcoat—a voice hoarse and hollow—the voice of the Adelphee murderer.

"What do I want?" he said; "I want yer jewels and yer money, and if yer don't 'and 'em over quick, I want yer life."

The voice was rather cracked and weak toward the end of this long sentence, but on the whole it was an admirable performance. Mrs. Thorburn looked at him in silence—Richard did not understand or like her attitude—he was gathering himself together for another effort, when she spoke.

"You have come here," she said, slowly, "because you knew that Captain Thorburn was away in Africa—because you knew that there was no one in the house but two women and a little boy. And you are a man—an Englishman! You coward, you miserable, dastardly coward!"

He stood before her like a stopped clock. What was a man to do with a woman like this? He said nothing. There was no sound in the room but the gurgling of Jane upon the floor and the cries of the little boy in the bed. These cries suddenly ceased, there was a choking sob, and then silence. Mrs. Thorburn turned to the bed; her son's head had fallen back on the pillow—he had fainted. She dashed to the cupboard, fetched a little bottle, and moistened the boy's lips with the contents. A little color came into his cheeks, his eyes opened, and he began to moan. Jane was still gurgling on the floor, while Richard watched the scene with vacant eyes. The rules of burglary as he knew them did not deal with cases such as this. Suddenly the mother turned toward him. "Man," she cried, "he's dying; go, go; run to Dr. Dean's."

"Dr. Dean?" repeated Richard, foolishly.

"Yes, yes, at Shelton—the first house in the village; run, man, run. He's dying! Oh, can't you see he's dying?"

Richard turned, dropped his bag of tools upon the floor, and was out of the room and down the stairs in three strides, had unchained and opened the front door, and was running down the road to Shelton before his brain began to work. He had gone nearly a quarter of a mile before it struck him that this was not strictly burglary. He slackened his speed for a moment. Then, "That's a fine woman!" he said aloud; "a bloomin' fine woman," and this thought occupied his mind for another mile or more. He was only half a mile from Shelton when he noticed a cottage by the side of the road—noticed the gate of that cottage and a bicycle gleaming in the moonlight by the side of the gate. He stopped, his head buzzing and thumping from the unaccustomed exercise. Here was a bicycle—he'd go quicker on a bicycle. Not that he was much of a bad at it; but still—he seized the machine, and dragging it into the middle of the road, essayed to mount. Suddenly a large man came running to the gate, flung it open, and rushed toward Richard. With a last frantic effort the burglar sprang into the saddle, wobbled wildly for three yards, and crashed into the ditch. He struggled to his feet, trampling the bicycle into splinters as he did so, and started to run, but the large man was too quick for him.

"Stop, you scoundrel," he shouted, and seized him by the collar. Richard wrenched himself free, and the two men faced one another in the moonlight. No sound came from the cottage.

"What are you playing at?" said the large man, edging gradually nearer.

"Playin' at," said Richard; "playin' at? I'm fakin' a doctor."

The large man stood still. "A doctor?" said he. "Who wants a doctor?" Where do you come from?"

"The Cedars," said Richard, with a happy flash of memory.

"The Cedars? Mrs. Thorburn? Are you her man?"

"Yus," said Richard.

"Very good," said the large man; "and whom were you going to fetch?"

"Dr. Dean," was the answer.

"Do you know him?"

"Yus."

The large man moved another step nearer. "Now, my man," said he, cheerfully, "you will kindly come along with me. If you come quietly it will be all the better for you, but I'm afraid I must give you in charge. Don't move, now."

"What for?" said Richard, angrily. "I'm goin' for a doctor, I tell 'ee."

"Yes, you've told me quite enough. You say you're Mrs. Thorburn's man; Mrs. Thorburn's man is lying ill in that cottage. You say you know Dr. Dean—well, I am Dr. Dean. And now, will you come quietly?"

"You are Dr. Dean?" said Richard, thickly.

"Yes, I am Dr. Dean, very much at your service, and a magistrate as well as a doctor, my friend."

"Then, if you're Dr. Dean, you come along to the Cedars."

"No, no; you come along to Shelton."

"But I tell 'ee you're wanted."

"And I tell you, you're wanted. Now, no nonsense, my man; come along with me quietly."

Richard leaped back and drew his revolver. "Look 'ere," he said, fiercely; "you come back with me, or I'll blow your brains out. The boy's dyin', I tell 'ee."

"Well," said Dr. Dean, after a pause, "you seem to know something of the family. I'll come with you; but give me that pistol not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith."

"Danged if I will," said Richard. "Then I won't come," said the doctor.

"Then I'll blow your brains out," repeated Richard, weakly.

"Much good I should be then," said Dr. Dean.

This point of view was new to Richard. He pondered for a moment, then: "Ere's the bloomin' pistol," he said, "and now come along."

"By Jove, you're speaking the truth after all, or you're cleverer than you look," said the doctor, pocketing the weapon. "Come on, we'll have to run for it; you've smashed my bicycle, confound you. I think I've got everything in this bag that will be necessary. Come on," and they started to run side by side along the lonely road.

The doctor was in better training than Richard—he reached "The Cedars" fit and cool; the burglar, who it must be admitted had run the distance twice at full speed, was almost at the last gasp. Mrs. Thorburn was at the window over the porch.

"Is that you, Dr. Dean?" she cried.

"It is, madam," said the doctor; "you want me?"

"Yes, yes; come upstairs at once," and she disappeared. The doctor turned and looked at his companion critically. "You told the truth," he said. "I beg your pardon. You had better come in and sit down; you seem fatigued. I will leave the front door open, so that if you feel in need of a walk—he paused, and then, with meaning, "you can take your book."

Richard followed him blindly through the hall and sat heavily down at the foot of the stairs. The doctor ran lightly up to the front room and entered. Richard could hear the faint sound of their talk in spite of the buzzing of his weary head. He was not conscious of any consecutive train of thought, but he found himself at last repeating over and over again, "I wonder 'ow the little varmint is?" He rose and walked unsteadily upstairs; he went on tip-toe to the door and peered in. The boy was awake, but quiet, and evidently not in pain. Jane was gone. Mrs. Thorburn and the doctor were talking together at the foot of the bed, and there in the middle of the room lay his bag with the tell-tale tools partially exposed. He formed a plan. He would switch off the electric light, rush in, seize the bag, and be off through the open door to rest and plant another more successful burglary. Stealthily he stretched forth his hand; the boy sat up in the bed; he was detected. He hurriedly struck down one of the two knobs and dashed forward into the room. It was only another error. No darkness came; on the contrary, a second light sprang into being above the bed. Richard stood irresolute, hopeless, in the middle of the room, hanging his head, as the doctor and Mrs. Thorburn turned toward him. There was a pause; then the doctor stepped forward.

"Ah!" said he, "there is your messenger; come to see the patient, I suppose? Well, I can satisfy your anxiety—the patient is doing well. Do you know this worthy person, Mrs. Thorburn?"

The mother looked long at the man.

"Yes," she said, at last; "I know him."

"He said he was working for you. Is that so?"

"Yus."

The doctor paused, looking first at

the woman, then at the miserable man. "Are those the tools he works with?" he said, carelessly, picking up the bag from the floor.

"I suppose so."

"You find him a faithful servant, I hope?"

"Yes."

The doctor laughed. "I thought so," he said; "so faithful that he threatened to shoot me if I wouldn't come to see your boy. Perhaps you'd like to speak to him. I'll just go and see how the housemaid is getting on. I'll be back directly," and he left the room.

Mrs. Thorburn advanced quickly to the unsuccessful burglar.

"I thank you from my heart," she said. "You have been a good friend to me and to my boy tonight," and she held out her hand.

Richard took it, blinking miserably. She looked at him for a moment, and then, "You heard what I said just now. I have a pony and trap, and there is the garden to look after—I'm sure you would learn to do that, and there are two rooms over the stable where the last man used to live. Will you take the place? I want a man badly; poor Cookson, who used to work for me, is too ill to do so any longer, the doctor tells me. Will you take the place?" Then as the man was still silent she went on, with a little laugh: "You know I told Dr. Dean you were working for me—you wouldn't make me a liar, would you?"

Richard blinked still more. "I ain't fit for it, lady," he said, at last, so gruffly that she could hardly hear the words.

"It is for me to judge of that," she said. "You have shown yourself a kind and honest man tonight."

He was fairly blushing now. "God bless you, lady," wiping his eyes with the back of his sleeve. "God bless you. I'd—I'd bloomin' well die for you."

There was a step upon the stairs and the doctor entered, shooting a questioning glance at the moist Richard. "Well, Mrs. Thorburn, I'm afraid you've lost a servant," he said, cheerfully. "Oh, no, I don't mean this worthy fellow. I mean Jane. The hysteria has passed off, but a sense of injury remains. I left her packing her boxes. Perhaps," and again he glanced at the penitent one, "perhaps it is as well. And now, my dear madam, it is nearly day. If you will allow me, I have a suggestion to make. That is, that this worthy gentleman should leave your service and walk with me to Shelton."

"No, no," said Mrs. Thorburn, hastily. "It is all right. He—he is to take Cookson's place."

The doctor looked at her. "Is this entirely wise?" he asked.

"Yes," was the decisive answer.

"You have decided to take this man into your service, then? Very good. Then I suppose I must forgive him for transforming my new free-wheel bicycle into an American wire puzzle. But in these circumstances I have another proposal to make. Can you give me breakfast at 8 o'clock? I can cook it myself."

"Certainly, doctor," said Mrs. Thorburn, in a tone of surprise; "and there is no need for you to show your skill. The cook is coming in the carver's cart at 7 o'clock."

"Very good, then. If I may, I want to have a chat with this man of yours."

Mrs. Thorburn hesitated. "Very well, doctor," she said at last; "but remember he is my man."

"Certainly, certainly," said Dr. Dean. "Come, my friend, we two champion runners will rest our weary limbs in the kitchen. I want to talk to you, to give you a few hints—about gardening. I want you to be more successful there than in your last profession. Come along."

The doctor had the bag in one hand, he thrust the other through the arm of the bewildered Richard, and both men went down together to the kitchen.—Walter Raggie, in the Strand Magazine.

ALLEN CO. S. S. ASSOCIATION.
Jefferson township will hold its semi-annual Sunday school convention Saturday evening and Sunday, Aug. 25 and 26. The services will be held at Maple, in the Methodist Protestant church. The program will be as follows:

8:00—Saturday Evening—
8:15—Addresses by Rev. J. A. Swenk and Missionary Samuel S. Hall, Jr.
9:30—Song and praise service.
9:45—"The Importance of Bringing the Bible to the Sunday School—Bible Drill" by S. S. Hall, Jr.
10:00—"The Responsibilities of the Superintendent," by L. L. Driver.
10:15—"How Can We Interest Our Non-Sunday School People?" by Mrs. Dinger.
10:30—Address, by Frank Gabel.
10:45—"What the Parents Owe the Sunday School," by J. C. E. McKaken.
11:05—Address, by H. F. Felger.
11:20—Address, by Lovina Mooney.
11:35—Appointment of committees. Adjourn to 1:30 p. m.
—Afternoon—
1:30—Song service.

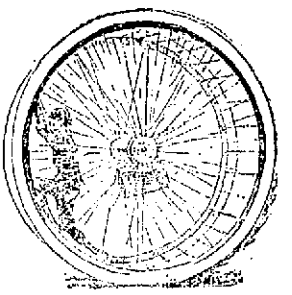
1:40—"The Ways and Means to Gather Our Members Into the Sunday School Session," by L. Lemart.
2:00—"Teaching the Little Ones," by L. Binkley.
2:30—Address, by A. D. Craig.
2:50—"The Importance of Records," by S. S. Hall, Jr.
3:05—Address by A. Johnson, superintendent of the School for Feeble Minded.
3:25—"What Benefit Does the Church Derive From the Sunday School?" by F. C. Hubler.
3:45—Address, by A. S. Covell.
4:05—Reports from committees. Closing exercises.

One and all, especially yourself, have a cordial invitation to attend this convention. Bring your Bibles.

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gives nature the mild assistance needed for the regulation of the menses. It is of wonderful aid to the girl just entering womanhood, to the wife, and to the woman approaching or going through the turn of life. Women who suffer from any unnatural drain, any bearing-down pains in the lower abdomen, falling or displacement of the womb, can quickly cure their troubles at home, completely away from the eyes of a physician. A few doses taken each month will regulate the menses perfectly.

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THE GOVERNOR'S PARROT

How a Duel Was Nearly Brought About Between
Col. Bunker and the Governor of
Louisiana.

By M. QUAD.

—Copyright, 1898.

"It was all in the papers, sub—any misunderstanding with the governor of Louisiana," said Col. Bunker, as he set down his glass and carefully wiped off his mouth and chin, "but none of the accounts were within a mile of being correct. I will now give you a correct version of the affair from beginning to end, and you will discover that I have nothing to be ashamed of."

The colonel took three or four minutes to cut off one end of a cigar and light the other and settle down in his chair, and then continued:

"I was a senator in the Arkansas legislature at the time, sub, and among other things I was anxious for a law to protect the catfish of our state. Perhaps you don't know, sub, that what the catfish is to Massachusetts, the hog to Ohio and the sheep to Vermont, the catfish is to Arkansas? It is our meat. With the catfish teeming in every river, pond and bayou, we have gone marching forward with the procession and made the name of our state known from pole to pole. Without him we should have sunk into oblivion from the very first. After thoroughly investigating the subject I came to the conclusion that the catfish needed protection until he could recuperate. I wanted a law to make it a penal offense to catch one for the next five years. Our governor was with me, and so were a large number of our statesmen, but the general public cried out against any measure."

"In this emergency, sub—in this emergency—I was sent as a delegate to my stand at the far end. We had no seconds, and no one to give the word, but I said to the governor:

"Gov. Trasscott, you are a gentleman, sub, and you may count and give the word."

"Then I observed a shade of perplexity on his face, sub—just a shade—and after halting between two opinions for a moment, he came forward and said:

"Col. Bunker, as I understand it, this is a duel?"

"Of course, sub."

"In some manner I have given you offense?"

"No, sub. I have always heard you spoken of as a gentleman, and I don't think you will deny that I belong to the same class, but yet, sub, you have deliberately insulted me."

"It cannot be, colonel."

"But it is, sub. On several different occasions as we conversed about catfish, you asked me to take a nip with you, and yet there was nothing at hand to drink."

"The smile of perplexity clinging to his face for a moment longer, and was then replaced by a bland smile. He threw down his pistol and held out his hand, and when he had made his explanation we fell into each other's arms. It was a curious thing, sub—a curious thing. The governor had a parrot in his office, and it was that parrot which had invited me to imbibe when there was nothing to wet up with. Egad, sub, he came near precipitating a tragedy, that bird. There has never been a doubt in

my mind that both of us would have fallen at the first fire. We returned to the office arm in arm, and we had a nip, sub—several nips, sub—and we parted like gentlemen and brothers."

"But about the catfish?" I asked.

"Couldn't be protected by state laws, sub," answered the colonel. "We discovered that all our catfish were under the jurisdiction of the United States, as inhabiting navigable waters, and we had to drop the matter as states. We are now pressing congress for a general law, and there is hope, sub—there is ground for hope—that the day will come when a young and tender catfish within the waters of the state of Arkansas will be as safe from devastation as the child at its mother's knee. That, sub, is the story of my misunderstanding with the governor of Louisiana, and as the matter is rather oppressive, and as talking is conducive to a drowsiness of the throat, you might be so good as to throw out a suggestion that less ice and more of the real liquid would give greater satisfaction to the gentlemen about to imbibe."

"What for?" promptly asked the man.

"Well, to get rid of the ache, for one thing."

"Stranger, you don't know this Kentucky very well. I take it?"

"No, I don't."

"Case if you did, you wouldn't talk that way. We could be a-gittin' this very day if we wanted to, but we don't. We've had this age for 15 years and don't get used to it and know all about it, and we ain't gwine to be a-gittin' for some other place and trade it in for swamp-ferver or yellow fever! We're pore folks and low-down, but we ain't makin' fools of ourselves!"

"Fixing it with the candidate. Soon after we arrived at Green Springs a passenger named Hopkins came back to the hotel after a stroll on the streets and excitedly inquired of the landlord where the sheriff could be found. The landlord answered that he was the sheriff, and asked what was up."

"Why, I just ran across a man who held up a stage 1 was in a month ago and robbed me of \$300!" explained Mr. Hopkins.

"Shoot! Is he tall, dark-faced and wears long whiskers?"

"That's the one!"

"Left shoulder lops a little, and he has lost a front tooth?"

"He's the man—the very one, and I want him arrested at once!"

"I wouldn't go for to arrest Bill Powers," said the landlord in his easiest way. "Bill ain't holdin' up stages any more."

"But he robbed me of \$300," persisted the victim.

"Reckon he did, but you can get that back without any fuss. Jest sit down till I find him."

The landlord went out and was gone about ten minutes. When he returned he handed a roll of bills to Mr. Hopkins and said:

"There's your \$300 and \$20 over. I told you Bill would be willin' to do what was right."

"He paid it back, did he?"

"Of course."

"Well, I wouldn't have believed it. What arguments did you have to use to get it back?"

"None 'tall, stranger—none 'tall. I jest went to him and told him that if he was goin' out of the stage robbin' bizness and into the legislature he'd better square up with you before you blabbed too much about a triflin' little incident, and he handed over the money. I wouldn't say any more about it if I was you. His party might git the idea you was down on its candidate and in favor of the other feller!"

They Both Celebrated. Here is a story of a Milwaukee couple who agreed to separate after 15 years of married life. They continued to reside within a block of each other and to pass the time of day impersonally when they met. When the silver anniversary of the wedding came on, both celebrated it, although separately. Two church ceremonies were performed in the church where they were wedded 25 years before, the husband's ceremony being at eight o'clock in the morning and the wife's at nine. That evening each gave a reception at the residence at the same hour, and the same friends called to pay their respects, successively going from one house to the other.

Advice for Invalids. Invalids should eat lightly, and rest inactively after meals.

It would be a simple matter to be a moderate drinker. If it were not so much harder to refuse the second drink than the first one.—Pork.

Subscribe for The Sentinel.

Well Up. Dot—Kate, is Jack well up in dead languages?

Kate—Oh, yes; he speaks Spanish fluently.—Judge.

Sergei, a member of the Gordon High School, says: "We had no difficulty on the run game. We applied through our commanding officer to Gen. Sir George White for a ration of tea and sugar in lieu, and it was granted at once, and a field force order to the effect that all total abstainers in the garrison could have ten and sugar in lieu of rum was published, which was the best life we have had, by placing temptation beyond reach of the weaker brothers."

"Governor, you have a pistol, of course?"

"Of course, colonel."

"And there is a grove near at hand?"

"A beautiful grove."

"The governor was game, sub—he was game and a thorough gentleman," said the colonel, as he rubbed his hands in a satisfied way. "He rose up and put on his hat and followed me, and as we passed through the door of his office he courteously queried:

"Col. Bunker, will you pay me again before we go?"

"To entered the grove, sub, and I faced off the usual ten paces and took

M. QUAD'S HUMOR

Copyright, 1898

By M. QUAD

KEEPING A GOOD THING.

The cabin stood close to the road running over the bottom lands, and on three sides of it the swamp and the slimy water came up to within 20 feet of the logs. Seated on the ground, with his back to the house on the front, was a "settler," and before him was within speaking distance I saw him shaking with a chill. I gave him a "howdy?" as I came up, but it was a full minute before he could reply.

"Seems to you?" stranger. Mighty nice day?"

"Anything wrong?" I asked.

"No, sub. Jest got my usual chill on this afternoon. That's the old woman out on that log, and she's got her chill on, too. Bill and Nancy order be around sunniver. All of us chill at the same time."

"This must be a great place for the age."

"It is, sub. Yes, sub, you might look all over the state of Mississippi and not find another place like it. Can't be beat for age. Anybody lookin' fur chills don't want to go no further."

"How long have you been here?"

"Don't 15 years, I reckon," he said, as he chivered in a way to shake the chinking out of the crevices between the logs.

"And how long have you had the age?"

"Jest the same—'bout 15 years. Got it right away, sub, and it dun hangs on to us. Over at the sawmill the ager cums and goes, but here it stays right by you and you know what to depend on."

"Any good drinking water around here?"

"Nuthin' but swamp."

"Could I get a bit to eat?"

"Not to-day, sub, as the co'ameal is all out."

"Anything for the horse?"

"Nuthin', sub."

At this point the woman came over and sat down beside her husband and shivered and shook and rattled her teeth together, and finally asked:

"Say, Jim, what's he in axin' 'bout?"

"Jest the ager," replied the man.

"I should think you'd move away," I said, as I looked at the desolate surroundings.

"What for?" promptly asked the man.

"Well, to get rid of the ager, for one thing."

"Stranger, you don't know this Kentucky very well. I take it?"

"No, I don't."

"Case if you did, you wouldn't talk that way. We could be a-gittin' this very day if we wanted to, but we don't. We've had this ager for 15 years and don't get used to it and know all about it, and we ain't gwine to be a-gittin' for some other place and trade it in for swamp-ferver or yellow fever! We're pore folks and low-down, but we ain't makin' fools of ourselves!"

put his arms about the leader's neck. He was vigorously repulsed, and the door was pointed out to him.

"Do you mean it?" he asked, quivering.

"If you stay much longer you'll see if I mean it!" was the harsh reply.

The old man went out, cursing the mission and everybody connected with it. Two weeks later there was an up-town monthly meeting of the rescue-workers, and the young man who had turned the old beggar out told the story, and expressed his sorrow for his severity. He said that he had not been able to sleep since, or to pray, save for the man whom he had so rudely repulsed.

The company, having heard their fellow-worker's confession, knelt and prayed for the "Old Colonel," who was perhaps starving or freezing upon the street.

At the close of the meeting the penitent slumber-worker hastened up to the "elevated," and took the first train for his down-town mission. As he hurried in he saw a familiar, ragged figure shivering upon the back bench. This time he did not threaten the intruder, but put his arms about the old tramp's neck and burst into tears. When the meeting was over he took charge of him, gave him a beefsteak dinner, a shave, clean clothes and a bath, and when the outcast emerged from this treatment, behold! he was transformed into a gentleman.

At the same time his whole being seemed to be pleading that his heart might be made as clean as his body. For six days he prayed earnestly: "O Lord, forgive and restore me!"

At the end of the sixth day a beautiful smile transfigured his sin-scared face. He turned to his preserver and said:

"O brother, I am saved!"

"I believe you," was the solemn reply.

From that instant the old tramp was a changed being. His craving for liquor was gone. His intellect was restored. Even his youth seemed to revisit that wasted frame. The besotted outcast became a dignified Christian man.

Thirteen years he lived, and died happy in the knowledge that he had influenced for good many lives even as seemingly hopeless as his own had been.

The first miracle in the work of uplifting the depraved is the miracle of patience, and that is possible only when faith and love are strong enough to conquer loathing. In many a repulsive instance like the one just told, a sublime opportunity would have been wasted if natural feeling instead of Christian pity and kindness had had its way.—Youth's Companion.

The commissioner of internal revenue has issued a circular prohibiting the use by manufacturers of cigars, cigarettes or tobacco put up in packages, of labels containing "any promise or offer of, or any order or certificate for, any gift, prize, premium payment, or reward." This regulation is to take effect September 1, 1900.

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TEMPERANCE NOTES

THE "OLD COLONEL."

Drink brought him to Dearest Degradation, But Prayer and Sympathy Saved Him.

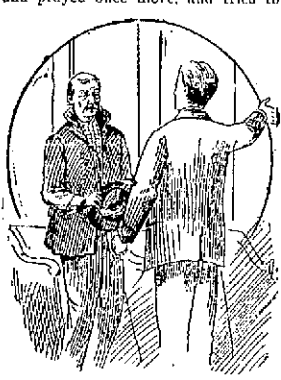
In February of the present year an old man died in the Presbyterian hospital in New York. Thousands knew him as the "Old Colonel." His story is briefly this:

The "Old Colonel" was born of one of the best families in Ohio. He was reared in a wealthy Christian home, and after leaving college he studied in the law office of Edwin M. Stanton, Lincoln's great war secretary. He married and began the practice of law. But in college he had fallen into intemperate habits. When the civil war began he enlisted as a private soldier. At the end of the war he was mustered out a colonel of cavalry—and a confirmed drunkard.

He struggled against his fatal habit, but it finally ruined him. Home was gone, and wife and children followed. Bereft of everything, he left his own city, and after months of wandering entered New York under an assumed name. For over a quarter of a century he led the life of a drunken vagrant and beggar, notorious as one of the most loathsome of his class.

One night, while half-intoxicated, he entered the Drovers' mission, and during the service rose and prayed most devoutly. After the meeting he said he was "converted," and asked for a quarter of a dollar. This the leader gave him, and begged him not to return too soon.

The next night he came reeling in, and prayed once more, and tried to



THE DOOR WAS POINTED OUT TO HIM.

put his arms about the leader's neck. He was vigorously repulsed, and the door was pointed out to him.

"Do you mean it?" he asked, quivering.

"If you stay much longer you'll see if I mean it!" was the harsh reply.

The old man went out, cursing the mission and everybody connected with it. Two weeks later there was an up-town monthly meeting of the rescue-workers, and the young man who had turned the old beggar out told the story, and expressed his sorrow for his severity. He said that he had not been able to sleep since, or to pray, save for the man whom he had so rudely repulsed.

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ALCOHOLIC HEREDITY.

History of a Family of Eight Children, Whose Father Was a Drunken Man.

I can possibly better illustrate what the term nervous diathesis means by detailing the history of a neurotic family. Its father was a man of vigorous personality, strong of brain and in excellent bodily health. From early manhood, in order to more easily accomplish his work, he had indulged excessively in alcoholic stimulants, yet never to the extent of intoxication. The mother was a gentlewoman of delicate, nervous organization, and refined mental temperament, worrying over trifles, excitable, and, at times, suffering from the milder forms of hysteria. A family of eight children was born to them. In childhood high and frequent fevers without adequate cause were observed. Their dentition was frequently complicated by convulsions, and at the age of two years, epilepsy developed in one of the children. Another child, delicately molded, and extremely precocious, could read at the age of three, and displayed considerable ability as a musician. She was sent to school when six, and was soon regarded as an infant phenomenon, advancing rapidly in her studies. She failed to develop physically, and early suffered from astigmatism. At the age of 12, owing possibly to a slight fright, she became choreic. Improved, released at the end of three months, and finally recovered except for slight habit spasms. A third child, apparently normal and giving but little evidence of any unusual nervous or physical disturbance, yet developed a megrima at the age of 16. Another daughter had always shown a certain weakness of body, a poor appetite, digestive disturbances and constipation. Puberty developed late, and the body remained ill nourished. Like the mother she was nervous, and, at times, morbid. An unhappy marriage and the too frequent bearing of children resulted in a permanent melancholia. The eldest boy was fairly bright, but proved decidedly unruly in the school, and refused a university education. He worked faithfully and untiringly, and rose to the head of a large business establishment, manifesting no bodily or mental peculiarity. The second son was excellently endowed. At an early age he exhibited marvelous activity, rapidly passing through the various grades of the common schools, and entered the university when barely 16. His univ-

ersity course was most brilliant. He was the honor man of his class, an excellent debater, and led in religious work. What was given him to do he did well, but his mentality was one of doubt, and he could not decide upon his life work. He went to Harvard for a post-graduate course, then to Germany. While there he found brain concentration impossible, worried much over trivial affairs, and became very despondent. There soon developed serious stomach derangements, and he suffered greatly with intestinal dyspepsia. He returned to his home depressed, overwhelmed with morbid fears, incapable of prolonged mental efforts, and remains a confirmed neurotic. Another son, with very much the same history, studied law, rose rapidly in his profession, and, except for occasional dyspeptic outbreaks, is fairly successful. The fourth son was not bright, took but little interest in his studies, shirked when possible, left school at an early age, consorted with evil companions, and seemed unable to comprehend his moral delinquencies, wandered from place to place, gambling and dissipating, and finally became a confirmed criminal. In this family group only one became insane. The reason for this development the family could not possibly conceive, honestly denying insane heredity, yet every member of the family, except one, presented either physical or mental stigmata of degeneration.—Dr. Robertson, in *Centennial Medical Times*.

TEMPERANCE TIDINGS.

At Bayonne, N. J., 26 saloons were refused renewal of license and closed.

Citizens of Palo Alto, Cal., have defeated the effort to establish a tavern with a bar near the university grounds.

Drinking on the police force is not to be allowed in San Francisco. R. H. Smith was fined \$100 for being drunk on July 4, and barely escaped dismissal from the force.

Hereafter smokers of cigarettes will not be employed in the packing houses of Swift & Co. in the stock yards. For some time representatives of the Anti-Cigarette League have been working in the stock yards district, and the order of the large packing company is considered one of its first great victories in that district.

A burglar stole \$800 from a resident of St. Paul, Minn. The next day he returned that sum and \$250 to boot.

White Fruit House.

The year just past has been a prosperous one, but we expect this year will still be better for the trade. We have laid in an extraordinary large line of goods, which we purchased at the very lowest cash price.

SUGARS.

Golden C Sugar, 50 lb. 1.15
Golden C Sugar, 100 lb. 2.25
Golden C Sugar, 250 lb. 5.50

COFFEE.

Our Best Roasted Rio, 15 lb. 1.15
Our Best Roasted Rio, 30 lb. 2.25
Our Best Roasted Rio, 50 lb. 3.50

TEAS.

The trouble in China is causing an advance on all grades of Teas. We have laid in a large supply, therefore are able to sell at fair price.

CANNED GOODS.

California Green Beans, 14 can
California Green Beans, 28 can
California Green Beans, 56 can

DRIED FRUITS.

The market on dried fruits has been affected the same as canned goods.

FISH.

Family White Fish, 14 lb. 1.15
Family White Fish, 28 lb. 2.25
Family White Fish, 56 lb. 3.50

OILS—HARNESS, NEATFOOT, LINSEED AND MACHINE.

Harvest Oil, 56 gallon 1.15
Harvest Oil, 112 gallon 2.25
Harvest Oil, 224 gallon 4.50

WINE AND LIQUORS, FOR MEDICAL USE ONLY.

California Aniseed, 56 gallon 1.15
California Aniseed, 112 gallon 2.25
California Aniseed, 224 gallon 4.50

FINE CUT AND PLUG TOBACCO AND CIGARS.

Pay Car Wine, 56 lb. 1.15
Pay Car Wine, 112 lb. 2.25
Pay Car Wine, 224 lb. 4.50

CANDIES OF ALL KINDS.

Don't miss our extra 25 lb. 1.15
Don't miss our extra 50 lb. 2.25
Don't miss our extra 100 lb. 4.50

Carpets, Mattings, Oil Cloth, Linoleums and Window Shades.

We have a large line and nice assortment of Oil Cloth, Carpets and Window Shades. We keep all grades and prices. The whole corner is devoted to these goods so you can always find a good display at low prices.

Window Shades, 100 yd. 1.15
Window Shades, 200 yd. 2.25
Window Shades, 300 yd. 3.50

Linoleum, 100 yd. 1.15
Linoleum, 200 yd. 2.25
Linoleum, 300 yd. 3.50

Oil Cloth, 100 yd. 1.15
Oil Cloth, 200 yd. 2.25
Oil Cloth, 300 yd. 3.50

Pay Car Wine, 56 lb. 1.15
Pay Car Wine, 112 lb. 2.25
Pay Car Wine, 224 lb. 4.50

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SABBATH SERVICES.

ANNOUNCEMENTS OF THE HOURS OF DEVOTION IN THE
CHURCHES OF FORT WAYNE.

BAPTIST.

First Baptist church (Baptist Tabernacle), Rev. L. L. Henson, pastor—The pastor is out of the city on a vacation and there will be no preaching services. Sunday school, 9:30 a. m.; Junior, 4 p. m.; B. Y. P. U., 3:30 p. m.; prayer meeting Wednesday evening; Young Men's chorus Thursday evening; Boys' brigade Friday evening.

Immanuel Baptist church—Services have been suspended, owing to the resignation of the pastor.

ENGLISH LUTHERAN.

Redeemer English Lutheran church—No services in the church on Sunday. The pastor is out of the city and there will be no preaching services for three Sundays.

Trinity English Lutheran church, Rev. Samuel Wagenhals, pastor—Sunday school at 9:15 a. m. and Lutheran league at 7 p. m. No preaching services on account of the absence of the pastor from the city.

Christ's Evangelical Lutheran church, Jefferson and Webster streets, Rev. L. J. Mutschman, pastor—Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.; preaching services at 10:45 a. m.; theme, "Gathering or Scattering, Which?" The Ladies' Missionary society will meet at 3 o'clock. There will also be a called meeting of the Ladies' Missionary society after the meeting of the Missionary society.

CONGREGATIONAL.

Plymouth Congregational church, Rev. J. Webster Bailey, pastor—No preaching services on Sunday, the pastor being away from the city. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.; Endeavor meeting at 6:45 p. m.

South Congregational church, corner DeWald and Highland Bible school, 9:30 a. m.; Junior C. E., 3 p. m.; Senior C. E., 6:30 p. m. No preaching services at the South church until first Sunday in September. Rev. D. T. Williams, pastor.

AFRICAN METHODIST.

A. M. E. church, corner East Wayne and Frances streets—Preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 2 p. m. chorp. Rev. B. Sawyer will preach at 3 p. m. and the pastor will deliver his farewell address at 8 p. m., as that date concludes the third year of his pastorate in Fort Wayne, and he will start for the annual conference Tuesday, the 25th inst., which convenes on the 29th at 9 o'clock a. m. in Grand Rapids, Mich. Rev. W. Madison Simpson, pastor.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.

Berry Street M. E. church—Sunday school, 9:30 a. m.; preaching by pastor, 10:30 a. m.; theme, "An Unwise Comparison;" general class, noon; Epworth meeting, 7 p. m.; sermon, 8 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening. Rev. H. J. Norris, pastor.

Services at Wayne Street Methodist Episcopal church tomorrow, conducted by Rev. T. Craven, of India—9:30 a. m., Sunday school; 10:30 a. m., sermon; 12 m., classes; 3 p. m., Junior league; 6:45 p. m., Epworth league; 7:45 p. m., sermon or address. Chorus music, Mrs. Gessman, leader.

St. Paul M. E. church, Walton avenue—Sunday school, 9:30 a. m.; sermon by the pastor, 10:30 a. m.; general class, 11:45 a. m.; Junior Epworth league, 3 p. m.; Epworth league, 6:45 p. m.; preaching, 7:45 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday evening.

Trinity M. E. church, Rev. C. E. White, pastor—Services as usual both morning and evening. The pastor will be home from his outing and will preach morning and evening. Sunday school at 9:30. Sunday will be missionary day for the school. Epworth league at 7:10 p. m. Epworth league is arranging for a rubber social to be given Thursday, August 30. Prayer meeting Wednesday.

Simpson church—All services as usual. Rev. Fred Wright will preach at 10:30 a. m., and in the evening the services will be in charge of the Railroad Y. M. C. A. Sabbath school, 9:30 a. m.; Senior league, 7 p. m.; sermon, 8 p. m.

CHURCH OF CHRIST.

West Jefferson street Church of Christ, Rev. Edgar William Allen, pastor—Sermon, 10:30 a. m., "Messengers of Sunshine;" 7:45 p. m., "Decision," the third sermon in the series, "Some Vital Elements of Manhood." Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.

a. m.; English preaching at 7:45 p. m.; Y. P. A. at 6:45 p. m.; subject, "Ministering to Christ;" Mary Mertz, leader. Mid-week services: Prayer meeting Wednesday and Thursday evenings, 7:30.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

No Christian Science services during this month. Meetings will be resumed in September and due notice will be given.

EPISCOPALIAN.

Services at Trinity Episcopal church tomorrow will be at 8 and 10:45 a. m. Services at St. Andrew's mission, South Wayne avenue at 3 o'clock, in charge of Alfred Grindale. Rev. A. W. Seabrook, rector.

ROMAN CATHOLIC.

St. Joseph's chapel (in connection with St. Joseph's hospital), Rev. Thomas Eisenberg, C. S. B., chaplain—Sunday services, 10 a. m. and 4 p. m.; weekly services, 8 a. m.

St. Paul's (German), corner West Washington and Griffith, Rev. E. J. H. Kroll, pastor—Services, 10 a. m. and 2 p. m.

St. Patrick's, corner DeWald and Harrison, Rev. Joseph E. Delaney, pastor; Rev. Thomas Mungovan, assistant—Sunday services: Mass at 7:45 and 10:30 a. m.; children's mass at 9 a. m.; vespers, 3 p. m.; Sunday school, 2 p. m.

St. Mary's (German), corner Lafayette and Jefferson streets, Rev. John H. Oechtering, pastor; assistant, Rev. Gustave Hattenroth—Sunday services, 8 and 10 a. m. and 2:30 p. m.; Sunday school, 2 p. m.

Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, Very Rev. John Guendling, V. G., pastor; Rev. J. H. Bathe, chancellor; Rev. John Durham, assistant; Rev. P. J. O'Reilly, assistant—Masses at 6, 8, 9:30 (children's services) and 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 2 p. m.; vespers at 3 p. m.

St. Peter's (German), corner East DeWald and Warsaw, Rev. Ferdinand Koerdt, pastor—Sunday services, 7:45 and 9:45 a. m. and 2:30 p. m.; Sunday school, 2 p. m.

Church of the Precious Blood, corner of Barthold and Fourth streets, Rev. Francis Nigisch, pastor—Morning mass at 7:45 a. m.; high mass, with sermon, at 10:00 a. m. and vespers at 3 p. m.

GERMAN LUTHERAN.

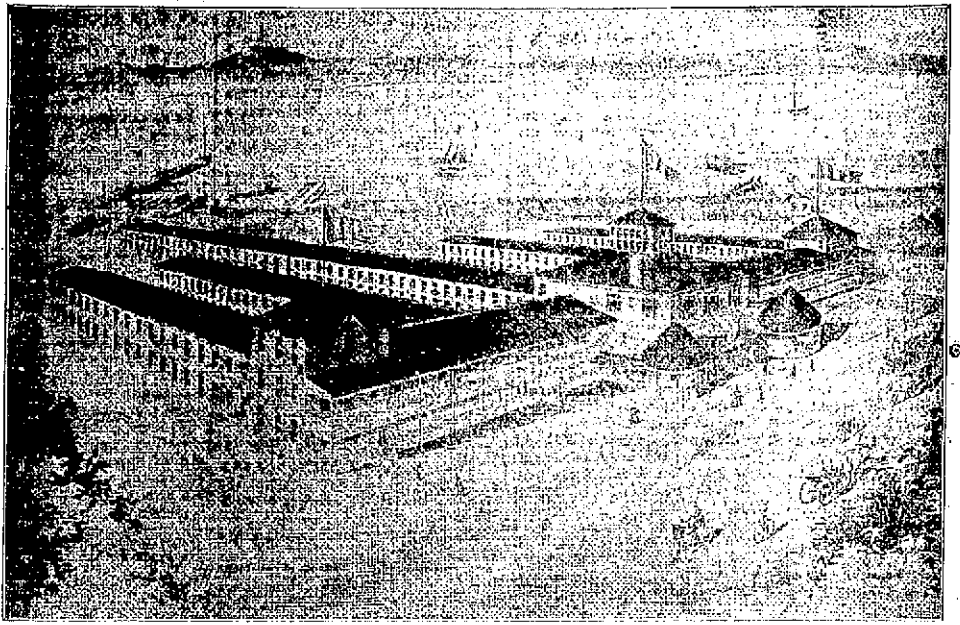
Emmanuel Lutheran, West Jefferson street, Rev. C. Gross and Rev. Philip Wambagunes, Jr., pastors—Sunday services, 10:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sunday school, 2:30 p. m.

St. John's Lutheran church, corner Washington boulevard and Van Buren street, Rev. H. P. Dannecker, pastor—Services (German), 10:00 a. m.; services (German) for children, 2 p. m.; services (English), 7:30 p. m.

German Lutheran Zion's Congregational church, Creighton avenue and Hanna street, Rev. H. Ehr. Luch, pastor—Services, 10:00 a. m. and 2 p. m. Sundays.

Evangelical Lutheran Concordia congregation, southwest corner of Fletcher and Alliger streets.—Sunday

Some Views of Beautiful Winona.



THE COMMODIOUS MINNEWAKAN INN, WINONA LAKE, IND.

day services; Preaching at 10 o'clock a. m. and Sunday school at 2:30 p. m. No evening service during the summer. Rev. August Lange, pastor.

St. Paul's, on Barr street, Rev. Jacob Miller, pastor—Sunday services, 10:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sunday school, 2:30 p. m.

Grace Lutheran church, corner Pontiac and Gay streets, Rev. J. F. Miller, pastor—Services, 10:00 a. m.; services for children, 2:00 p. m.

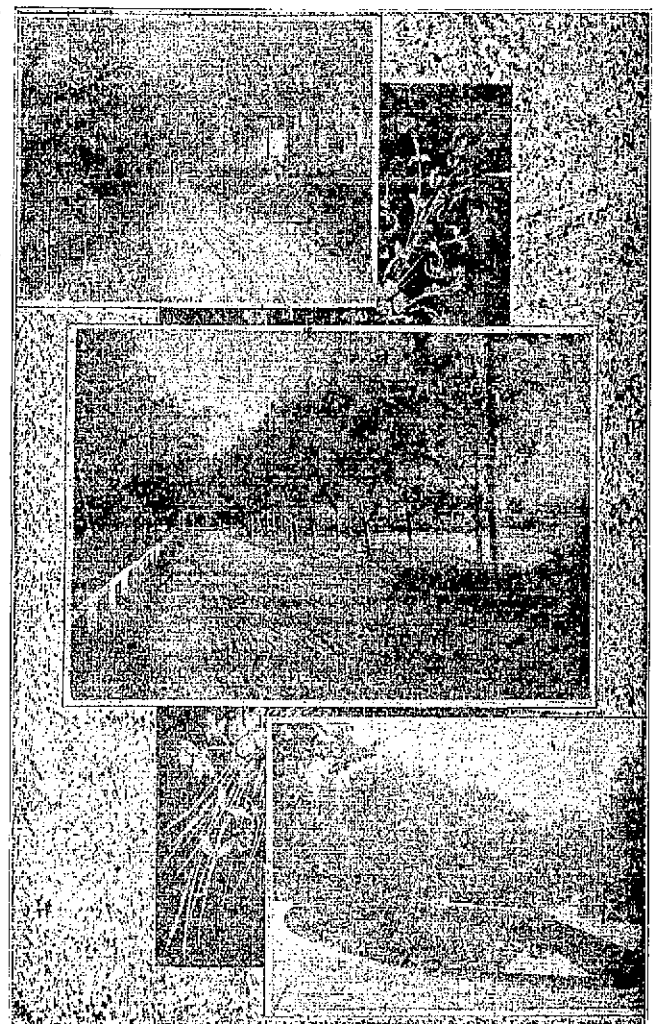
Trinity, corner of Hoffman and Oakland, Rev. J. A. Bohm, pastor—Sunday services, 10:00 a. m.; Sunday school, 2:30 p. m.

MAIL IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

The postmaster general of the British Central Africa protectorate gives one or two interesting items of news in his latest report. The mails are still conveyed for the most part upon the heads and backs of native porters. The men are recruited chiefly from the Yao and Atonga tribes and wear a uniform. Fully 300 bags of mail are made up each month at the different postoffices in the protectorate for conveyance by these men, the total distance traveled being close upon 10,000 miles per month, the cost of transit being less than a halfpenny per mile per bag. Atlanta Constitution.

WHY ENGLISH COAL IS DEAR.

Mr. Ritchie, president of the board of trade, gave to the house of commons recently, in answer to Sir Howard Vincent, an official statement on the increased export of British coal. The increase, he said, in the exports of coal, coke and fuel from the United Kingdom during the first six months of this year over the exports in the first six months of 1899 was 1,073,000 tons. The increase, however, was not general among the various countries to which it was



1—THONG THE COTTAGES, 2—LAKE SHORE BOULEVARD, 3—FLORAL ISLAND.



AT ONE OF WINONA LAKE'S MANY SPRINGS.

sent, there having been decreases in the exports to some countries amounting to 970,000 tons, and increases to others of 2,043,000 tons. The principal increases were to Germany, 405,000 tons; Holland, 451,000 tons, and France, 810,000 tons. "I am informed," he added, "that the total exports of coal from Wales in the six months, January to June, show a decrease of more than 400,000 tons compared with the same period of 1899. The increase in the cost of fuel for the royal navy, therefore, cannot be attributed to increased export of the kind required."—London Daily Mail.

Mrs. Phoebe Crabbe, of Norfolk,

Corn., is 164 years old and is suffering from rheumatism brought on by dancing. Uncle Billy Ripperly, of Fort Scott, Kan., who is 93, broke his leg recently while doing a romping.

NO PRISONS FOR WOMEN.

Austria is the one country in the world which never puts a woman in prison. Instead of giving a female criminal so many months in jail, she is sent, no matter how terrible is her record, to one or other of the convents devoted for the purpose and kept there during the time for which she is sentenced. The convent is not a mere prison in disguise, for its court-

yard stands open all day long, the only bar to egress being a nun who acts as portress, just as in other convents.—Washington Times.

The modern steam yacht has been a great factor in the reform of the wild young yachtsman. The accommodations and attractions such a vessel offers to ladies have made the cruise one of the delights of the season, and the humanizing and civilizing influence of their society has had the inevitable beneficial effect. Thus there is less grog, less poker and more true enjoyment than ever before. In the way of sport the advantages offered are wide and comprehensive.—New York Press.



MISS VIOLA ALLEN IN A NOVEL GOWN.

Miss Viola Allen, who will star during the coming season in a dramatization of F. Marion Crawford's novel, "In the Palace of the King," is here shown in a Paris creation of soft, white corded silk embroidered in black and yellow, the rope being of the same material and decoration. Miss Allen pronounces the portrait one of the best she has ever had taken.